MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

JULY 2018 ISSUE 423 $4.99

RETURN OF THE HAMMER
USA 2015

BREAK FREE FEST:
BY PUNKS OF COLOR FOR PUNKS OF COLOR

THE MULTIVRS IS ILLUMINATED | PMS
PHYSIQUE | DIY AS PRIVILEGE | DUMB FEST
OSLO BØRS | ABOLITIONIST | COHERENCE

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Send records, demos, zines, and letters to PO Box 460760
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Send interviews, articles, scene reports, photos, and ads to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com.

Call us on the phone between 10AM and 10PM PST at (415) 923-9814.

More information at our website: maximumrocknroll.com

TOP TENS

Some of our contributors' top ten (or so) things we've reviewed this month. For review consideration, send two copies of vinyl, or one copy of CD-only or demo releases to our PO Box. We review independent punk, garage, and hardcore releases—no major labels!

MATT BADENHOP

MATERIAL – live
DARK/LIGHT – live
STREET EATERS – live
DREAM PROBE – EP
GEN POP – Oh No EP
HÄLLREGN – 12"
LIÉ – Hounds LP
TRASH MONKEYS – EP
V/A – I've Got the Bible Belt Around My Throat LP
LIFELESS DARK – tape

HEATHER BLOTTO

ASTIO/IMPULSO – split CS
BLOWDRYER – CS
CANADIAN RIFLE – Peaceful Death LP
CONCUSSION – CS
KRIMEWATCH – LP
LIE – Hounds LP
MARBLED EYE – live
MORON – CS
NEW VOGUE – Cassette 1 CS
NO BLUES – Love Me EP

MITCH CARDWELL

CHILD'S POSE – Feral EP
BASEBALL FURIES – LP
SNOB – LP
TRASH MONKEYS – EP
BLACK ABBA – Feel Good EP
GEN POP – Oh No EP
GALLERY NIGHT – EPs
PATOIS COUNSELORS – LP
BROWN SUGAR – LP
MIDNITE SNAXXX – 45

ROBERT COLLINS

THE COMPLETERS – 45
BOY(MOUTH) – CS
RATS IN THE WALL – live
SUBHUMANS – live / DOA – live
DREAM PROBE – EP
METAYOUTH – CS / THE DARK – EP
YOUTH AVOIDERS – LP
BROWN SUGAR – LP
SKUMSTRIKE – CS
KRIMEWATCH – LP

JOAN DETORO

KHIIS – live / PROVOKE – live
KRIMEWATCH – live + LP
INVERTS – live / DRAMA – live
CHILD'S POSE – Feral EP
SNOB – LP / THE DARK – EP
PATOIS COUNSELORS – LP
BROWN SUGAR – LP
DREAM PROBE – EP
TRASH MONKEYS – EP
ARMS RACE – The Beast EP

MIRANDA FISHER

PATOIS COUNSELORS – LP
BLACK ABBA – Feel Good EP
LIÉ – Hounds LP + live
TRASH MONKEYS – EP
BROWN SUGAR – LP
MIDNITE SNAXXX – 45
CHILD'S POSE – Feral EP
SNOB – LP / GEN POP – Oh No EP
GALLERY NIGHT – EPs
CHRONOPHAGE – live

LAYLA GIBBON

SLENDER – Walled Garden EP
BLACK ABBA – Feel Good EP
PATOIS COUNSELORS – LP
CHILD'S POSE – Feral EP
MIDNITE SNAXXX – 45
NANDAS – Chema EP
DREAM PROBE – EP
BROWN SUGAR – LP
GEN POP – Oh No EP
KRIMEWATCH – LP / SNOB – LP

GREG HARVESTER

- V/A – I've Got the Bible Belt Around My Throat LP
- DARK/LIGHT – EP + live
- MIDNITE SNAXXX – 45
- BLACK ABBA – Feel Good EP
- CINDERBLOCK – EP
- NANDAS – Chema EP
- SHORT DARK STRANGERS & THE SHADY MOTHERFUCKERS – 2xLP
- EX DIEL – CS / DRAMA – Live
- MATERIAL – Live

KENNY KAOS

- DEVIOUS ONES – LP
- TRASH MONKEYS – EP
- PRIMITIVE HANDS – EP
- BASEBALL FURIES – LP
- MIDNIGHT SNAXXX – 45
- THE COMPLETERS – 45
- THE BLANKZ – 45
- PLASTIC WEATHER – EP
- WHOOP-SZO – 45
- NO BLUES – Love Me EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- BLACK ABBA – Feel Good EP
- GALLERY NIGHT – all EPs
- TWIN GUNS – Imaginary World LP
- BUSH TETRAS – Take The Fall 12"
- PINK NOISE – House Of Cards LP
- MIDNITE SNAXXX – 45
- GEN POP – Oh No-EP/ SNOB – LP
- BASEBALL FURIES – LP
- TRASH MONKEYS – EP
- House Of Tomorrow / Icepick To The Moon – films

RAY LUJAN

- ADOLESCENTS – Cropduster CD
- BLACK ABBA – Feel Good EP
- BUSH TETRAS – Take The Fall 12"
- THE COMPLETERS – 45
- DARK/LIGHT – EP
- DEVIOUS ONES – LP
- M IS WE – Oceans CD
- NO ACTION – LP
- THE SWEETHEARTS – LP
- GBH – live
- LYDIA LUNCH RETROVIRUS – live

MARISSA MAGIC

...a shadow...

ROTTEN RON READY

We miss you.

FRED SCHRUNK

- NO BLUES – Love Me EP
- BLACK ABBA – Feel Good EP
- NANDAS – Chema EP
- GEN POP – Oh No EP
- MIDNITE SNAXXX – 45
- LIÉ – Hounds LP
- BROWN SUGAR – LP
- SNOB – LP
- CHILD'S POSE – Feral EP
- KRIMEWATCH – LP

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This is a contributor-driven magazine. We need help writing reviews, editing, doing layouts, processing mail, maintaining our archive, and more.

Wanna be a shitworker?
Write mrr@maximumrocknroll.com.

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Below is a list of some of the many non-US distributors that currently carry *MRR*. We do our best to cover as much territory outside of the US that we can, but we still want to distribute to more parts of the world.

MRR has access to some of the lowest international postal rates offered by the USPS. If you have a distro, want to sell *MRR* at shows, or just want to get cheaper copies for friends by buying wholesale, email distro@maximumrocknroll.com for more details.

European distributors should get in touch with Active Distribution for wholesale and subscriptions in in Europe: activedistributionshop.org.

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Soul Glo. Photo by Farrah Skeiky.

ISSUE #423

FRONT COVER: Soul Glo and crowd at Break Free Fest. Photo by Farrah Skeiky.

REAR COVER: Design by Michelle Hill

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Newsstand circulation through Ingram Periodicals. Also available from Armadillo, Ebullition, Revolver, Small Changes, Subterranean, Ubiquity, and Marginal.

Subscriptions, back issues, records, shirts and more can be purchased at our webstore: store.maximumrocknroll.com

We will not accept ads from major labels or bands with exclusive distribution through major-owned distros. Information about advertising can be found at maximumrocknroll.com/ads.

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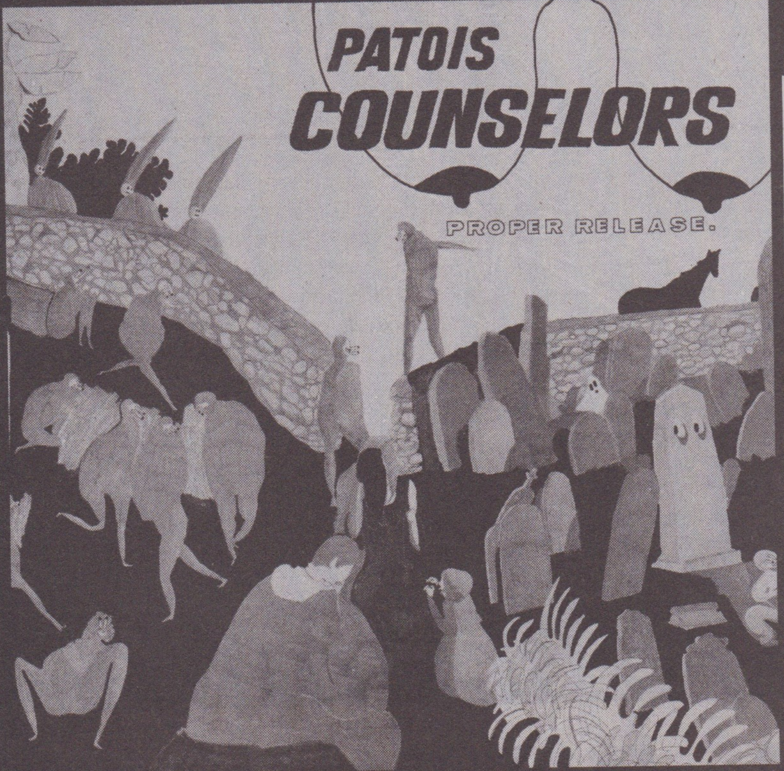
PATOIS COUNSELORS



DEBUT FULL LENGTH LP
OUT NOW ON EVER/NEVER

"...strong enough to place the North Carolina-based five-piece in the company of latter-day post-punk bands like Tyvek and Protomartyr..." - J. Kelly, Dusted

"Just today, a friend of mine introduced me to a band and I really like them. They're called Patois Counselors" - Steve Albini

"...one of the most unique and exciting records you're likely to hear for some time." - Sorry State

"Album closer "Target Not A Comrade" is as close to perfect as a song can get." -J. Skolnik, Bandcamp

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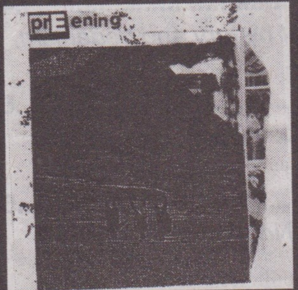
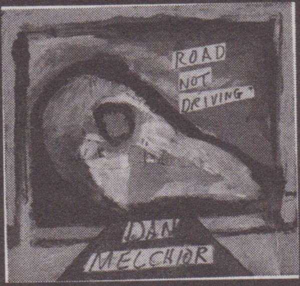


Preening - Greasetrap Frisbee 7" EP



Dan Melchior - Road Not Driving EP

Gad Whip - In A Room EP

Coming Soon :::::;
Headroom EP
Richard Papiercuts EP
Ragtime Frank EP
Mosquitoes EP
Chinese Restaurants LP
Spray Paint/The Rebel EP

ever/never

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LETTERS

Send letters to PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146 USA or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. Letters may be edited for length. Response not guaranteed.

Dearest Coords,

I'm writing in support of a policy for *MRR* that upholds not only BDS (Boycott, Divestment, & Sanctions) but an explicit political framework for MRR that centers an anti-imperialist anti-capitalist viewpoint we have situated ourselves in since inception.

Over the almost decade that I have been been proud to be a shitworker, one of the largest inconsistencies I have experienced is how and when policies (that I believe are a good faith effort to communicate the point of having a political punk magazine in the first place) are enforced.

I would like to point out to readers and the coords alike that there is *extreme* value in having an international magazine that is entirely contributor based. The magazine has been the forum for crucial discourse that few have been privy to and some that only few even care about. But we care. We care so much because punk community has been a space for so many of us to experiment with how we can live our ideals and this, for many, becomes a foundation we rely on.

I would like to see *MRR* tackle solidarity with BDS as a larger imperative to push itself to make its political foundation not only transparent and clear but also relevant to many points of conflict the magazine has run into over the years. I also believe that as *MRR* regularly goes through painful growth spurts it is important to establish an intentional institutional memory that I believe the magazine sorely lacks especially in crisis mode.

MRR has had a two to three year rollover of content / distribution coordinators since I started writing for it eight years ago. We worked really hard to redivide labor last year and I believe that this hard work has established a new basis for sustainability as well as quality of life for the people who give so much time and effort to the magazine. This is a step in the direction of ensuring longevity that I would like to see us take on in a more serious way across the magazine.

Often times we perceive the problems at *MRR* to be endemic to what happens when a bunch of idiots try to make a punk magazine. They are, however, similar to issues we see in all large scale collective projects from the beginning of time. *MRR* has not only its own history to draw from but also the history of collective process of like fucking hundreds of years. Policies that reflect the large pool of experience that makes up *MRR* and a commitment to the magazine's survival will only benefit us.

This moment of painful growth and criticism is not unique to this particular issue and I think that with the input of the board, the coordinators, shitworkers, and even readership we can establish a strong political framework that we can refer to so that these policies, which tend to be ad hoc, not only have a consistent reference point but also can be consistently enforced as well as reevaluated and updated.

BDS has been a relevant issue for over thirteen years now and it's not the first time it's been relevant to the magazine, nor will it be the last. However, it is not the only international struggle against colonialism that will be relevant to what we cover. Just like Scion and Vice weren't special and reflected a explicit anti-corporate policy that guided the magazine through these particular issues. And while we have never made it quite as explicit there have been similar efforts throughout time and even recently regarding racism, transphobia, and sexual violence.

I am grateful to be in community with people who do not shirk or handwring at the violence inflicted on Palestinians by the Israeli state. These more recent past few months of murder and terror have viscerally impacted so many and it's so incredibly important to make clear how we stand now and always in solidarity against colonial violence and all oppression.

With Love and Solidarity,
E Conner

Hello *Maximum Rocknroll,*

I'm a promoter from Israel and play in a few left wing bands. The Israeli punk scene is a group of few hundred individuals, most left wing, activists against racism, fascism, and against the apartheid. Personally, our close group has many Arab friends who visit our shows and together we spread the message of coexistence—as we punks see it, Israel's actions do not represent us.

My goal in writing this is explaining my opinion on your wrong boycott of the Israeli punk scene. Most (99%) local punk bands promote left wing / anti fascist / pro Palestine agendas in their music and their lives. All promoters make the shows in modest clubs in front of 100–200 punks tops—100% DIY shows. The local bands spread the message where it counts and keep our fighting spirit burning.

As for BDS, we all understand it purpose and some even support the "Artists For Palestine" document that was signed by tens of Palestinian and Israeli human rights organizations. People should understand what the boycott request is all about—it's against artist playing for the institutions of Israel and by doing that normalizing Israel's shameful acts.

The document does not call for a boycott of people just for being born here, the other way around—it clearly states that if an artist comes to perform in front of individuals who oppose the government policy is doing the right thing to do (and not breaking the BDS)—in my opinion, same goes for bands from here who openly speak for all human and animal rights and surely do more for these cause than the people who call to boycott them just for being Israelis...

Artists For Palestine, page 43: "Are there any circumstances in which I can go to Israel as an artist? Yes—if the purpose of your visit is to work with individuals or organizations which explicitly oppose the occupation and all the other associated policies."

I'd be happy to explain more on my point of view of living, playing and fighting in a fascist state, which is supported by many left wing bands like the Oppréssed and Los Fastidios who publicly expressed their support and their stand against boycotting Israeli Anti-Fascists and punks.

—Ran Deri

Dear *Maximum Rocknroll,*

In Joan's column in #422, you say you are still going to cover Israeli releases, and would be down to run news-type pieces about the work of anti-Zionist Israeli activists, and we'd love to understand how this is so different from a scene report? We don't understand your distinction here, and would like some clarification. As far as "promoting" Israeli artists, will your concession be just to give all the Israeli bands bad reviews? (A friend's joke, can't take credit.) A lot of Israeli punks and activists are one and the same.

We are extremely saddened, but also alarmed at your decision not to run an Israeli scene report without even reading it first. If we understand correctly, you believe providing a platform for Israeli punks violates BDS. But many Israeli punks support BDS. The punk scene in Israel is largely pro-Palestine and not a monolith of Zionist people, and logically we wouldn't want to give a voice to Zionists, or pro-occupation bands, neither would we want to give a platform to "apolitical" punks who don't take a stance. But to shut out some of the people who are fighting the atrocities and human rights abuses, and against the Israeli state, would be to deprive the worldwide readership of *MRR*, punks everywhere who would benefit from the perspective of some of the activists who are on the ground there. Why wouldn't you be interested in resistance to the Israeli occupation by its own cherished population?

Especially in light of the most recent murder of Razan al-Najjar, along with the spate of killings and wounded Palestinians on the anniversary of Nakba in the recent weeks, we need to hear stories of punk and anarchist resistance to the Israeli regime, both to know that there are a lot of people against the occupation and to build solidarity. We believe an Israeli scene report would be an important part of this conversation. Isn't part of the goal of BDS to bring Israelis to join their cause? What if a young Israeli punk is inspired to go against their indoctrination from such coverage? What a lost opportunity...

Many Israelis come into the punk scene Zionist (because that is the norm in Israel now) and get educated on the realities of the occupation, which leads them to eventually find ways to avoid the compulsory military service and become pro-Palestinian activists. Israeli punks are some of the only Israelis active in direct actions against the occupation, and aside from that they do some amazing things like connecting with Palestinian groups, promoting coexistence, book benefit shows for families in Gaza and the West Bank, participate in weekly demonstrations against the Israeli military, operate a preschool for children of refugees and asylum seekers, and many times get in physical fights with right-wingers, cops, and soldiers. These are the people that you decided should not have a platform in *MRR* because it would somehow violate the BDS.

The first guideline within the BDS guidelines for assessing whether events or products are in violation of the Palestinian boycott of Israel reads: "As a general overriding rule, Israeli cultural institutions, unless proven otherwise, are complicit in maintaining the Israeli occupation and denial of basic Palestinian rights, whether through their silence or actual involvement in justifying, whitewashing or otherwise deliberately diverting attention from Israel's violations of international law and human rights." We would argue that Israeli punks who put their bodies and future on the line to support Palestinians cannot be considered part of a cultural institution that is complicit in maintaining the Israeli occupation and denial of Palestinian rights. In fact, even if a particular band is not a "political" band—the people in the band (as long as they're in the punk scene) are very much likely to be pro-Palestinian and in the vast majority of cases dodged military service, which is not an easy or comfortable thing to do in a fascist country like Israel where you are groomed for military service since the day you are born.

I hope you reconsider your decision. The punks of Israel deserve a voice and would be hurt to be excluded. The boycott is supposed to be against those who are pro-occupation and complicit, not those fighting against it...

—Julia Booz and Daniel Becker

Daniel, Julia, and Ran,

We would like to thank you for writing in to us to tell us your feelings about the MRR *coordinator's boycott of featuring Israeli bands. We expected blowback from punks about our boycott, and are not surprised that we received letters from both* MRR *shitworkers and Israeli punks. Your efforts have been beneficial to us in that we spent more time doing research and initiating conversations about our boycott, and we feel that these letters are part of the ongoing dialogue. While we may not have provided the most thorough reasoning in Joan's column, we still stand by our decision to refuse to feature Israeli bands or run an Israeli scene report due to our anti-colonialist and anti-statist beliefs.*

Our stance is one that we do not take lightly, nor is it one that all three of us have always held. Our opinion has changed in the time since Joan mentioned that an Israeli scene report had been pitched in issue #421, and that change in opinion did not solely come from just the three coordinators. Indeed, we are thankful for the efforts of many punks, some of whom are of Arab descent, who have helped us along the way in our path to coming to our decision. It is not just punks who have assisted us—we have spoken to advocacy groups and BDS activists in the US. We wish to thank them here for their labor, and to repay them by using their efforts to explain to you why we believe Israeli artists and bands should not be featured in MRR. *The argument presented here comes from them, and we do not wish to take credit for it. We do, however, take full responsibility for the editorial decisions we make for* Maximum Rocknroll *and as such are trying to create a broader decolonial editorial practice.*

We believe it is important as not just punks but also a long-running publication to be explicit about our pro-Palestinian and pro-BDS stance. So much of the current media in America is explicitly anti-Palestine and pro-Israel, so much so that many seem unaware of the atrocities that the Israeli government commits against the Palestinian people on a regular basis. A blatant example of this occured recently when the US moved its Israeli embassy to Jerusalem from Tel Aviv. When Palestinians protested that day, Israel killed over 50 people and injured thousands, yet news sources such as the New York Times *originally left out mention of Israeli forces in their headlines. To remove them as the source of the bloodshetd is dishonest and disgusting. We do not want to contribute to a media culture that is predominantly Islamophobic, pro-Zionist, and anti-BDS.*

We also believe that one can support BDS and Palestine without being antisemitic, despite the arguments of some right-wing Zionists, and we believe that the presence of pro-Palestinian Jewish voices around the world are proof of that. Antisemitism still remains a problem worldwide with the increased presence of right-wing movements, white nationalism, and fascism (all of which can, and regularly do, overlap), but supporting BDS and Palestine is not inherently antisemitic.

The one thing we noticed when we talked to punks about the proposed scene report is that there were two distinct responses about how BDS applies to this. The first one was that BDS unilaterally applies to Israel because anything but BDS serves as a way to legitimize the Israeli colonial occupation of Palestine. Publishing interviews with Israeli bands, no matter their stance, violates BDS because it essentially serves as a promotion of Israel the state as well as the works of those artists. The second one is what you argue, which is that BDS does not extend to activists within Israel who are expressly anti-apartheid and anti-occupation. But even within this response there were two variations that we noticed in the argument: the one you make, and one with a slightly more nuanced take on what would be acceptable to run in the scene report. The BDS website itself agrees with the lot of you on this, stating that the cultural boycott is explicitly focused on institutions and not individuals. Others have stated that an Israeli scene report would have to be very particular about which artists would be included based on the level of their political engagement. Clearly, many *activists interested in fighting the Israeli occupation and genocide of Palestinians have diverse beliefs about BDS, its implications, and its execution. However, we believe that focusing on what the BDS website says misses the point of our stance.*

Many of those who have focused on the content of BDS website says have taken umbrage with the content of Joan's column in issue #422. Even we have further solidified our stance and believe that it did not provide a thorough enough reasoning behind our boycott, and that focusing on financial / BDS aspects (or at least the website's presentation of it) did not allow us to properly present our point. We hope to provide a more broad explanation here.

We would hope that it goes without saying that the content of each of the interviews that we publish is something we scrutinize. While there are times where we disagree with some of the politics or ideas of the people being interviewed, we restrain ourselves from presenting content that we believe is not worth highlighting or engaging with. Hypothetically if we were to consider running an Israeli scene report or a band interview, we would immediately turn it down if the artist were apolitical, nor would we accept a blatant pro-Zionist stance. But we must turn down Israeli content across the board for ethical reasons

To clarify, we do not wish to discredit the efforts of Israeli punks to radicalize people within Israel. None of us believe that all Israeli people are uniformly pro-occupation or pro-Zionism. Our boycott announcement was not an attempt to delegitimize or shun efforts by Israeli punks to raise awareness of the genocide of Palestinian people, nor do we believe that their work is without merit. Efforts to destroy the settler state of Israel are to be applauded.

However, focusing solely on Israel in these efforts is not. There is an oft-discussed comparison between Israel's government and that of apartheid-era South Africa. We will not go into the arguments about why this is an accurate comparison here, as we are sure that most of you, as self-declared leftists, will agree with the analogy. We believe running an Israeli scene report about punk bands and their activism is analogous to focusing on white-led efforts in South Africa to raise awareness of the discrimination of their government. Which is to say that both of these fail to lift up the voices of people directly harmed by occupation to the benefit of those with the privilege to be protected by their governments. We believe that the voices of Palestinians are more important to present than the voices of Israeli people, even if those Israeli people are anti-Zionist. To put the focus solely on Israeli people is to essentially prioritize them and allow them to speak for Palestinian people. Even if Israeli punks are critical of the Israeli settler state, and even if they do actively work with Palestinians, they still benefit from colonialism and do not have the same fight for survival that most Palestinian people engage in on a daily basis.

We recognize that Maximum Rocknroll *has frequently expressed opinions that we disagree with, and that our political views are too often in flux and contradictory with each other. This stems from the nature of an all-volunteer publication at which the people coordinating will hold different and contradictory views. For example, in issue 21 of MRR there is a South African scene report that does exactly what we find abhorrent: it focuses entirely on South African punk bands with no Black members while also never directly discussing race or apartheid. Another example is Mimi Thi Nguyen's call-out of one of our columnists in the '90s, who made racist, objectifying remarks about the shape of Asian women's vulvae. Neither of these things would be printed with us as coordinators at the helm, yet Tim Yohannan found the feature and the column, both of which reenforce white supremacy, as worthy of publication. These are but two of what are likely hundreds of examples (if not more) of content that does not fly with the current political beliefs of many of our shitworkers. While we may appear monolithic,* Maximum Rocknroll *is fraught with discrepancies, both internally and in our very pages. We believe that it is absolutely necessary to discuss these discrepancies in a public forum in order to address not just fucked up content, but also differences in political beliefs at the magazine. It would be impossible to address these differences if the political stances of* Maximum Rocknroll *were not made clear. Therefore, as E Conner suggests in her letter, we hope to be transparent by publishing an incomplete (for how could it ever be complete?) summary of our politics and ethics. Too much of this knowledge is inferred based on our history, and public discussion of it would be beneficial to all. This will take time to discuss with shitworkers as a collective, but we are actively working on that summary and hope to begin that public discussion in the future. We feel it will be beneficial to not just us, as new coordinators (none of whom have been coordinating for a year), but also to punks worldwide.*

We recognize that merely stating our new policy and responding to this letter is not enough work. We live in a world that is constantly working to kill marginalized people, whether they be people of color, people who are differently abled, queer / transgender people, and more through the combined efforts of neo-colonialism and neoliberalism. We believe as coordinators of Maximum Rocknroll *that it is our duty to uplift and prioritize the voices of people who are suffering the most. We are actively working on coordinating content around BDS, and we would like to get in touch with BDS organizers here and abroad to contribute to a potential round-table that we are working on. We also want to expand our coverage of Middle Eastern punk, politics, art, culture, et cetera—please reach out if you would like to be included! Ultimately we hope to increase the amount of content that uplifts the voices of people in their struggle for survival against the combined monoliths of capitalism, racism, sexism, ableism, homophobia, transphobia, and other means of oppression. Please reach out to us if you want your voice to be heard—*Maximum Rocknroll *is here for you.*

Vicky Cassis
Joan DeToro
Miranda Fisher

To whom it may concern,

As a radical who is Syrian, as a radical of immigrant parents, as a radical in the punk scene, and as radical who has experienced first hand the violence of the IDF in Palestine at the border, as someone who has borne witness of the never ending and forever lasting terror of the Israeli Occupation in Palestine, and the entire Middle East for that matter, I take offense to the fact that a lot of these words only centers the Israeli experience.

"The BDS movement is about much more than consumer boycotts: it is also about campaigning alongside others to pressure institutions, unions, and companies to boycott or divest and to isolate Israel academically, culturally, economically and militarily" (bdsmovement.net/get-involved/what-to-boycott). Boycotting Israel is much more than not buying a SodaStream, Unilever products, or Strauss Group products... It's about intentionally deciding to not promote or uplift any Israeli voice over a Palestinian's voice in a non-violent way. To me, BDS isn't about what academic language you can bust out to make some sort of justification to include Israel in *MRR*, it's about what was / is / has been called upon by the Palestinian people, and BDS organizations across the globe.

Let me make somethings clear:

1. I agree that Zionism occupies Judaism—not all Jews are Zionists. I am well aware of the work that is being done to dismantle the Israeli state from within, and that work is also not to be ignored. But while the state of Israel is committing acts of genocide, killing hundreds of people at a time, our only responsibility is to honor what is being asked of us by heeding the call to boycott and divest from said state.
2. Nobody is suggesting a boycott of Israeli people or people in Israel. The fact that anyone is going to that place is reactionary in my opinion,

and I don't believe that critique is well thought out. This decision to use this rhetoric to me only further proves the erasure of people without a voice in the state of Israel. What about all the Palestinians who are 48ers who straight up are not citizens of either the occupation or Palestine, because both sides refuse to acknowledge their existence? What about refugees in Israel? What about the children of Gaza? What about the West Bank? I am interested in attacking / dismantling any culture that justifies the illegitimate settler state of Israel and uplifts an Israeli narrative over a Palestinian one. I understand the work that is being done on the ground to dismantle any settler state, and that work (whether in punk or activism) is extremely important work, but again, in the invested interest in not uplifting Israeli voices over Palestinian ones, we can not promote your punk scene.

3. I find it horrifying that neither a Palestinian nor Arab voice was to be found in any of the complaints lodged against *MRR*. Americans and Israelis speaking for Palestinians and Arabs does not suffice for me. The fact that I feel the need to point this out makes me cringe: claiming to have Arab friends is wack as fuck. It's tokenization. I don't care how many Arab friends you have; as long as Arabs and Palestinians are being targeted and killed, this rhetoric is a pat on the back to all settlers (whether you meant to be a settler or not, you're still a settler!) and a slap in the face to Arabs.

4. I really would like to drive this home: *BDS is a nonviolent form of resistance*. I believe that in its spirit taking a nonviolent approach to communication is very important, especially if you are entering this conversation with more privilege. That means check the space you are taking up, check the way your using your voice, please come from a place of care and understanding, check who you are asking to do the emotional work of breaking down BDS to you, check the amount of harm you could be doing across the board.

Finally: If you believe that this is a harmful misrepresentation of the BDS movement than I am not sure what to say to you, because this decision and stance that *MRR* is taking *is* the BDS movement. Israel eats up Western culture and uses it to legitimize its state on the daily. Please see queerness and pinkwashing, please see veganism in Israel. These are all cultural practices that began as liberation for one group of people and / or groups and later became images of legitimizing the state of Israel. I am merely using these two as examples of Western ideas in the Middle East that Israel uses to uplift their voice over Palestinians. As stated earlier, BDS is not just about consumer goods, it is about checking the *entire* culture that *is* Israel. That culture includes all the subcultures, all the activists, and all the punks, and all the musicians. As of right now you can not have one without the other, and until the state of Israel is dismantled and Palestinians are givin the *full right of return*, the cultural boycott of Israel and Zionism stands, and will stay.

It is hard as an Arab-American to see people use punk as a way to center a justification to run articles that defy an international call of boycott. There are plenty of ways for Israelis to talk about punk and politics. They can use the internet (surprise!! Palestinians cannot. Did you know the West Bank is not allowed to have wifi?!) by accessing Facebook, Instagram, or Twitter. I agree these stories and narratives of people combating the state and working towards the end of apartheid are very important, and interesting, and we are not talking about having no communication with those folks, but again to culturally uplift the voice of Israel over the voice of Palestinians is erasure.

All I am saying, is if Lorde can not tour Israel.. I am pretty sure *MRR* can pass up a scene report.

Sincerely,
Ramy Silyan

* * *

To the readers of *Maximum Rocknroll*:

I was born with a craniofacial mutation. Before my last surgeries, I had the face of the Toxic Avenger. Now I only have his muscular physique.

I can't really describe it now, as it was as much sensation as it was appearance, and my skull has lost that phantom limb sensation.

I know that I'm not alone, dear reader. Punk is a venue for outcasts, a vessel for anger and confusion. As a mutant, I was and remain an angry, confused outcast.

I have stood onstage in a town a long way from home with my hands on my hips while my drummer yelled into the microphone about their own body and their own face. I knew only five people in the audience. It was packed and we were frozen in this energy. Though I was unfamiliar with all those strangers, I knew that feeling. Everyone seemed to be on the same page. Craniofacial mutations are rare, but the feeling that draws people into punk isn't.

I digress—what I really meant to say was, I know that I'm not alone in being someone with a facial difference who listens to punk. It makes sense to me. I know you're out there, reading this zine.

I have been doing work surrounding faceism for seven years. It is great to be surrounded by people who will listen to me, and to be able to go to a show and feel that aforementioned energy radiate throughout the room. I don't think it's enough, though.

There are people all over doing work that advocates for people with facial differences, stuff that ultimately tries to humanize this population (we are depicted as monsters, et cetera). That work, however, stops short of where it could really go, socially and globally. I believe that some of it should be carried on by those who don't feel the effects of faceism.

I write to invite you to be a part of a larger conversation that will take place in Los Angeles later this year. It will be a panel highlighting some intersections between adults with facial differences and people of other marginalized identities. My hope is that we can begin to plan some idea of how to bring more visibility and advocacy to people with facial differences—because you know we are out there; some of us might just be afraid to come to the show.

Please email me at weliveintrees@gmail.com for further information. If you're interested in being on the panel, or if you have some insight into anything, please let me know! Even if you don't live in Los Angeles and want to connect, please email me.

Thanks
—Alice

* * *

We would like to apologize for several errors we made recently. In issue 422 we somehow managed to print a section of the "Overamped" column after a completely unrelated column. In issue 421 we accidentally miscredited photographers in two different interviews. For the Cuntroaches interview, we credited Durda from BlackGang Crew; the photographer is Marie Dabbadie. For Mr. Wrong, we credited Corbin Corbin, but the photographer is Molly Macalpine. We are deeply sorry for our mistakes.

* * *

COLUMNS

SEX WORK IS REAL WORK

Camgirl IRL

Being a camgirl was nice, but when push came to shove, the money just wasn't coming quick enough. Camming is a whole hell of a lot of work for a very minimal payout. You spend hours dressing up, teasing, flirting, making kissy faces at your laptop webcam, for some horny guy to just try to get you to send him free content. Like, here's a picture of my dick, will you send me a video of your pussy throbbing while you moan my name? Sure, that will be $25 for a personalized, five-minute video. And they just call you a bitch. Or try to finagle some other stuff for free.

I don't know, maybe I wasn't that good at it. Or maybe I wasn't very into camming, I was really just into watching myself masturbate.

But back to the money and how I wasn't getting any and I also couldn't find a vanilla job but this was probably because when I had signed up for my college email address I entered my name as "erin's boobs" and was using that very account to send my resume to prospective employers. It's like I decided my career path before I even chose my major!

So, fuck it, let me check Craigslist and see what's up. I didn't even know about Backpage. But I did know about the gigs and personals and talent sections on Craigslist, so I did a little browsing one afternoon and saw this ad in gigs that said *last-minute hostess needed* and I'm like, "sick maybe I'll hostess one night at this restaurant and then they'll like me and I'll start serving, phew, hey money, what's up." So I email the guy with a headshot, 'cause that's what the ad asked for, and he immediately wants to call me, so I answer, and we talk, and I realize this is just a regular dude and he wants me to come over and be a sexy hostess with another girl I don't know. It's all kind of vague, but the dude gives me the other girl's number, swearing up and down that this is totally no big deal, strictly professional, business-as-usual, and I'm like fuck it, okay, whatever. It didn't seem weird to me. So I call the number he gave me. I can hear her kids in the background and she seems nice enough, she's all southern sugar—sweet tea and cigarette voice telling me she's been doing this for months and it's really no big deal, she knows it sounds weird but it's all pretty innocent.

I let my roommate and a few other people know what I was doing (my boyfriend in San Francisco was pissed, but he was in San Francisco, so whatever, dude), and I shimmied into a miniskirt and some heels, borrowed a car, and drove out to this McMansion out on the south side of town with a big-ass driveway full of Lexuses and Mercedes and I'm wondering what the fuck I'm doing but I get out of the car and walk up to the door. This dad answers with his wife and we all shake hands and it's all very professional, as if I'm actually working in a true business and not just in his house. They show me the kitchen and the sweet tea mama is there in a sparkly mini cocktail dress with the titties out, putting frozen mini quiches on a cookie sheet, and here daddy gives me the deets.

I wish I was rich enough to have my own in-home gentlemen's club. Just me and my boys playin' high-stakes poker while tattooed women that smell like sticky weed and cigarettes hike up their skirts and serve me strong gin and tonics and call me hun.

I came back every month for almost four months. We each got $250 flat, plus whatever tips we made from the poker chips being slipped in our bras and panties. At first, I was a little put off by being touched by these strange old men, but when I came back the second time, they weren't strangers, so a little flick on the nipple didn't bother me. A little finger lingering on the clit while a poker chip make its way into my waistband: worth five to twenty dollars, maybe more depending on how strong I poured that Maker's Mark and remembered that one rock, lemon twist. I'd perch on a chair or sit on their laps and listen to them talk about business deals in Germany and playing golf and whatever the fuck else rich white men talk about. They were boring, easy to please, consistent and I loved it.

My last night wasn't intentional, but sometimes life just happens. That night had been a good one because I made extra dough letting Ms. Sweet Tea and another girl eat chocolate sauce off of my thighs and the dude in charge offered to give me way more money for a private Sybian ride sometime and I was *so* down, mostly just to try a Sybian, and I was having fun and drank a couple of pretty boozy drinks to loosen up a bit and try to be unabashedly sexy. It can be a little awkward to be sexy on command, even if you are a ho by nature. Booze helps.

Booze is not so great as a lubricant if you are a bit of an alcoholic and you know it and you also happen to have a DUI and some other charges under your belt and then you get behind the wheel of a car that is not yours. An old car with an owner who you love dearly but you know damn well they don't know shit about car maintenance, so when you're cruising down Interstate 64 thinking about all the ho money you just made, smoking your half-drunk victory cigarette and then all of a sudden the car starts billowing smoke and you panic and pull off at the first gas station you can, which is so close to my house, but far enough to be a problem when I'm sitting at the pump, calling my boyfriend in a panic 'cause I don't even know the first thing to do in this situation and while I'm on the phone a cop pulls up behind me and I'm like god dammit let me just act like nothing's wrong here.

The car was trashed. I didn't get in trouble, but not having a vehicle meant that I couldn't get out to the south side. I was offered a ride, but I drew a hard line at my customers knowing where I lived.

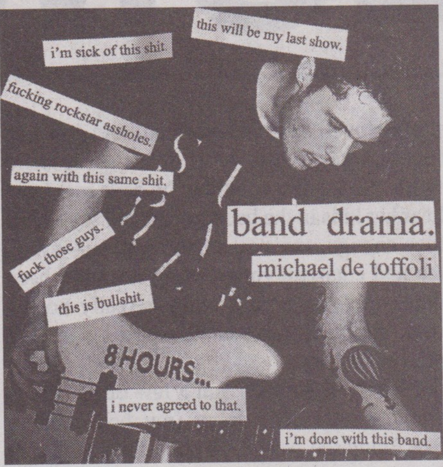
I did other things on Craigslist between those once-a-month gigs: watch a dude jerk off for fifty bucks here, awkward amateur fetish photo shoot there, but my all-time favorite hustle was flipping dirty socks to buy weed. I had this one regular, we'd meet up like once every two weeks or so at the Farm Fresh parking lot. He was the most normal looking guy, drove an SUV, definitely had kids because I could see toys and shit in the backseat, would always want to meet up somewhere between after work and after happy hour, probably to jerk off with my socks in public before throwing them in the trash to go home to his wife, I don't know, we never really talked about it. I'd just show up, usually in a friend's car, and all he wanted was for me to take off my socks—he requested cute, printed socks—in front of him, he would sniff them, and hand me cash, and I'd be like, "Okay have a nice night!"

I have been really lucky. Can you count all the red flags in those tales alone? Even as I'm writing this, I'm like, "Holy shit, I was so fucking stupid, like I got in that stranger's SUV multiple times and he could have just *driven away with me in it*." I am a white, middle class, cis-passing when I need to be, college-educated femme, and I have been a cam girl, a fetish model, a personal sexy hostess, and a dirty sock salesman. I have a lot of privilege in being able to be choosy about the sex work that I have done, having a healthy support system and friends with cars, and to have had the power of the internet to get money when I needed it. I got a new email address and got a job behind a bar, but I still use the charms I learned from that poker night gig to get paid: hard, hot eye contact, sexy shit talking, a "yes, daddy" kind of attitude: that is exactly the kind of thing that gets you paid when you're cracking open beers in a crowded bar. I still cammed on the side for a few years, but lost interest after watching too many episodes of Black Mirror and then putting a piece of tape over my webcam.

Sex work kept me fed and made me stronger. And for me, and for most people, all of it was because of the internet. I have never done sex work without an internet platform. MyGirlFund, MyFreeCams, Craigslist, PornHub, hell, even Tumblr, Instagram, and Twitter. These places allowed me to make decisions about how I did sex work. Like, would I just go up to a guy on the street and be like, "Hey, you look like you're trying to sniff some stinky ass socks!" or would I trust a stranger that I meet randomly in public that says "You should come over and work my private event at my house for money"? Because of internet platforms, specifically Craigslist in this case, I could choose the things that interested me, and say no if someone was being creepy or if I didn't trust the situation. Until phone numbers or other personal information were exchanged, my privacy was intact. I think a lot of why I managed to stay safe in doing these jobs was because the internet works as an incredible screening tool for all kinds of sex workers, giving us agency over the kinds of work we do and when and how we do it.

Not all sex work is the same. I have never fucked for money, but I don't think that's any different than a hand job or a blow job or watching someone jerk off, either in person or online, or faking an orgasm while I ride a dildo for like the third time in an hour, or smoking on camera and then playing with my titties for ten extra dollars, all things that I very much have done. But all sex work is hard work. Lots of time and energy and money and lube. And I totally would fuck for money. Just for a lot more than any of those old guys were offering.

—Erin Gerety


this will be my last show.
i'm sick of this shit.
fucking rockstar assholes.
again with this same shit.
band drama.
michael de toffoli
fuck those guys.
this is bullshit.
8 HOURS...
i never agreed to that.
i'm done with this band.

Band relationships are just as important as any romantic relationship. Your bandmates require time, attention, patience, forgiveness, stimulation, trust, and a general sense of commitment, same as a partner. There will be many times that you'll spend more time with your bandmates than your partner and your partner will get jealous, and vice versa. They'll become a part of your life, good or bad, and if you're going to stay together all these things need to be addressed. That's what we're here to talk about: why bands fight, why bands work or don't work, why bands succeed, and why bands break up. What's the difference between a happy functioning band and a band that's destined to fail. In almost every way this is kind of a relationship column, to examine the fragile relationships that you have with your bandmates.

A few years ago I accepted that I am an introvert and started adjusting my life to fit that. I no longer push myself to spend more time with people than I can handle and I've been allowing myself recovery time after—it's actually been an amazing relief. It has taken me years to get to this place in understanding, and that's from spending years pushing myself to be more personable than I can handle. I'm aware of how difficult it is for me to talk to strangers, so I've come up with my game plan: I'm ok with talking to random people *if* we have something to talk about. I'm not good at small talk, and I generally don't like it anyway, but I've memorized enough "banter" to communicate efficiently. Basically, I've learned good interviewing skills so I can communicate until the commercial break, and if they take an interest in me I can answer them in form. (Seriously, this is what my life is like when it comes to talking to new people.) Eventually when I establish a relationship with someone it becomes much easier and I don't have to be an interviewer anymore. I have a very small amount of people that I genuinely feel that comfortable with, and what I've learned is that I don't communicate well unless we're accomplishing something together.

So therefore I've mostly been lucky enough to have an extrovert in the band to handle the communication end of everything. Meeting and networking with bands at shows or online, cold calling / emailing musicians we've never met to play a city we've never been to when we tour, or even establishing a relationship with the sound guy more than just asking for levels and saying "Thank you" afterwards. These extroverts are vital, and I genuinely appreciate the very important role that they have for the band. I came to appreciate them more once I had to become the extrovert in a band of introverts. I've been in situations where we're all introverted and none of us will flinch and do the talking, which means that we just stay in our rehearsal space sitting on recordings hoping that someone will approach us so that we can share them. Seriously, we never played live because none of us were ever willing to be the one to venture out and find us a show. We fizzled after everyone figured out that we weren't going anywhere and we all just stopped showing up to practice. (I guess we're still on hiatus??) Because of that, I recognized the importance of us putting ourselves out there, so if no one is going to do it then I guess I'll flinch and go up. I will do that, for the sake of the band, but it is also important for me to put my foot down and communicate that this can't be a regular thing. If I'm in a band full of introverts, then we need to set the ground rules that *all* of us need to participate in some form of networking periodically. I'm not saying that we need to take turns or draw straws or anything, but we do need to recognize and appreciate when one of us is stepping out of our comfort zone for the sake of the group. It's easy to get comfortable and rely on that person for all of it, and that's the moment to step up and give them a break. As weirdly small as it sounds to simply talk to someone, it's very different and abundantly important in the moment. A music scene only succeeds if everyone contributes, and we all rise (and fall) as a group. So ironically, breaking into that scene will oftentimes be the most difficult and most meaningful moment in your history as a band. It will take all of you to do it at some point, so it's only right to share the uncomfort at the initiation. There will be so many moments when you need to rise above yourself and come out from you hiding spot behind your instrument, and right from the get go is the perfect point to start.

Each month Band Drama will either be

reviewing a universal issue that all bands face, or I'll be reviewing one of your band's issues. If you'd like a fresh perspective, advice, or just to vent in general (anonymously or not) reach out to me at banddramamrr@gmail.com. I've been in a lot of bands for the past fourteen years, which means that I've been in a lot of bands that have ended. I'd like to think that I've grown from each, learned from each, and taken the time to reflect on each failure or success. I'm also still learning and experiencing and I always will be, so I want to share what I've learned, as well as learn from all y'all punks in bands too.

MOM, LOOK, I'M IN A MAGAZINE!!
GUEST COLUMN
SEX
PISTOL

Last weekend, I drove to Toronto to go to the Great Lakes Surf Battle—a ten band festival of instrumental surf bands. Yes, the kind of music your grandmother liked back in 1963. I'm enough of a geek that I actually had a refreshingly great time. But an all-instrumental surf gig is jarringly different from the shows I'm used to attending. One look around the room at the sea of Hawaiian shirts, often capped with a head of grey hair, and I could tell that the appeal of a surf show was somehow vastly different than that of a punk one. Now, before someone yells, "at the last punk gig I went to in Chicago, there were six people in Hawaiian shirts, and they were all young," I know that Hawaiian shirts have been in for a few years, so much so that they are being sold to droves of teens in every mall in the Midwest now. But that dingy show in Chicago didn't have people wearing them like this—these shirts had all recently been dry cleaned. Perhaps more tellingly, these were all paired with a variety of mid-century modern accessories. Women were wearing bee-hives. Seafoam green was everywhere—even the tolex on amps was seafoam.

I've been to this sort of thing before, but I was curious enough to start asking some questions. I asked a handful of people if this was their everyday attire, and I was met with a resounding no. Then it started to hit me. These were all costumes. Just as many of the bands put on costumes right before performing, so too did the crowd show up in special get-ups for the occasion. This was not just another night at the bar, but a chance to show allegiance to a genre of music, and moreover, a long lost period in history by dressing up in vintage clothes, drinking vintage cocktails, and listening to vintage music—all of which is forever tied to the period in which it emerged.

But if surf music is pinned to the time in which it first flourished, why too not punk? Punk is over 40 years old at this point. Surf, as a genre, is barely over 50. The difference there is not all that extreme. Neither is largely populated by its original adherents. Both have continuously had new bands performing throughout their history. But punk isn't seen as an exclusively nostalgic movement. It isn't tied, exclusively, in everyone's mind to April 1976. As an enthusiast of both, I was left wondering why they are so different.

My first thought came after the third cover of "Diamond Head" of the night. You see, almost every surf band relies on covers to pad their sets. While my first band did a lot of covers (when we were in ninth grade), it was largely because we hadn't figured out how to write songs yet. Teen punks do love throwing one obligatory cover per set—usually something painfully obvious. I suppose that "Filler" is the "Pipeline" of teenaged punk. But this reliance on covers usually fades pretty quickly. Damaged City Fest isn't 80% covers. Perhaps avoiding covers keeps us from being too pinned to any one era. Almost every city has their one hair metal cover band (usually named after a POISON song or some dumb play on words like Hairy Carrie), and everyone who goes to see them dresses in their '80s costume for the night. I don't think I've ever seen an actual hardcore cover band.

And this makes sense, right? Idolizing the irreverent does not logically lead to mimicry. Young kids aren't building little shrines to Lyle Preslar in the same way that other children might hang a few Jimi Hendrix posters on the wall. DIY ethos and iconoclasm are worshiped more than the stars themselves. Where surf guitarists might see themselves standing on the shoulders of giants like Dick Dale or Takeshi Terauchi, punks—practically definitionally—want to break down the very pillars erected by their predecessors.

A few bands later, as I was watching a guitarist really show off, another thought struck me. Punk, unlike more complex genres, has an extremely low barrier to entry. Perhaps that prevents punk from becoming too stuffy. There will never be a shortage of teens who hear the RAMONES for the first time and think, "yeah, I could do that." They're almost always wrong—you can't sound like the CLASH or TELEVISION if you barely know how to play your instrument—but it doesn't stop them from trying. That's the beauty. In trying (and utterly failing) to sound like your favorite band, you still might be making top-notch, energetic, wonderfully shitty hardcore.

But these explanations are a little too simple. They fit too well with what punks want our narrative to be. Our values and cult of simplicity alone don't prevent us from become another nostalgia fest of a genre. It was during a cover of "Pipeline" (which reached #4 on the charts in the summer of 1962) that I had another thought. More important than our ethos is that punk's first and most legendary iteration wasn't hugely commercially successful. Punk didn't irrevocably alter mainstream fashion in 1977. When most people think of fashion from the early '80s, they think of *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, not *Another State of Mind*. When you think of 1963, though, you very well may be picturing the BEACH BOYS on the cover of their *Surfer Girl* LP. Similarly, when you think of 1969, you almost certainly think of Woodstock (or at least your parents do). Punk was largely unable to capture the entire cultural zeitgeist and thus isn't chained to its year of origin because its year of origin isn't chained to punk. Now, the genre may have stolen the show a couple decades later, but no one in a band today could honestly think that GREEN DAY made something substantially more compelling than our true progenitors.

It really took me until the drive home before I realized how flawed my logic had been all night. I was wearing a uniform. It has become my everyday outfit, so I don't see it as a costume, but it is still very much a retro uniform. And where did I get this uniform? Well, I got it right here in *Maximum Rocknroll*, of course. It was perfectly laid out for me over 20 years ago in these very pages—right in the column section. Despite the ebbs and flows of our subcultural trends (which often just emulate the larger cultural trends [band shirt becoming smaller and smaller, white coming back in style, bigger prints, replacing your carpenter jeans with skinny jeans before replacing those in turn with straight legged ones with the cuffs cut off just above your Chuck Taylors]), I had been adhering to a totally static ideal of what a RAMONES fan from the '90s should be wearing. Former *MRR* columnist Ben Weasel put it all in print, and apparently, I bit. No baseball caps, no baggy shorts, no backpacks at gigs? Check. Black leather jacket—no patches, no paint, with one or two buttons placed tastefully on the lapel? Check. It was 90 degrees out that day, but *MRR* told me I had to wear it to 65% of all gigs, so I wore it. White Chuck Taylors (only white, of course, because SAMIAM got paid to wear the black ones)? Check. As it turns out, I'm as much of a nostalgia-hound as any fan of surf, swing, or psychedelia, and I have our glorious *Maximum Rocknroll* to thank for that.

—Nicky Reynolds

futures
and
pasts
*erika elizabeth

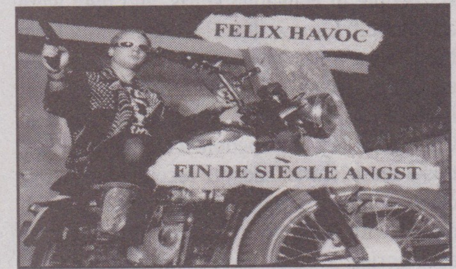
On their debut 45 from 1981, Melbourne's PLASTIC EP AND THE RECORDS crashed through a whole jumble of outsider DIY reference points, where *Nuggets*-on-a-budget garage stomp with a wobbly organ collided with the economical punk of first-wave UK bands like the SUBWAY SECT. It's a holy grail obscurity of the early '80s Aussie weirdo underground, but it turns out that the group's most flipped-out sounds were actually committed to tape shortly after the release of the first record, intended for a two-song follow-up single that never materialized due to the studio losing the masters. Luckily for all of us, PLASTIC EP and crew had dubbed rough mixes of the songs to cassette, and they've finally seen the light of day as proper 7" (alongside a combined reissue of the first 45 and 1982's New Wave-ish "Secret Love" single, by which time they'd changed their name to the EPs) thanks to a new Australian label called Xerox Music. A-side "Well You Want to Make A Record" is total untrained post-punk madness, in which PLASTIC EP AND THE RECORDS ditch their original drummer for the clatter of a Dr. Rhythm drum machine, add some wild, buzzsaw guitar scrape, and top it with deadpan hollering about how to make a record (*"add a bit of bass / not so much snare!"*), which basically winds up sounding like some long-lost electro-punk successor to the DESPERATE BICYCLES' do-it-yourself incantations. On the flip, "I'm Not Coming Back" is more subdued in an off-kilter TELEVISION PERSONALITIES kind of way, with psychedelic meandering piano only slightly tempering the frenetic drum machine pulse and flurry of distorted guitar. A lost classic, and very much in line with the shambolic and surreal industrial art-punk that the equally great SUNDAY PAINTERS were crafting several hours away in Wollongong during the same era, if you'd like to do some further digging. (Xerox Music, xeroxmusicaustralia.bandcamp.com)

Outside of the FALL, PYLON have arguably been the most important band in shaping and influencing every conception that I have of what could be considered the post-punk ideal. I've made references in the past to PYLON bassist Michael Lachowski's assertion that the group's primary intention was to make art with instruments, and just as modern art is often dismissed as something that could be easily recreated by anyone due to the seeming simplicity of its technique or forms, PYLON's brilliantly minimalist art-punk approach seems to be evoked as a misguided comparison for more and more contemporary bands just because they also happen to have an affinity for mutant disco rhythms or sharp, brittle stabs of guitar. So a PYLON reference isn't something that I drop casually, but if anyone is deserving of one these days, it's this new quartet from Adelaide, Australia called NYLEX, whose self-titled debut cassette has all of the tightly-wound and danceable tension of *Gyrate*, with the addition of some goth-leaning smudged eyeliner melancholy. The shimmering guitar and ethereal, shadowy melodies in "Heavy Air" and "Against the Knife" conjure some serious early 4AD-level drama, but it's the dark and understated yet deeply propulsive basslines that really give each of the tape's six songs its shape, allowing the vocals plenty of space to zig-zag from subtle whispers to stern, obliquely dissociated narrations. And when they're at their most stark and jagged (see: "Fascinate" or "Decide"), NYLEX's coolly restrained post-punk paranoia really does draw a perfectly shaky line directly from Athens in 1980 to Adelaide in 2018. (Tenth Court, nylextenthcourt.bandcamp.com)

Philadelphia's BLOWDRYER are back with a self-titled tape consisting of their first new recordings since 2014's *Deprogrammed* cassette, and they've apparently spent the last few years stripping their previous sugar-spiked, BREEDERS-ish, noise-pop framework into some seriously taut nouveau-wave. The fuzzed-out group harmonies in the relative jangly "Over and Over" help connect the dots between BLOWDRYER and guitarist Sarah Everton's previous band BLEEDING RAINBOW, but it's a relative outlier this time around, as the anxious, jittery precision of songs like "Underdeveloped" and "Photocopy" more often suggests early WIRE as translated by modern punk women in a basement with a four-track machine. Lyrical phrases are shouted out and repeated like anti-slogans pulled from Jenny Holzer's *Truisms* series (*"you know I'm well aware of my self-satisfaction,"* or *"your life is in balance, you have total control"*), backed by needling slashes of guitar and bashed drums for some of the best lo-fi URINALS-besotted racket since the arrival of those first two NOTS singles, before they tumbled down the synth-punk path. Really hope it takes them a little less than four years to put something else out after this one... (blowdryer.bandcamp.com)

Justin Hubbard has been knocking out angular, nervous-edged post-punk and damaged DIY pop with both GERM HOUSE and FAR CORNERS over the last several years, and a new split cassette collects eight songs from each project that were recorded between 2015 and 2017 in the midst of a relocation from Las Cruces, New Mexico to Rhode Island. Hubbard handles all of the instrumental duties in GERM HOUSE, crafting skewed and scrappy melodies that generally recall the Xpressway Records bands who lobbied a noisier and more experimental response to the Flying Nun-dominated 1980s Kiwi pop scene, by way of the tape hiss-saturated hooks of various home-recording, Ohio-based oddballs in the GUIDED BY VOICES/TIMES NEW VIKING continuum. In contrast, FAR CORNERS are a full-fledged band in the paranoid future-punk style of the A FRAMES or ANGRY ANGLES, all loping basslines, choppy guitar, and stuttering rhythms, urgent and agitated and appropriately blown-out because reality is a mess. The shared DNA between the two sides of the split becomes a little more apparent in GERM HOUSE songs like "Inside the Room" or "Over/Under," which center the sort of ramshackle keyboard squeals and buttoned-up / waved-out bounce that earned any number of late '70s / early '80s Midwestern art-punk bands a spot in the Hyped to Death hall of fame. When was the last time you came across a non-compilation C60 of wall-to-wall hits? This one certainly seems to fit the bill. (Fuzzy Warbles, fuzzywarbles.bandcamp.com)

Say hey at ripitupstartagain@gmail.com, more sights and sounds at futuresandpasts.org.



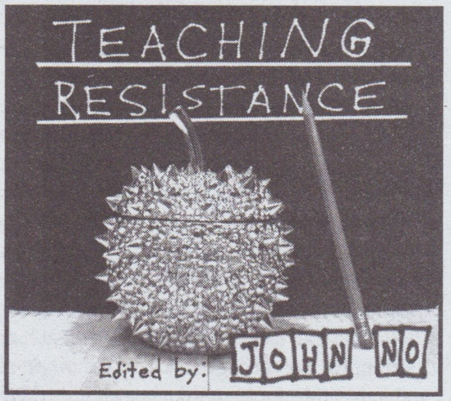
I would like to talk a little bit about Oi! music. Like most people who grew up in the '80s, I listened to a fair amount of Oi! and what we now call UK82 punk. While I enjoyed this music, I found a big chunk of the fanbase intolerable. The cultural landscape has changed quite a bit since the mid-1980s. In those days, the skinhead movement was filled with violent thugs. It was a bizarre mix of miscreants, runaways, common criminals, and confused upper-middle class kids looking for something. They would not hesitate to beat the shit out of you just for wearing a CRASS pin or a DEAD KENNEDYS t-shirt. The skinheads in DC were primarily not overtly Nazis. In fact, many of their members were Black or Hispanic. However, they were certainly fascistic; they opposed and periodically beat up gays, Jews, and immigrants as well as us un-American "peace punks" and "crassholes."

This fan base and their violent assault on the hardcore scene left a very sour taste in my mouth and many of my generation. It was a big turn off to following bands like AGNOSTIC FRONT, CRO-MAGS, and all of the Oi! bands that are so popular now like LAST RESORT, COMBAT 84, SKREWDRIVER, etc. Political lines were drawn a lot sharper back then. A lot of the people involved in the punk scene leaned far to the left and were involved in anti-war activism, animal rights, and Anarchist politics. On the other side were the flag-waving, right-wing skinheads, many of them outright Nazis waging an ideological war on the dance floor. That these polar opposite ideologies shared a space is a testament to the cultural space that was opened up in youth culture by the explosion of punk. An old anti-racist skinhead activist friend of mine told me in the '90s that all of the real skinheads were dead or in prison by 1988, and everybody who came afterwards was just a poser copying the older generation. While perhaps simplistic, it does go a long way to demonstrate that that first crop of skinheads in America in the '80s was a strange and violent breed drawn to the hardcore punk scene for various reasons and have mostly withdrawn from involvement in the hardcore punk scene. Part of this is that the internet gave them a platform to organize their own scene. And part of it is that anti-racist activists hounded the Nazis out of the scene.

Fast forward to today, the internet has flattened ideological differences with its bizarre brand of value relativism that equates and then dismisses every strongly held opinion. The radical right is now in the mainstream and Neo-Nazi groups have high visibility and are probably better funded and organized than the somewhat amateur attempts of White Aryan Resistance in the 1980s. As a result of the mainstreaming of radical right ideology, Nazis don't need a youth subculture to recruit from. And I doubt very many of today's Nazi activists listen to or care much about Oi!. Indeed, it seems that most of today's Oi! fans are punks. And that same ideological flattening of the landscape that the internet has brought about has made listening to extreme right-wing bands and outright Nazi bands much less taboo. I think the general acceptance of fascist black metal also helps in this intellectual exercise. Fascist imagery and outright fascist beliefs are so wrapped up in the black metal scene that it seems like most people have a "don't ask don't tell kind of attitude," and simply look the other way and focus on the music. I, for one, care very little about the current Oi! revival. I feel about it basically the same way I do about the revival of interest in goth and deathrock. This stuff was peripheral to my existence the first time it came around, and an imitation 30 years later is probably going to be even more peripheral than it was the last time. Still, it pains me a bit to be browsing online record stores and see far right and Nazi bands records sold next to political punk records that are ideologically in direct opposition, yet reduced by e-commerce to equals.

There is a great documentary about Mick Ronson out called *Beside Bowie*. I've talked a lot about Ronson and Bowie in this column, and I need not say more. It's a great documentary to check out. I think the only thing it misses the mark by completely ignoring Ronson's influence on the nascent punk scene. Personally, I think Mick Ronson might have been the single most influential guitarist in the early days of punk. Certainly he was for the UK, If not everywhere.

I recently went to see the original MISFITS play in a hockey arena in New Jersey. Like a lot of people, in the '80s I thought the MISFITS were kind of a joke. I did not start to take them seriously until I got heavily into record collecting around 1988 and started tracking down all their records. Digging deeper, I gained a much greater appreciation for their songs and comic book imagery. My level of interest started to decline when they reformed and started writing new material; however, the chance to see the original lineup playing only old material and no new songs was a little too intriguing to pass up. The idea of a punk band in an arena takes some mental gymnastics to just wrap one's head around. I am used to seeing bands like JUDAS PRIEST, IRON MAIDEN, and BLACK SABBATH in arenas. Indeed, I rather enjoy some of the pageantry of an arena metal show. I imagine it is akin to a home team sporting event, that feeling of camaraderie and shared purpose with a mass of people. My guess is this feeling goes back to the times of the Roman gladiator if not before. However, to see a punk band in an arena is a bit more complex of an issue to come to grips with. As the original punk bands started to topple the commercialism and rockstar mentality that was dominating music in the '70s. While I really enjoyed the show, there was a bit of a "meet the new boss, same as the old boss" mentality lurking below the surface. Looking around at the crowd, I am reminded that punk functions on many, many levels. There is the scene that we know and love, and a scene one step above it of more commercial bands with greater popularity, and a scene even further above that, the world of the Warped Tour and legacy bands playing commercial festivals. The separation between these worlds is fluid and although some travel between them. It's clear that most people never get much further than the top layer. Whereas for some the commercial bands were just a first stop on the way to the underground. I could not help but ponder the fact that me and my friends are struggling to sell three to five hundred copies of a 7" by a band we think is great while the MISFITS are playing to an arena of many thousands. One of the most endearing qualities of this show was the terrible sound. It was like being at a house show in a stadium. There was tons of feedback and the band struggled to get through several of the songs. It helped to undermine the air of professionalism and commercial rock business. It is something you would not have tolerated at IRON MAIDEN or JUDAS PRIEST show, but at the MISFITS show, it seemed almost heartwarming. They played a great set—really, they are a band with so many great songs to choose from. And the best part, no new material.



Pundits and trolls, Republicans and libertarians, moderate Democrats and so-called "classical liberals," "red pilled" adherents to the reactionary / neocolonialist / hypermisogynist / transphobic politics of the "intellectual dark web" and more traditional fascists / white supremacists, CNN, Fox News, MSNBC, and InfoWars alike...they all freak out endlessly about the "PC culture" on campuses that these commentators believe is generating a generation of "snowflakes" supposedly unable to handle the "real world." However, in the blur of hysterical mainstream media taglines / anecdotes and right-wing fragility towards anything that robustly challenges toxic structures like white supremacy (aka the "real world" they always refer to), a more-essential question is lost: By what means can educators help fulfill their responsibility to protect their students from needless harm while helping strengthen them to tackle the challenges they will face in an often-unjust world?

This month's Teaching Resistance column is by Frankie Mastrangelo, a Gender, Sexuality, and Women's Studies educator in Richmond, VA. She delves deeply into a powerful and nuanced discussion of the necessity, effectiveness, and reality-in-practice of "safe(r) spaces" vs. "brave spaces"—the latter of which is distinguished, broadly, as environments in which uncomfortable, even harmful, ideas and expressions are not necessarily prohibited. Rather, they are named and openly acknowledged for what they are, in the express service of ultimately creating new, transformative conversations and deep mutual community support. As my confidant Megan March puts it, "There's more than one way to fight a cop." Frankie can be reached at frankie.mastrangelo@gmail.com.

SAFE(R) SPACES AND FUTURE COPS

Space is central in teaching and creating. I think about what space can do, how it can be formed, and the ways that it can grow. I also think about what space can limit, how it can be threatened, and the ways it can undermine our goals and objectives. One of my favorite authors, adrienne maree brown, talks about space in ways that inspire my thinking around how I understand teaching and DIY culture. brown is a long-time social justice facilitator and author of *Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds*, a book that uses Octavia Butler's science fiction and an appreciation for permaculture to revisit and revise how we understand what it means to envision and create change. I was listening to adrienne maree brown speak recently about the concept of brave spaces. She says that brave spaces function to recognize and name harm, where folks can feel okay with saying "that hurt or offended me" and get back to the work of productive, transformative conversations, where we build critical connections, where it doesn't matter what your intentions are—what matters is what impact your words or behavior creates.

brown made me think of how often the concept of safe(r) space comes up in the classroom and DIY communities. I think the concept of brave space distinguishes itself from notions of the safe(r) space in that a brave space prioritizes what a space *does* rather than what it *proposes to do*. Despite what the aims of a classroom or DIY space are, how that space functions and creates impact takes precedent to what it promises to accomplish. I question how we can really promise safety within a space when our perspectives and lives are shaped by our relationships to systems of privilege and oppression—we are not always aware of how those systems will show up in our interactions and cause harm or distress. How can we really ensure that a space will always be safe for everyone when folks may call the police for issues that can be sussed out with a simple conversation, or when those who manage a space refrain from holding themselves accountable for causing harm? When students voice racist perspectives or misogynist views in a classroom, how can we say that this space remains understood as safe by those hurt and affected by shitty comments? Recognizing how oppressive systems show up for us requires constant reflection, an openness to critique, and commitment to shared growth among all those who move within a space. I think the notion of safety limits us at times in creating the radical spaces we want to see, and take steps to maintain. The intention of ensuring safety is often eclipsed by the impact of words and behaviors that inflict harm.

I teach in a Gender, Sexuality, and Women's Studies program and think about what it means to cultivate a classroom that does the work of brown's brave space. How can I build connection and community among myself and students in ways that are defined by the experiences and lives of students? How do I work from a place of embracing how students' perspectives are a culmination of their relationships to systems, their histories, and their traumas? How do I facilitate conversations in which students lean into discomfort when called to confront their privileges? How do we collaborate on pinpointing where white supremacy or carceral thinking shows up in their lives? These questions guide how I go about teaching because they're questions that I am consistently grappling with in my own life. I've come to realize that there is a power in modeling vulnerability in educational settings, so when I say "here's what I struggle with in engaging racist family members," "here's what I fear in navigating street harassment," or "here's where I see my whiteness affording me privilege and what it means to de-center myself in spaces where I should listen more than I speak"—those moments can be entry points for collaborating on navigating discomfort. I think those moments encourage us to identify what dominant systems make fragile, broken, or tense. Recognizing how dominant systems show up in each of our lives and how they shape our perspectives creates the potential for the types of conversations brown refers to—those discussions needed to transform our world and build critical connection.

I want to talk about a recent instance in my teaching that was uncomfortable and difficult but that, I think, represents striving for a brave and radical educational space.

One student I had not too long ago told me earlier on the semester that he wanted to be a police officer. The Intro to Gender, Sexuality, and Women's Studies class I teach is considered a general education requirement, so I can get majors that range anywhere from Studio Art to Biology. This particular student was pursuing a Criminal Justice major, and expressed genuine interest in learning more about feminism, privilege, and systematized oppression. I'm an abolitionist, and will talk with anyone about why police and prisons are antithetical to collective liberation. How I go about these conversations will usually shift based on who is engaging in this conversation with me. So how I talk about why police and prisons contradict liberatory social and political futures will obviously look different for an aspiring police officer than it will for a friend of mine who organizes books to prisoners initiatives. This student of mine began to speak up more and more over the course of the semester, and sometimes his questions were met with resistance, anger, and frustration from fellow classmates.

In a conversation about the importance of #Blacklivesmatter, he asked why people are so distrustful of the police, and why the actions of a few cops should be seen as representative of the entire police force. Within that conversational space, other students looked at me with expressions of exasperated irritation because I knew they saw this person as just not "getting it."

In the event that questions like this arise, I would try and push the class to consider his questions and offer suggestions for responding. I think practicing coming up with rich answers to questions like this is a good exercise for anyone interested in social justice. Navigating conversations like this is a balancing act, though, because I don't want to promote a cultural taxation on those most marginalized by an issue being discussed to educate their classmates. In other words, the onus of responsibility for explaining police brutality against Black folks should not fall on Black students. I am constantly learning how to do a better job of handling these conversations in ways that push discussions forward without creating those forms of cultural taxation. Posing generative questions that refrain from positioning anyone as spokespersons for an identity group usually helps with this. For instance, asking the class what they think police exist to do or what their purpose is can lead to deeper understandings of how our relationships with police are informed by race relations.

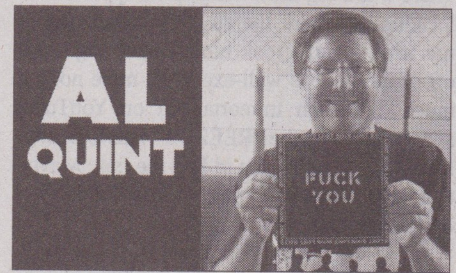
Our conversation came around to identifying how experiences with the police differ based on identity, and examining what the police force represents. While the discussion got off to a tense start, it ultimately felt productive. When the class ended, I remember the student who wanted to be a cop approaching me to talk. He was concerned that he made people upset with his questions, and asked if his questions were stupid. I started off by thanking him for his questions, and turned his attention to how he sparked a lively discussion. I think a little bit of validation through expressing appreciation for inquiry can go a long way in engaging people in difficult conversations, especially when they think they may be uninformed, or at ideological odds with those around them. I also think there's a fine line between validating / appreciating and unnecessary / disingenuous ego-stroking in these situations. I think we enter ego-stroking territory when fears of upsetting someone's fragility guide communication, as opposed to using conversations for the sake of challenging that fragility. My student then went on to express how he believes in the good that can come from policing, and wished that people didn't have such bad experiences with police. "Why do you think people have bad experiences with police?" I asked. He said that he knew racial profiling is an issue and part of this. I agreed and pointed out that he and I would have different experiences with police than a POC because we are white. I shared how I didn't always realize that my whiteness afforded me privilege with police, but that it led me to understand how policing in the United States is historically rooted in controlling communities of color. He continued to ask me questions related to understanding white privilege.

I think that this conversation continues to stick out in my mind as an example of how important it is for me as a white teacher that facilitates discussions on privilege and oppression to share vulnerability. Vulnerability takes the form of sharing with students times that I struggled to understand a concept, issue, or aspect of my experience and identities. I didn't always understand what was fucked up about policing, and beginning to examine my white privilege was certainly a part of developing that understanding. Discussing elements of these personal experiences with students goes to show that examining and resisting dominant systems is an ongoing, dynamic process. You don't just write a song about why cops suck or attend one racial bias training and are set in your politics for life. I'm wary of anyone who gives the impression that their politics are static or fine-tuned, and that they have nothing to learn about and grow from. Humility and self-reflection go a long way in creating the spaces we want to see and communities worth cultivating.

As the semester went on, that student would often talk with me for a few minutes after class to kind of recap that day's discussions. It's hard to gauge as a teacher if conversations like this will have lasting influence. I'd often walk away from those conversations thinking about what could have gone differently or what could have been explained in greater depth. I try my best to challenge those kind of thoughts into reflections for enhancing future discussions so anxiety doesn't get the best of me. I don't know if that student took what we talked about and laughed about it with future cop buddies. I don't know if that student took what we talked about and continued meaningfully discussing it with other white folks and men that could really benefit from those dialogues. I won't lie that I sometimes wonder if they still want to be a cop, or if the class had any impact on their goal to be a cop. Who knows. What I do know is that it's difficult to create and maintain the space(s) that led to making my conversations with this student possible. Yet, any space that does that work of valuing impact over intention is going to be a difficult exercise in challenging privilege and enacting resistance. *—Frankie Mastrangelo*

The Teaching Resistance column is designed to provide a platform for radical, subversive teachers / educators to share their ideas and draw attention to important issues around education, particularly compulsory- and community-based education. If you are a teacher (anywhere in the world) for students of primary or secondary school ages (K-12), Community Colleges, or alternative learning arrangements such as collectivist free schools, and you want to submit an idea for a column, please write an email to teachingresistance@gmail.com

—John No, Teaching Resistance editor



REAL ROCK'N'ROLL GANGSTAS

There's a mob murder trial currently going on in Boston. Former New England mob boss Francis "Cadillac Frank" Salemme, who's now 84, is the co-defendant, charged with murdering Steven DiSarro, the owner of the old Boston nightclub The Channel, in 1993. It was a dead case (pun intended) until a few years ago, when DiSarro's remains were found behind a mill in Providence. The owner of the mill was facing drug charges and told the authorities about the location of the body. No, the murder didn't have anything to do with DiSarro booking bands that didn't draw. Salemme was accused of helping to kill DiSarro to prevent him from cooperating with FBI against him and his son, Frank Jr., who died in 1995. I'd always heard rumors about The Channel having mob involvement, and it turns out it was true.

The Channel was one of *the* local rock clubs throughout the '80s, a huge, sprawling building on Boston's Fort Point Channel that held 1700–2000 people—I'd say it was closer to the latter for some of the shows I saw there. They had a diverse selection of bands—classic rock, R&B, punk, metal, alt rock, hardcore—literally everything. It was the home to some of the larger hardcore shows and that could cause tensions, as you had people from the 'burbs taking in their annual or semi-annual show, usually when someone like SUICIDAL TENDENCIES or BLACK FLAG would come to town. The list of incredible bands I saw there could fill this entire column and few others, but some of them were the JAM, KILLING JOKE, MINOR THREAT, NEGATIVE APPROACH, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, MISFITS, SSD, 7 SECONDS, METALLICA (*Kill 'Em All* tour—200 people there tops), CRO-MAGS, MOTÖRHEAD, SLAYER (about the time *Reign In Blood* came out), MINISTRY, JESUS LIZARD, WIPERS, COC, JERRY'S KIDS, X, GUN CLUB, HÜSKER DÜ, MINUTEMEN, SUBHUMANS, and on and on and on...

There were more than a few memorable moments that I witnessed, both good and not-so-good, over the years. Stage diving was allowed for a while. I remember taking a nice tumble off the stage during MINOR THREAT's show there in 1983 (their last local appearance). Got a scraped shoulder for my troubles but nothing more serious—getting sucker-punched in the face by a skinhead twice my size during a KRAUT set was worse. As Marcia Brady would have said, "Oh! My nose!" It was just cracked, though ("just"). And one of my friends dropped him with a nice forearm across the back of his head. Eye for an eye, motherfuckers!

That wasn't nearly as serious as the time my old friend Todd Cote, from the Western Mass. band BRAIN INJURED UNIT, landed on his head while taking a stage dive during DYS's opening set for ANGRY SAMOANS. He was lying on his back at the back of the club, in obvious agony, but said he wouldn't leave until after the SAMOANS played. His friends then took him to the ER, and it turns out he had a broken vertebrae or two, but there was no paralysis. He had to have one of those halo rings screwed into his skull for a while. He actually played a BIU show in a wheelchair not too long after that.

There was also a legendary brawl at a YOUTH BRIGADE show. There'd been tension all day between the crowd and the bouncers. At one point, someone (and I know who, but I won't reveal the guilty party) hocked a loogie at one of the bouncers, and it was a direct hit. That set off the shit big time! Chairs flying, fists flying, while the BRIGADE were tearing through that nice unity anthem

"Sink With California." There was also the time a pig's head was getting kicked around the floor—I think that was at an SSD show. A guy I know got in a trashcan and was bouncing around the dance floor while inside of it.

Speaking of brawls—or near brawls—I'm sure many people reading this have heard about when VILE opened for the ANGELIC UPSTARTS in 1982. This was VILE's first bigger show, after a few gigs at smaller clubs. The singer engaged in some serious crowd-baiting and made at least a few racially-insensitive comments. Even in 1982, that shit didn't fly. What did fly off the stage was a mic stand, which was then thrown back at their vocalist, Bill Bile, and it almost took his head off. Their drummer Joe once told me that they had some difficulty getting shows after that (big surprise). And it's true that they distributed their album by leaving it on people's windshields in the club's parking lot. This wasn't at that show but maybe a year later. You'd better believe I still have my copy. The legend goes that there were 300 made (there was also a 2004 reissue on Parts Unknown) and they put some on the cars and threw the rest into the channel—the water, that is. Anyway, it's a good snotty hardcore punk record and, yes, they were kidding, although the joke probably isn't that funny to some people. Their song "5 to 10" has been a popular cover choice over the years. It was funny seeing the all-woman Boston band LEATHER DADDY do it a few years ago.

MINISTRY set up a chain link fence across the front of the stage at one of their shows. I was standing on the floor by the side of the stage. I could see the band but not the audience. At one point, I see roadies charging to the front and bringing back pieces of mangled fence. Al Jourgensen congratulated the audience... "that's the first fucking time anyone's been able to break through it!" Gibby from BUTTHOLE SURFERS once set a cymbal on fire and, when a bouncer objected, Gibby threw lighter fluid at him. At a PANTERA show, the action started before the doors even opened, as someone was diving off the canopy at the front of the club onto people waiting in line.

There were a number of all-day benefit shows in the early '90s organized by Sean from Cringe Productions. I remember one such show where the singer for one of the local bands was upset they weren't going over as well as the previous one. He started denigrating the audience a bit, and when he tossed a bunch of his band's records into the crowd, at least three-quarters of them were heaved back at him. I'd say who it is, but the guy has pretty much been an asshole to me for three decades because he felt I never gave his band enough respect back in the day. Why give him any publicity now? Believe me, you're not missing much. They released two 7"s and, according to Discogs, one of them starts at $1.76 and the other at $3. Not exactly collector's items.

The club eventually went into bankruptcy and closed at the end of 1991. It reopened for a time as a strip club, but that wasn't successful, and The Channel shut down for good in 1993. The building that housed the Channel is long gone, having been bulldozed in 1999. The property remained a parking lot for well over a decade and will soon be the new Boston headquarters for General Electric. A story in the *Boston Globe* a few years ago mentioned the development will include a waterfront restaurant and that there may be a section that "pays homage to the Channel" and that "there could be live music there on Friday and Saturday nights." Something tells me the fare might be a bit more expensive or lavish than the hot dogs and popcorn the Channel sold in the concession area towards the back of the club. I doubt that you'll be seeing much punk or hardcore there. Meanwhile, the Fort Point area has long been a home for the arts community, but they're being priced out and displaced. What else is new?

I haven't been down that way since the construction began but, a year or two before that, a couple of friends and I decided to take a trip by the old Channel location to reminisce a bit. There was a big snow bank in the approximate location of where the stage was and one of my friends and I took turns attempting dives off of it. His was well-executed, mine not-so-much. It's been immortalized on YouTube, accompanied by the FREEZE's "This Is Boston Not L.A." I can't seem to find the link. Maybe that's not such a bad thing. At least I didn't get injured this time.

IN CLOSING…

If I can indulge in something personal for a moment, I'd like to wish a Happy 30th Anniversary to my lovely wife Ellen. We were married June 5, 1988 and, much to my surprise, she can still stand being around me, even though she doesn't exactly share my passion for punk. She doesn't accompany me to that many shows anymore but has still seen her fair share of great bands over the years, including many at The Channel, as well as other places. We even got to see SNFU and NEUROSIS at Gilman Street on our honeymoon and made it back to the same venue for our 20th anniversary trip out there. She always loves surprising people when they ask her about music and she mentions all the bands she's seen. We don't have a lot of bands stay with us, but she enjoys that as well and has befriended some of them (hi, VITAMIN X!). She may not always like the music but does get and appreciate the philosophy and sense of ethics behind punk and the fact that many people use those to work in fields that help others. She's been in human services for her entire adult life, so she certainly respects that and has enjoyed speaking with band people about their professions. I remember she once spoke for the better part of an hour with Tony from the ADOLESCENTS about education, until the club personnel told us it was time to go home.

People often ask what the secret to our long marriage is, and she jokes that having a house with two floors, so my music doesn't bother her, helps a lot. And there's compromise—if we go to a show on a trip, we also go to an art museum or gift stores. It seemed fair to knock around the Brooklyn Art Museum a few years ago after seeing CAREER SUICIDE the night before—and if they read this, please get your asses back to Boston. I'm tired of traveling to see you play. There are only so many art museums or gift stores I want to visit...

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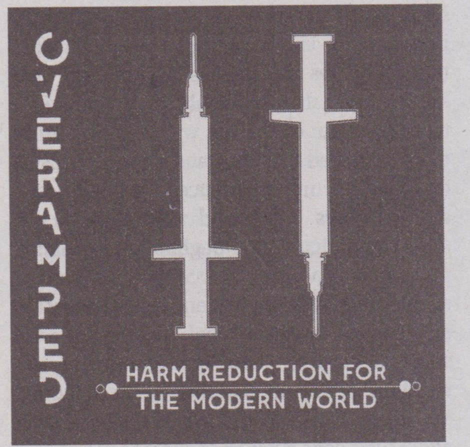


Mother Fucking Tina

Have you ever spent hours organizing and reorganizing scraps of paper you found on the street to fit neatly into a backpack because you are convinced that they reveal the key to the universe? That's Tina. Do ya ever spend hours picking at imperceptible mites crawling all over your body and grinding your teeth to stubs as you obsessively look over your shoulder for shadow people? Fucking Tina. Ya ever stay up for three days straight eating nothing, drinking nothing, and fucking everything that moves? Mother fucking Tina. You may have thought she had made her graceful exit a decade ago, but she's back and better than ever. If you're into the pnp (party and play) scene then you will know that she was simply laying low but that she maintains a significant and dedicated crew of fuck-hard, die-hard fans who invoke her before a long day on the farm, a long night on the road, or a vigorous weekend at the bathhouse.

Meth, Crystal, Ice, Crank, Speed, Shard, Tina. A rock by any other name would smell as sweet. She's back in a big way. While most of America has been laser-focused on opioids, meth has sneaked its sneaky tweaky self back into the hearts and heart of America. But meth isn't sticking to her well-traversed, post-industrial, heartland this go 'round. It's kind of like Fentanyl drilled a hole in the Hoover Dam and while we are all distracted by the flooding, Tina comes along to plunge her little finger in there. It's a temporary fix, a less acute risk of death. But eventually she'll crash and slink away looking for another hit, leaving the whole edifice to crumble.

I myself have known more than a handful of people who have migrated from heroin to meth as their drug of choice in the past few years. Meth isn't new, of course, she's just been keeping a low profile in most of the US for the better part of a decade to get some of the heat off her. But all of the sudden, meth is everywhere you look—you can't miss her; her tweaky, contortionist form is unmistakable.

Why is this happening now? There are a few theories. First one feels almost too obvious. People are dropping like flies out there. Meth isn't necessarily safer than Fentanyl per se (apples v. oranges), but the risks are generally not as imminent. It's definitely possible to overdose on speed, and seems incredibly unpleasant, but it's a lot less likely than with opioids. Opioids are far and away the number one cause of fatal overdoses in the US, but the number of overdose deaths via stimulants is rising and in some places even eclipsing opioid deaths.

In 2015, stimulants (mostly meth) accounted for approximately 6,000 US deaths. That's 255% more stimulant-attributable deaths than in 2005. These days, at least 11% of overdose deaths are caused by stimulants. While meth is ubiquitous in the Americas, Asia has the distinction of being the world's largest consumer. China, Thailand, Myanmar, and the Philippines account for a significant portion of the market, but it's prevalent all over Asia. Meth is made and consumed in at least six continents. Seven if you count Zealandia. I have no idea if ice is made or consumed in Antarctica, but I'm willing to bet that it is.

Addiction is sustained because it alters neural pathways related to the brain's reward systems. One of the main reasons that addiction is so hard to break is because your brain has been hotwired to favor immediate gratification and to discount future consequences or rewards. The longer a reward is delayed, the less subjective value it has to the brain. It's called Delay Discounting (DD). DD levels vary between person and throughout a person's lifetime.

If you have ever had a loved one in the throes of addiction, you've probably asked yourself how that person could make some of the decisions they've made that seem so impulsive or hurtful to themselves or loved ones. Brain scans have shown that people experiencing addiction have stronger DD and are more impulsive than those who are not. Seems self-evident, but it's important.

So yes, people are switching from one high to another, less deadly high. But also, meth gets you high by increasing dopamine in the brain, which does *not* mean that it induces happiness, euphoria, or even pleasure, but rather the anticipation of happiness, euphoria, or pleasure. Meaning that when you use meth, you are capable of having expectations for the future—near or far. You can look forward to things, you can imagine yourself outside of the present moment—your delayed rewards are less discounted.

According to Mark Lewis, neuroscientist and self described addict, the inability to perceive a future for oneself outside of the present or to anticipate feeling reward from future events is an essential reason why addiction is so hard to overcome. One of the ways that the brain can be *re*-rewired to get through addiction is by allowing this person to form a narrative for themselves and to envision themselves outside of the present moment.

If I may extrapolate a bit, imagine you've been shooting heroin for twenty years. In a sober moment, you look around and realize that all your friends are dead, you're homeless, your relationships have deteriorated. Then you get some meth coursing through your brain, and for the first time in a long time, you are able to anticipate a reward outside of getting high—a future. You are able to feel hope. Stands to reason you'd want to continue down that path. Of course, that feeling in and of itself is addicting, and coming down is a real bastard.

In 2005, the US senate passed the Combat Methamphetamine Epidemic act, which is why you can't buy cough medicine over the counter. The law was an attempt to curb meth production, and it actually had the intended impact...at first. Police went on a meth-busting rampage until meth seizures and lab busts declined precipitously. But of course, where there's a void in the market someone will step in to fill it. Because of all the busts and arrests, most meth labs moved south to Mexico. Of course Mexico has its own policies to counteract meth production, but drug laws seem essentially irrelevant to cartels. The cartels do it cheaper and purer than the US ever did.

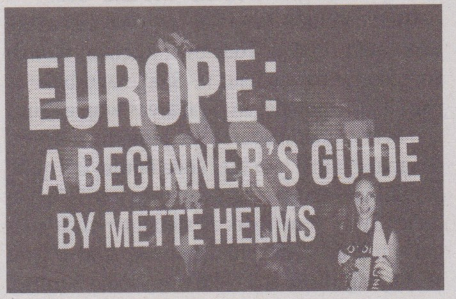
The DEA reports seeing purity levels averaging 90% and supposedly sometimes as high as 100%. It's cheap as hell, too. In the long run, it's far cheaper than crack or cocaine, so if you are a speed freak running low on cash, Tina's always there for you. The US border patrol says they are seizing as much as twenty times more meth than they did a decade ago. Of course, police search and seizures aren't necessarily indicative of real trends in drug use. All of this could very well just be a byproduct of increased border policing and crackdowns on immigration. But still, it seems significant given that meth was mostly home-grown in the '90s and '00s.

But you punks need not fear, you can make DIY meth right in your own kitchen, though I wouldn't recommend it. Shake and bake is particularly popular in rural areas where drugs and every other resource are more scarce. You can make it in a two liter soda bottle. It's quite flammable, and seeing what goes into it is like seeing how your steak is slaughtered. It's an ugly and unpredictable process. And if you are buying shake and bake from someone else, you *really* don't know what you're getting.

Overamping is the closest proximity to an overdose you get on meth. It's very different, though, and it isn't always correlated to how much or how little you've done. If you've been awake for a few days, haven't eaten, or are in strange or scary place, you may be more likely to overamp. Overamping symptoms can vary widely—there's nausea, racing pulse, dangerously high body temperatures, passing out, convulsions, chest tightness, stroke, heart attack, and a whole litany of psychological symptoms. Any one or combination of these things could constitute overamping. Of course, with many of these physical symptoms there's nothin' doin' unless you're a doctor, so calling 911 is highly recommended. There's nothing like Narcan for meth, but there are various things you can do to alleviate the situation if it hasn't progressed to a medical emergency. Cooling down with ice packs, creating a tranquil environment, walking it off, popping a benzo or seroquel, or, you know, like sleeping, eating, drinking water. Chew 325 mgs of aspirin if you feel a heart attack coming on.

Meth possession is decriminalized in Brazil, Hong Kong, Italy, and Portugal. In some places, it is prescribed for medical purposes. There's virtually no established treatment options for meth in the US. You really can't even get into a detox because there's no medicinal intervention. If you want support in quitting, your resources are pretty much non-existent. Getting into a dual-diagnosis program is one option.

Meth can be really addictive, but it's even more stigmatized (read: subject to classism) here in the US than other drugs. Just like all other substances, most people who try meth a few times or use it on an occasional basis will not go on to develop a problematic dependence on it. There's much more I could say about meth, but I'd rather hear it from you. Do / did you use meth? What are your experiences? Do you do other drugs? Do you have funny and / or compelling stories you want to tell me in an anonymous or nonymous (?) interview? Do you want to guest write this column? Tell me your darkest secrets @ dearauntiehazel@gmail.com



So you wanna be a punk singer?

I've been doubting what to do with this column. I've been stuck with no theme and the task to think of a European topic interesting enough to write 1500 words about every second month. Words that might never be read by any reader.

I took a break from the Copenhagen winter darkness and went on a small trip with my partner in January, the darkest month of the year as it's a big contrast to December's Xmas light extravaganza. We spent a weekend in Athens, which is home to some of the nicest people in punk. While enjoying some Cretan cuisine on a Friday afternoon, I discussed this column with ex-*MRR* coordinator Lydia. This talk both got me more in doubts about the column and defined what this column should be in the future. First off, you as a reader are probably chronically behind on your issues and don't catch up each month. So talking about what's hot in European punk in July 2018 won't be relevant when you pick up this magazine in your bathroom in 2021. Lydia mentioned the timelessness of some columns and articles, which are mainly guides, that aren't sensitive to the concept of time and trends. And I have the expertise to move into the field of guides and skill sharing.

The expertise I'm talking about is live sound. More specifically live sound and punk. This year is actually my ten-year anniversary as a sound engineer, and when I tried to figure out the number of bands I've mixed, I gave up. Most mixing is routine for me now, but sound engineering isn't an exact science, so there are always challenges and surprises.

Vocals are the most difficult to mix in my experience. Vocals are filled with surprises, never consistent and very sensible. Vocals take up the most important part of most genres, even in the punk genres, where vocals are often sung (i.e. shouted) in a way that the words that are chanted are indistinguishable and the focus is more on the rhythm of the words. This must be the reason why there is a diversity in languages in punk. It doesn't matter if the lyrics are in English, Japanese, or Finnish, because most likely you don't understand the lyrics no matter the language. Yet the vocals take up the crucial part of punk songs, both on record and live. So why not write a guide on how vocalist should handle their vocals live in punk bands?

Microphone technique

No matter how you sing, how you handle a microphone is the key to good vocal sound. The thing that sometimes frustrates me as a sound technician is that I have control over all microphones except vocal mics, especially if they are used by a singer that doesn't also play a instrument and has a handheld microphone. How a microphone reproduces an acoustic sound source is affected by the distance to the source and if the microphone is being partly covered by an object. "Duh," you might think. However, many singers, especially in the punk genres, "cup" the microphone grille with their palm. Probably because they saw someone else do it and think this is the right way or that it looks cool, rather than making a conscious choice based on how they wish their vocals to sound. One effect of "microphone cupping" is that it makes the vocals sound more muffled and also quieter (with no to few ways for a sound technician to make up for this in the mix). There's no denying that this can be used as an effect *if* you know what you're doing. But hey, you might as well just ask the sound technician to max out the "shit knob" on their desk.

There's a more problematic effect of the hated "microphone cupping." All microphones have both a front, sides and a back, and are designed to pick up sound from a specific angle. Some microphones are omni-directional, meaning they pick up sound in a 360 degree angle, from all sides of the microphone. Microphones used for live performances generally have a *cardioid* response pattern, meaning that they pick up most sound from the front, with a certain degree of pick up from the sides as well. For a vocalist's microphone, this means that the most sound is picked up from where they actually sing and no sound is picked up from of back of the microphone, which is usually pointed towards a monitor speaker, hereby decreasing the risk of feedback compared to an omni-directional microphone. However, if you cup a cardioid microphone with your hand, you change it to an omni-directional. Meaning that the microphone now picks up sound from all angles. This means that the microphone will pick up everything else on the stage as well, while also increasing the risk of feedback drastically. Microphone cupping means you're left with a muffled vocal sound that can't be turned up very loud before reaching the point of feedback.

Microphone choice

Each type of microphone can be used for many applications, but no microphone is great for everything. There are different parameters such as *frequency response*, *response pattern*, and sensitivity that define what type of microphone should be used for different applications. This means that there's no such thing as *the microphone choice* for vocals, but guidelines for which microphone should be used in which situation.

As mentioned in the previous section, a vocal microphone for live performances with a loud band should have a *cardioid* response pattern. It should be relatively sensitive, but not so sensitive that it can't handle a loud volume without reaching the point of feedback or can't handle the sound pressure of a loud scream.

The most popular microphones for vocals are the Shure SM58 and the more sensitive Shure Beta 58a microphones and replicas of those. The two microphones are much alike, but differ in response patterns and frequency response. The Beta 58a is a supercardioid type, meaning that it takes up less sound from the sides of the microphone and is more directional compared to a cardioid type like the SM58, but it also pick up a bit of sound from the back as a consequence of this more narrow and directional response to the front and sides. This means it can be more sensitive to feedback from monitors, if they are placed directly at the back of the microphone, and not slight to the side of the microphone.

In terms of frequency, the Beta 58a has an extended low-end and high-end. Depending on your vocal style and the style of music, this may be favorable or not. The Beta 58a is often mentioned as superior to the SM58, but if you're a loud singer that maybe screams, the extended high-end and increased sensitivity is not desirable.

Of course there are many other types of vocal microphones, and this column isn't sponsored by Shure (yet). These are just the two most common microphones used for live vocals. You can use any microphone that you desire, and if you're interested in the topic, you should learn how to read the polar pattern that describes a microphone's response pattern and frequency response charts that describe how a microphone reproduces the frequency spectra. Go to your local music store and ask to test different microphone types. One note is that you should look for a microphone intended for vocals. These microphones have a grille that both ensures that you don't put your mouth way too close to the microphone's moving coil and that protects the coil against saliva. Some people prefer to use a Shure SM57, which basically has the same patterns as the SM58 but with a grille adapted to be used on, for example, guitar cabinets. These grilles don't protect the microphone against saliva, so using this for vocals will damage the microphone's inner parts and shorten its life. And yes, everybody spits when singing.

Effects

Ah, yes, the dreaded vocal effects... These days, every band either requests an effect on their vocals or brings along an effect pedal for vocals. Don't get me wrong, I love effects and I wouldn't even consider building a mix with all dry signals with no effects. Effects can be used to both give vocals a "boost," such as a subtle room reverb to give a vision of a larger space, and as a way to give vocals a specific sound, such as a big hall reverb or a delay. The way to secure you can bring *that* specific delay vocal sound to live shows is to have an effect pedal. Which can work, if you know what you're doing.

First of all, *stop* using guitar pedals as vocal effects. Guitars are high impedance instruments, while the microphones usually used for live vocals are low impedance, and generally, guitar pedals produce quite a lot of noise. Electric guitars produce a much stronger signal voltage than microphones do. Running a vocal microphone through a guitar pedal will therefore produce a signal too low to be useful. To make up for this, you'll have to gain up or turn up the signal on the mixing desk, to the point where the noise the pedal creates will be very distinct. There are ways to make up for this, with for example DI boxes. But, when you're playing your friend's basement, that kind of gear is rarely available. And don't even get me started on those singers who bring a guitar pedal with instrument jack in / out with no warning and expect the venue to provide a pair of *balanced* jack-XLR converters.

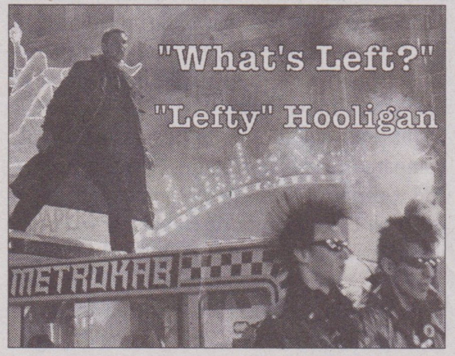
However, you can bring a personal effect pedal and not get dirty looks from the sound engineer all night and shitty sound. Just make sure you get an effect pedal that's actually made for vocals, and you're good. These come in different designs and ranges, and what you should get depends on your style. I'll save the difference between analog and digital signals for some other time, but for vocal effects I prefer analog pedals over digital. Digital pedals do come with the option of saving multiple settings, so if you're in multiple bands or use multiple effects within the same live set, these won't be a bad choice.

Loudness

In sound engineering, there's a joke that the loudest bands always have the quietest singers (who are running their vocals through a guitar pedal). The problem for many punk bands is that the band simply plays too loud and with noisy effects, which will completely dominate the sound. Especially lower budget speakers and mixing desks can't match the volume for vocals without creating a distorted unpleasant sound. At the level that some punk guitarists are playing, not even the high end sound systems can match that sound in a small room. Having a good stage volume as a band is the key to getting a good live vocal sound and good live sound in general.

End notes:

I'm open for ideas on what topics to cover in the future. Are there any sound guides you'd like to read? Drop me an email at smleh666@gmail.com



Metaphors are powerful. Metaphors are poetry disguised as prose. People who use metaphors claim they're a shortcut to truth and meaning.

Last month I used the biological metaphor of species complex to tease out additional structure and definition of the usual Left / Right political compass. In the process, I promised to cover various social contexts in given historical periods that illustrate increased Left / Right political conversions and crossovers but instead managed to drop yet another metaphor by using Mao's metaphor with politics and war. From the 1960s war on poverty and the 1970s war on drugs to the 21st century wars on terrorism and the truth, the metaphor of war has been much used and abused. Instead, I'll use another metaphor from Mao to "put politics in command" in coming to terms with political change, conversion, and crossover socially and historically. In the process, I will renege on my previous promise by severely limiting the scope of this inquiry to the rise of and interplay between the New Left and the New Right.

Karl Marx wrote "[c]onstant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish the *bourgeois* epoch from all earlier ones" in arguing that the French 1789 Revolution was the first *bourgeois* revolution of the capitalist era. The notion that capitalism was born of revolution and continues through constant revolution—economically, politically, and socially—has been challenged by Ellen Meiksins Wood and Robert Brenner who trace its origins back to the "peaceful" agriculture revolution of England in the 1700s. Fernand Braudel and Immanuel Wallerstein, in turn, trace the kernel of capitalism all the way back to 1250 and the Mediterranean Venetian / Genoese commercial empires. But while capitalism's genesis and initial features are in dispute, the constantly replicating, ever expanding, relentlessly revolutionizing reality of capitalism—from its embryonic beginnings to the present world capitalist system—is not.

Today, we live in an all-encompassing capitalist world. But socialism in one form or another arose to oppose capitalism roughly from 1820 onwards, with the concerted Communist challenge lasting from 1917 to 1991. The division of the world into two contending camps—capitalist vs. socialist—was problematic all along. The left of the Left argued that social democracy was only state liberalism, that Leninism was merely state capitalism, and that both were not actual alternatives to capitalism. Further, a non-aligned movement of countries arose after the second World War to challenge the notion of a bipolar either / or world based on two competing power blocs. By the 1960s, the rise of the New Left joined divisions on the Left, splits within socialism, and non-capitalist / non-Marxist options vying for recognition.

The seemingly intractable Cold War standoff between "the Free World" (which wasn't free) and "the Communist Bloc" (which wasn't communist) allowed a New Left to effloresce worldwide. In the United States, white college students of liberal, radical, and sometimes Marxist political bent formed organizations like Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). The New Left was directly powered by the motors of the Civil Rights Movement and the Anti-Vietnam War Movement, and ran in dual-engine-mode alongside the hippie youth counterculture throughout the 1960s. It had no unified intent—whether criticizing orthodox Marxist and labor union movements, furthering and revitalizing the Left's historic goals, or creating an entirely novel, unique Left—but its vitality and energy generated a plethora of corollary social movements, from the Black, women's, and gay movements to various Third World solidarity movements and the ecology movement. Anarchism revived from the dead, Trotskyism came in from the fringes, and Maoism found prominence via the New Communist Movement.

Forming, changing, revising, or reversing one's politics in those heady days when political boundaries were rapidly expanding and highly fluid—or non-existent—was common, and often meant rapid-fire crossovers or conversions. Last column I mentioned Murray Bookchin, who started out as a Stalinist, became a Trotskyist, and ended up an influential anarchist communist. More telling was the political journey of Karl Hess. As Barry Goldwater's speech writer in 1964, he was widely credited for the famous Goldwater line, "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice; moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." Eventually he became a left anarchist, joined SDS and the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), championed back-to-the-land and intentional urban communities, and promoted appropriate technologies and left-right libertarian unity.

The New Left reached its pinnacle in 1968, which Mark Kurlansky rightly called "the year that rocked the world." "To some, 1968 was the year of sex, drugs, and rock and roll. Yet it was also the year of the Martin Luther King, Jr., and Bobby Kennedy assassinations; the riots at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago; Prague Spring; the antiwar movement and the Tet Offensive; Black Power; the generation gap; avant-garde theater; the upsurge of the women's movement; and the beginning of the end for the Soviet Union." To this add the student / worker uprising in Paris of May / June, 1968. But 1968 simultaneously witnessed the failure of the New Left, starting with the collapse of SDS itself. For all the hype that Paris 1968 was a near-revolution inspired by the Situationists, Mouvement Communiste points out that for the most part French workers passed on the rioting to sit passively watching their TVs in a vindication of the persuasive Madison Avenue power of the Spectacle.

The recuperative powers of capitalism were far greater. The cultural and political upheavals of the 1960s were often profoundly individualistic, even libertine, something that capitalism easily co-opted. This was something more than that 1968's rebellious youth "had lost politically but they had won culturally and maybe even spiritually." (John Lichfield; "Egalité! Liberté! Sexualité!: Paris, May 1968," *The Independent*, 9/23/08) "[S]ince 1968, the West had grown not only more prosperous but more sybaritic and self-absorbed" as a consequence of the New Left's cultural successes. "The 'bourgeois triumphalism' of the Thatcher (and Blair) era, the greed is good ethos and our materialistic individualism might just have had their roots 40 years back." (Geoffrey Wheatcroft; "It was fun, but 1968's legacy was mixed," *Guardian Weekly*, 9/5/08) The year 1968 may have changed the world, but after "the revolution that wasn't," most everybody went back to their normal lives and conventional jobs.

Finally comes the power of out-and-out reaction, starting with Nixon and culminating with the neoliberalism of Reagan and Thatcher. It's not by coincidence that the neo-fascist Ordre Noveau and the New Right Groupement de recherche et d'études pour la civilisation européenne (GRECE) emerged in France in 1968. The latter, founded by Alain de Benoist, demonstrated what Kevin Coogan wrote in *Dreamer of the Day* that: "periods of ideological decay often breed strange new variants, such as the 'Red-Brown alliance' in the former Soviet Union, which do not easily fit into conventional political-science categories of 'left' and 'right.'" And make no mistake, the 1970s and 1980s were a period of profound ideological decay.

The Right retrenched and regrouped after 1968, not only halting the surge of the Left—both Old and New—but eventually gaining unquestioned ascendence while presiding over the collapse of the Soviet bloc, the dispersal of the political Left, and the contraction of the labor movement. The European New Right (*nouvelle droite* / ENR) was minuscule compared to the rest of the Right, however, and it certainly was microscopic compared to the New Left to which de Benoist grandiosely juxtaposed his efforts. While the 1960s were a worldwide political and cultural phenomenon, de Benoist fantasized about the "metapolitics" of "culture wars" and "right-wing Gramscianism." To Fascism's organic hierarchies, militarism, anti-egalitarianism, and elitism, de Benoist tacked on a *faux* revolutionary élan, "the right to difference," and a Europe of a hundred ethnic flags, then called it groundbreaking. It was his claim to a *sui generis* fascism-by-euphemism in the ENR that succeeded in seducing the by-then jaded American New Left academic journal *Telos*.

Telos started publishing in May, 1968, and was committed to non-conformist critical political theory, analyzing all manner of neo-Marxist, anarchist, New Left, and Frankfurt School debates. But by the early 1990s, with the sorry state of "real existing socialism" and the disappointments engendered by its failures—or worse—its successes, coupled to the Left's need for intellectual schema plus its desire for the "next big thing" in the form of new political paradigms, the disillusioned neo-Marxists and anarchists of *Telos* jumped at the chance of engaging with the ENR in debating de Benoist's bright shiny bullshit. The discussion was initiated enthusiastically by the ENR and fueled by an American anti-intellectual populism, resulting in an ENR-*Telos* rapprochement by 1999. *Telos* became the most prominent crossover to the dark side, switching from once vigorous New Left to ever necrotic New Right.

In times of radical social change, political change is vibrant and vital. In times of reactionary social decay, political change is deformed and grotesque.

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MOM, LOOK, I'M IN A MAGAZINE!!
SEX PISTOL
A
B
C
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Lesson 4 Wasn't a Lesson

There is a term in astrology called the "Saturn Return." This is an event that is said to begin around your 27th birthday and continues into your early 30s in which the planet Saturn completes its orbit around the sun to return to the position in the sky that it was when you were born. Whether or not I think astrology is a scam being popularized akin to modern religion, as I approach my own 27th birthday I am reflecting on the ways in which I could feel like I'm coming back to myself.

One of the things my mother likes to point out about my childhood is how happy and carefree I was, and "what happened?" I don't have a lot of memories of life pre-adolescence, but the ones I do have and hold a fondness for involve being alone in my room, creating elaborate worlds where my stuffed animals lived; alone in a hospital bed, listening to mix CDs my older sister would make and imagining the music videos for them. I can understand where my mother is coming from, but for most of my life until now, this person has felt removed from me.

Once adolescence hit, I stayed alone, but mostly alone in fear. A fear that grew to inhibit my ability to imagine myself connected to the world, let alone create anything from it. Under doctor's orders, I drove myself 40 minutes to therapy once a week where my therapist (who can't have been older than I am now) introduced me to existentialism and I began the process of figuring out how I wanted to relate myself to the world. I was lucky enough to find my own group of weirdo punx where our hangouts were spent staging dramatic photoshoots and elaborate outfits. We would sneak into the basements of our part-time jobs and imagine ghost stories. We joined LiveJournal groups where we were given insight into stories from the strangers we encountered that offered us new lenses on the world and helped us feel like we weren't alone. We gave each other the space to make mistakes, call each other out, laugh at our own jokes, and teach each other what it meant to provide safety.

In all of the ways I tried to find myself, I neglected any bit of that as it related to my disability. I had a neurologist who at one point told me "if you don't use it, you lose it." But I was still trying to find a reason why I wanted it in the first place, so losing it wasn't something I had any qualms about. I would learn what he meant in a very literal way over the next five to ten years as I gradually lost functioning and sensation in my lower limbs. And I would come to understand that if I was going to do it, this life, I needed to figure out what that meant to have a body in it. When high school graduation came, that was it. It was time for me to figure out how I was going to get healthcare in a pre-Affordable Care Act world and pay my medical bills. I had to go to college to be able to stay on my dad's health insurance and improve my odds at getting a full-time job that provided me the medical coverage I needed without being too hard on my body. I worked my way into nonprofit administration. I had three reparative surgeries and began going to physical therapy twice a month for two years. I go to the doctor's alone and I sometimes imagine what the inside of my body looks like in the context of a medical illustration. I've somehow managed to get to this place. Recently, at my yearly spina bifida clinic visit where I see all my doctors at one time, the first doctor I saw gave me a hug and beamed that I was a model patient. I hadn't noticed until she said it, but for the first time in a long time, my doctors had no feedback (which maybe wouldn't be the case if I hadn't have lied about the number of days I was actually going to the YMCA.) But still, I was doing what I needed for my body to function to its capacity. For the first time ever, I was overcome with a feeling that my survival wasn't just the bare minimum requirement.

I have taken on the task of learning to play the bass, along with my friend and roommate who is learning to play the guitar. We each have picked a song to play in a cover band show, a medley of our favorite emo formative hits. There's a clear advantage to playing music with someone you live with. There's accountability for actually practicing when you say you're going to practice and convenience for picking up instruments when you have too much energy to sit around and watch TV. One of the past weekends we were discussing our social options. We had energy, but we weren't into going to a bar or a show. We picked up the instruments and started writing a song. We give ourselves homework, to take away by ourselves and bring back to show what we've learned. We play things wrong and sing off key and we make jokes about how bad we are.

What does any of this have to do with learning to sing and play instruments? What am I hoping to share other than a string of long-winded, seemingly self-indulgent, personal essays? I'm hoping that maybe someone reading can use the relation of feeling stuck or having a hard time remembering what it's like to let go of the terror of not doing enough, or needing to do too much. How the things we are drawn back to fit into the pieces of the rest of life. The reason why I want to learn music, why it isn't too late, why I care enough to write about it, is because for lack of a less dramatic explanation—that I'm doing it at all feels like a small miracle. I feel less lost. Not as much in the universe, but in myself. As hard as it is to fight the illusion that I've missed any chances or that it's too late for something I only imagined up a timeline for, I don't, punk has no time limit.

women and butches

This column is dedicated to the memory of Roxsana Hernandez, who died at the end of May, 2018 while detained by ICE. She was 33 years old and seeking asylum from transphobic violence that she had experienced in Honduras. This column is dedicated to the memory of every trans person who has been murdered for their gender identity, a fate that affects trans women of color more than others. This column is dedicated to the memories of all of the queer people who were murdered at the Pulse Nightclub. This column is dedicated to the memory of those killed because of their sexuality. Rest in power. Don't let anyone tell you that the fight for gay rights is over. They still want us dead.

I thought that maybe this would be another month where I wouldn't vent about trans issues, but I am writing this column during Pride month—excluding queer commentary now would be fucked up! I am *legally* obliged by gay law to vent, ramble, and present queer issues. So this month I will describe a pretty large life change that occurred to me this month: quitting my job. I know what you're thinking—fuckers quit jobs all the time, right? What's so special about walking away from this one? A *lot*! I walked away from this job because of transphobia and general cowardice from my employers.

I had to destroy an ancient enemy in order to do so: my (currently ever-increasing, formerly frequently non-existent) sense of self-worth. There's a lot to be said about the combined efforts of my family, friends, business partners, and employers to insist that I'm *not* trans, that I'm *not* queer. (And I'll spare y'all the story—if you want to know more, it'll be in my zine *POSER!* that I keep talking about, along with interviews from Ino Aguanda of Brown Recluse zine distro and Hank Saints who used to run Xerox Revolutionaries zine distro. Reach out if you're a poser. No idea when it's coming out but I'm working on it, I promise.) There is never really a time where I can forget that people do not believe in my identity, even when I'm wearing makeup and a dress. I am reminded of this every time I get misgendered, any time a man sees me as another man to be chummy with, any time I am held to different standards than women who "pass" more. There's a standard that is placed on all people, trans or not, to conform exceptionally well to acceptable gender norms, and anything outside of that is frequently treated with revulsion, confusion, or disregarded entirely. I cannot stress enough the damage that this has done to me over the years (it essentially forced me back in the closet when I originally attempted to come out eleven years ago), nor do I doubt that there are other trans people who experience similar things—in combination with physical violence and threats thereof, this is likely what forces trans people to detransition. The result of all of this doubt that others have projected on me (and others!) over the years is tantamount to gaslighting, a power move to prevent trans people from having pride in themselves and to eventually force them to conform to cis-hetero gender norms.

The job I walked away from was my first in San Francisco, and because of that I had no expectations for how people would behave toward me. One of the reasons I had moved to SF (besides *MRR*) was how well known the Bay Area is for its queer population, but I did not expect companies to necessarily be inclusive or understand queer and trans people. I was startled to find that it is illegal to discriminate based on sex or gender in the workplace, but frankly, being harassed and seeing others be harassed while working in Florida led me to doubt whether any company would follow the anti-discrimination law. My doubts were proven true when, even after coming out during my interview process, my store manager and head barista refused to ever gender me correctly. It wasn't surprising—my sole trans friend in the Bay Area at the time had lost her job due to her gender several times in the past. I gritted my teeth and decided to deal with their transphobia, given how infrequently I had shifts there and given how I have *never* been treated appropriately while on the job anywhere. I admit that it was cowardice on my part—an anxiety that I would likely not be treated better elsewhere. After a while I warmed up to the job, but the only people I connected with were the few queer people and allies who frequently corrected my other coworkers when they would misgender me or express transphobia. They provided me relief and made working there less miserable.

I gave a deep sigh of relief when the store manager and head barista were fired a couple of months into my time at the cafe, but the company's official response to it was representative of their inability to defend wronged employees. You see, the manager was fired for sexually harassing one of his employees *months* earlier (I'm assuming he was only fired because the lawsuit details toward Four Barrel coffee, a competitor, was about to be made public, but that is mere conjecture), and the head barista (who is straight) was fired after one of my coworkers, a gay man, complained about feeling harassed for his sexual orientation. However, neither of their wrongs were publicly addressed. The head barista was told he was fired for being late, but more telling was the email sent out by the owners of the company. When I initially read their email, I had no idea what it was about. Based on the following text, can you blame me?

> *"Creating a culture of kindness at* [redacted] *has always been essential to us... We've built our entire company culture on this value because it feels good. Kindness is sincere, positive, and anyone can participate. It's allowed us to grow with happiness and purpose, and we'll always put positive human experience at the center of what we do...*
>
> *"We've all heard stories about or have directly experienced unkindness in our lives. It happens in many different ways too, and it can be hurtful. It can happen as disrespect, discrimination, harassment, and many other forms of negativity. We as individuals, and as a company, have absolutely zero tolerance for this behavior. It's inconsistent with our values and will not be condoned.*
>
> *"How amazing is it that we can shape and completely own our culture? Collectively, we get to determine how it feels to be a part of this company. We get to preserve that culture and continue to build upon it... But part of this means identifying the things that we don't like, and being confident enough to point them out."*

While it is incredibly fucking gross to reduce harassment and discrimination to "unkindness," there are other flaws in this email. Nowhere is it pointed out that harm had been done to employees by the people directly in charge of them. Nowhere is there an apology for the harms visited others, and nowhere is there any notice given of ways that the company hoped to reduce similar behavior in the future. In sum, it hopes to whisk away sexual harassment and homophobia through enforcing kindness. How *vague*.

But refusing to acknowledge a problem is *not* "kindness" and in fact perpetuates "unkindness" towards others. Ideally people would learn this through their interactions with others, especially their friends and loved ones, but it ain't always—this is a problem even socially conscious punks have! How many call-outs have you seen where the other person simply ignores the problem? That's what was happening with my coffee job, and it continued further with time. It's incredible that I didn't quit then, but I foolishly believed that all the shit at the company had been rooted out, especially with the new store manager, a woman who had at one time even set me aside to tell me she would kick people out if they were being explicitly transphobic towards me.

But I discovered that it was business as usual when the token Christian coworker began dating the homophobic lead barista. Never an out-and-out gay-basher, her homophobia was "mild" but still damaging—she thought that homosexuality (and I'm assuming that included being transgender) was a choice. However, she had always been kind towards myself and my gay coworker, but mostly so she could have people listen to her self-absorbed talk. We became alarmed when she suddenly ceaselessly described the ex-barista, and we were flabbergasted when she started dating him despite the harms he caused us. But we really became fed up when the fucker started showing up at the coffee shop to get free coffee. And I had to directly deal with him because I always worked the cash register, and yet I couldn't do *shit* because he wasn't being "explicitly" (what does that even mean?) transphobic toward me during these recent visits. It was my own personal hell.

We complained. Hoping for support from my new boss, the ally, I asked her to sit in with me as I asked my coworker to stop inviting her homophobic and transphobic boyfriend into the store. It was a huge mistake. Even though my manager agreed to sit in with me, she later informed me that the general manager was worried of potential legal action, so the confrontation could only happen if I sent a complete rundown of everything I were to talk about. Even after I complied with their wishes, the general manager insisted I meet with him to plan out what we were to talk about. Talk about cowardice! After more than a month of going back and forth about my issue, I still hadn't had my problem addressed. I found myself frequently complaining that I was going to quit, but for some reason I held out, hoping to calmly address my problems. And then the night before I was to have a meeting with the two managers, the store manager sent out yet another vaguely worded email about kindness.

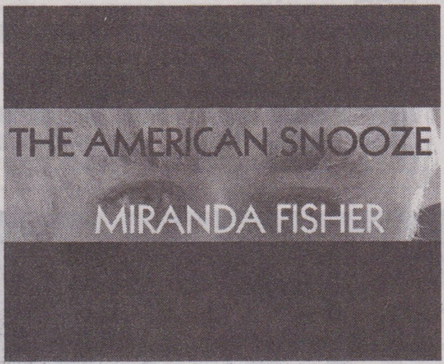
I snapped, and because of the constant affirmations of my friends, I finally had the resolve to quit. You see, the issue here, as I explained to the store manager in our meeting, was that the company seemed totally dumbfounded on how to address discrimination. In my case, they trapped me so that I *had* to unnecessarily interact with someone who had been transphobic to me. I couldn't kick him out when he came for his free drinks because he wasn't being "explicitly" transphobic toward me, but the management refused to do anything in order to avoid legal risks. They made me have to argue that I was being discriminated against, despite the near-constant work of the handful of coworkers who kept calling out his shitty behavior. All of this ultimately meant that they would rather have me experience a hostile work environment instead of kick out *one* person. I told them that ultimately all of this meant that they need to have classes conducted by outsiders for the management and employees for how to deal with discrimination and with queer / trans issues, because it was troubling that so few people in the company even *understood* that these were issues.

As punks, I would hope that you would speak out when others are abused, harassed, or discriminated against. So many people put their heads down and ignore when others are discriminated against or when they face harassment and abuse—and I'm not talking about just queer issues here, but also race, ability, and more. If we are to actively engage with the injustices that other people face, we must educate ourselves on those issues so that we can recognize when others are being walked on and speak up. Remember that to be silent is to condone whatever violence the oppressors are dealing out in that time. Remember that through speaking and acting out we can directly address people's behavior. Insisting on "kindness" does nothing to address harm—it only makes the damage worse.

***

As all of you should know, America is currently in the midst of continuing hundreds of years of work to oppress Black and Brown people through intense regulation of her borders and through deportations. As firm anti-statists and anti-colonialists, we despise ICE and and their work and stand alongside efforts for it to be dismantled and destroyed. We are always looking for content about dismantling imperialism, borders, capitalism, the state, et cetera, but we specifically are interested in including writings from activists about the ways that they have sabotaged or ambushed ICE's operations—get in touch. Fuck ICE. Fuck borders. Fuck colonialism.

—joan@maximumrocknroll.com



THE AMERICAN SNOOZE

MIRANDA FISHER

I didn't write a column last month because I was in Austin for my *other* job that constantly threatens to consume my life. (If you're reading this, it means I managed to eke one out this month, which is good news—since putting together *MRR* is a full-time job, I told my other job I could only work 30 hours a week at the absolute max, and yet here I sit, 37 hours into this workweek with probably a few more yet to come. Working is stupid and even though I don't hate my job I hate *it,* the working, and although there are many compelling reasons to destroy capitalism I gotta admit that right now my primary motivation is the sweet sweet fantasy of not having to work all the goddamn time.) Anyway, I was gonna do a little write-up of all of my favorite Austin bands, since most of them have just been doing the thing where they record a demo, throw it on YouTube, play a handful of local shows, then break up just as people start to care about them. (Not that my band WORLD PREMIERE did anything like that, of course! Not that you can hear our superb demo by searching like "WORLD PREMIERE discography 2018 Miranda Libby Cody Sarah Parker" because we chose the most un-Googlable band name in history!) But then my friend Parker from the phenomenal Austin band CHRONOPHAGE (OK and also from WORLD PREMIERE and half of the other good bands in Austin) insisted that I need to write about lyrics inserts and why more bands should include them. So here I am, ready to write about lyrics inserts and why a lot of bands frankly shouldn't include them.

Don't get me wrong: when I truly love a band, I want to read their lyrics. I would love to pore over a lyric sheet and gain some new insight into the human condition, or at least into whatever dumb punk shit the band is singing about. But I feel too often that I'll like a band just fine, take a glance at a lyric sheet, and immediately be put off by the inane words I read. In those cases—which are unfortunately *far* more common than the ones in which I'm marveling over the band's words for days to come—I just wish I hadn't read the lyrics at all and I could have enjoyed a pretty good punk band in peace! Fuck!

Part of the problem, I think, is that bands are finally realizing that it's important to say good shit in their lyrics—so I've been hearing way less *"baby baby come on"* type a stuff lately, thank fuck—but that care for the content of their lyrics is not frequently translating into care for the form of their lyrics. So I'm stuck there trying to enjoy a song, knowing full well that somebody sat down to write words and decided that the best way to express frustration at the fucked up and complicated rape culture we all exist in is by yelling *"I think sexual assault is bad / It makes me really mad"* or some shit like that. It's almost more unforgivable than the *"baby baby come on"* stuff! With that, it's at least inane lyrics about inane topics! It's more insulting somehow to have to listen to inane lyrics about the shit that actually matters.

Look, I know it may seem like I'm setting up some kind of straw man argument here since I'm not gonna directly call out any band for bad lyrics. I don't even care. For the purposes of this column, you'll just have to trust that I'm fed up with reading bad lyrics. I'm not asking you to verify my statements here. I'm just begging you, the aspiring lyricst, to do one of two things.

You can actually put some effort into your lyrics. Give me some specific details that make the song about *you* or *your* perspective or *your* experiences instead of bland blanket statements. (Oh *fuck*, am I back at work, reviewing students' essays right now?! Hey, I guess that's just the kind of mindset that I'm in.) Hell, try a metaphor on for size, or maybe an allusion to another text, or fuck, I don't know, just *anything* that might liven up your verse. Or if you're gonna go dumb, go all-out dumb! Show me just how much you don't care. Those are some of the best punk lyrics! If you're not gonna make it insightful, then at least make it funny! Ideally, do both. I keep thinking about the bizarre and wonderful PERVERTS AGAIN song "Longlegger," which, according to their recent *MRR* interview, addresses the problem of people not being held accountable for sexual assault. That's just one example of recent lyrics I was excited to read. There are more, and I know that, but seriously, some of y'all need to start trying a little harder.

Or if you don't wanna do that, if you can't be bothered to put even a modicum of effort into writing words to your songs, then just do me a favor and don't include a fucking lyric sheet. Like, you can say whatever dumb bullshit you want. Just don't make me read it. *Thanks in advance!*

***

Rejected column topics:

- Why THIRD EYE BLIND is actually very cool and good.
- How come my one tooth hurts so fucking bad whenever I eat ice cream, if any medical professionals are reading this please write in and tell me and please don't let the answer be "get a root canal" or "stop eating ice cream."
- My new band TOADS (featuring famed reviewer Mitch Cardwell) fuckin' rules, you just can't hear it yet so you have to trust me.

***

I hereby give you permission to write to me at miranda@maximumrocknroll.com with recommendations of good current lyricists who actually have something to say or defend your shitty lyrics that you think I'm passive aggressively calling out here or I dunno say whatever else you wanna say.

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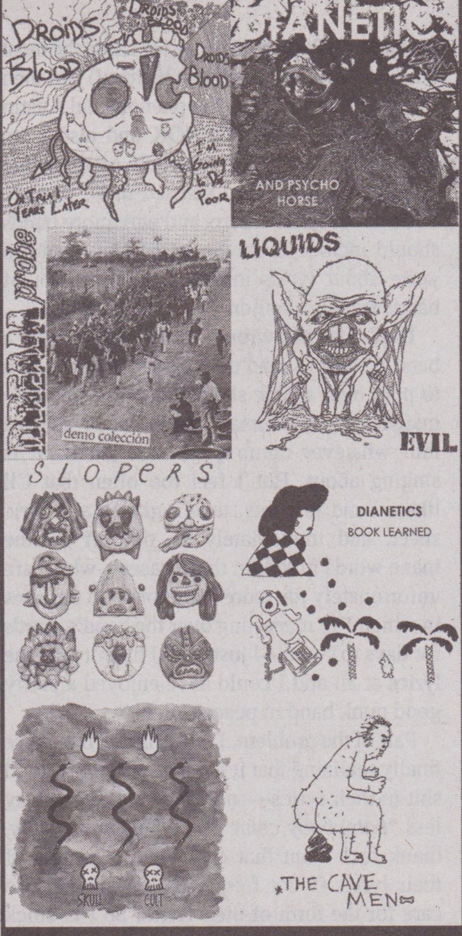
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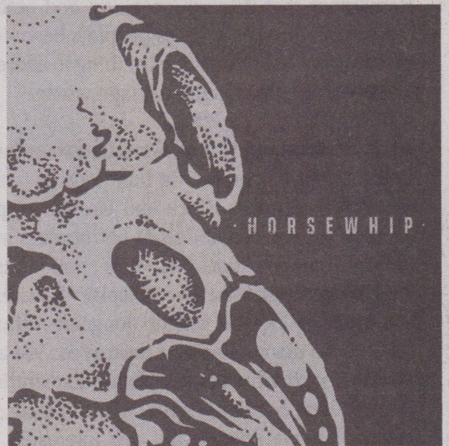

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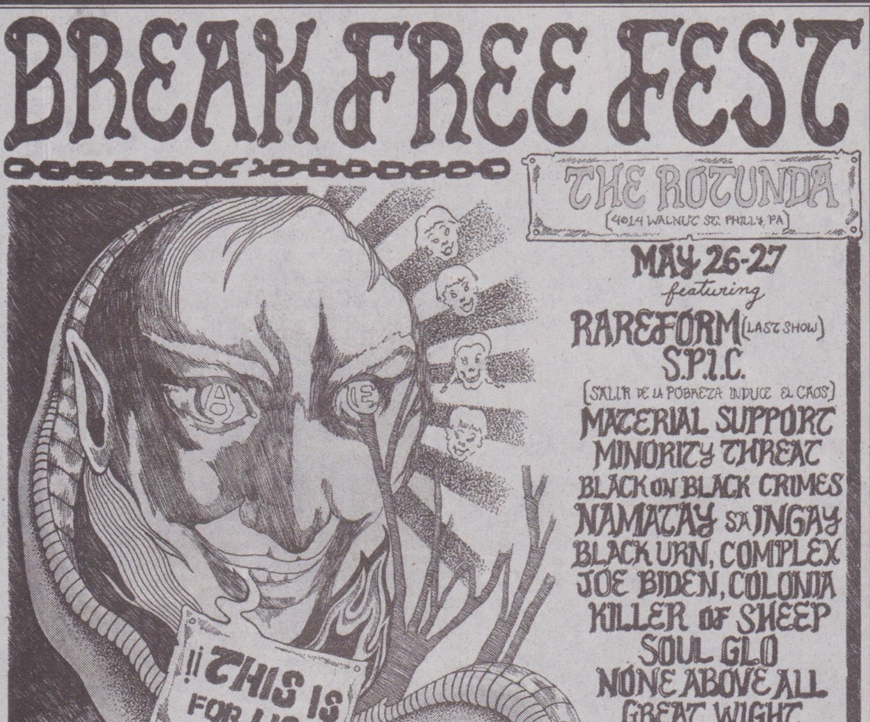
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MELANIN
FLYER BY RENATA ROJO

It's an honor to be invited by MRR to report from Break Free Fest! This is the second year of the all ages, POC punk and hardcore fest. Our event took place at the Rotunda in Philadelphia, PA (lenape land) on May 26th and 27th. In a couple of months, we were able to book 23 bands. This year's fest was up to two days from last year's single day.

Overall we had a blast. It was worth raising over $3,000 for Trans Lifeline, United We Dream, and The People's Paper Co-op, getting together folx from all across the country, and building a beautiful space that centered and uplifted all the beautiful multitudes of our communities. Balancing work, other projects, and life and organizing a festival with no money is hard, but we learned that when we share the load, it's totally do-able. We hit some bumps in the road with last minute cancellations, day-of conflicts, and all the chaos that comes with trying to be crushingly hospitable to all of your new best friends. We are always open to doing better and welcome any feedback.

We strive to build solidarity across very different marginalized peoples. We're doing our best to leverage what privileges we have and make things better for those coming up behind us.

Check us out on instagram @breakfreefest and we hope to see you next year!

But enough of what we thought! Let's hear from performers and participants!

XO
Scout, Lyla and Layla

Break Free Fest is for Indigenous, Black, and People Of Color; when we speak of POC, we include the narratives of all Asians, Middle Eastern, Central Americans, and Latinx folx!

My name is Arty, and I currently participate in the project named COLONIA. In the evening of May 26, 2018, COLONIA shared an energetic and vibrant stage under the collective name of Break Free Fest in Philadelphia, PA. Some of us had been waiting a whole year with feelings of elation, desire, cultural affirmation, and reclamation. Our calendars held evidence of anticipation after every day was crossed out as Break Free Fest embodied a devoted friend who reminded us that patience is virtuous and powerful. Eight hundred miles became non-sequential to our excitement following our arrival, small steps into the venue carried anxiety and memory to why this space makes sense. It was disappointing to me to miss NAMATAY SA INGAY and GREAT WIGHT, both from New York. My friend Milo told me they were amazing, and I should be embarrassed of my mistake. After them, MATERIAL SUPPORT from New York set the bar up high as their performance was flawless! Their energy was unique, and it was impossible to take up space after them. Jackie (singer) is a dominant universe, and never-ending energy for 25 minutes. After this set, MELANIN from Chicago reclaimed the stage, and this band could be described in one word: genius! I was lucky to be able to go on this weekend to tour with them, and learn the dynamics of being family and band. AWAAZ DO from Boston was inspiring, a multi-instrumental, multi-layered, and multi-faceted body of work to blow everyone away. Witnessing this band brought various feelings as a new fan: impressed, confused, moved, and clarifying that music is everything. COLONIA did one thing, and that was to bring cumbias for folx to dance. COLONIA is influenced by Alejandra De La Fuente and Danny Alvares; both from Monterrey, MX. Our set was dedicated to HETEROFOBIA from Mexico and HOMOSUPERIOR from DC.

COLONIA. PHOTO BY FARRAH SKEIKY.

The *gente* (people) from KIND CREW from Boston / Connecticut were a nostalgic force of youth crew and a positive band. Super energetic and super friendly folx who reminded me that moshing liberates joy. MARKED FOR LIFE and MEDUSSSA from San Antonio were simply phenomenal and relentless bands of hardcore punk! They made every body mosh and assured us that we can release a wave of fury but protect each other from our surroundings. Both bands are under the vein of NEGATIVE APPROACH and TALK IS POISON! As the night was counting down, there were two more bands. MADUROS from New York was pure ecstatic hardcore. Their sound was the brick that demanded the end of police violence, state sanctioned structural racism, and queer antagonism that plagues our hoods. The evening ended with SOUL GLO from Philadelphia. These beautiful folx brought the importance of being unapologetically Black. They are another band that is genius, and excels in the spectrums of punk and hardcore.

—Arty, COLONIA

Day 1

Not to erase y'all other people of color who was there, but I wanna take a moment to talk about how Break Free Fest was Black as fuck. Like, niggas was out there. I missed more than half of the fest, but I did see SOUL GLO do this thing that changed my life. The last time I saw SOUL GLO, they were opening for TOMMY WRIGHT III around New Years at this packed but frigid venue with batting cages in it in Philly. More recently, they were supposed to have played at SoftWeb (a QTPOC collective space that I'm a part of) in Richmond, but they ran into legal issues on tour—a classic case of racial profiling by the Missouri state police, which still remains unresolved. This performance seemed noisier and more experimental than others I had seen: there were more samples, more distortion, and two rap covers. The bass was extra rumbly and there was someone doing pure DJ / electronic mixing in the band. I had heard that something like Hardcore in Da Paint was going to happen. A friend had told me that a WAKA FLOCKA FLAME cover would be dedicated to a young Pisces going through heartbreak (SOUL GLO is sensitive). Still, I was surprised when Pierce jumped off the stage and was suddenly swarmed by people shouting *"I go hard in the mother fuckin paint nigga!!!"* Do you know what it's like to be at a punk fest and have people shouting "nigga," and it's cool? *Neither did I until Break Free Fest, nigga.* This is why I drove up from Richmond VA, former capital of the confederacy, to see this shit. Break Free was organized by a Black femme, and I feel like honestly, these are the only people who need to be making decisions about anything right now, including punk festival line ups. Even in scenes that are inclusive of "people of color," anti-Blackness is this fucked up, insidious thing that is most definitely eating away at a (QT)POC scene near you. So, it felt good to see people come together to express pure and unfiltered joy and rage and freedom.

Everybody was *sooo* mad, and finally I could identify with their rage. Set after set there was a message about how people's local scenes were overwhelmingly white and weak and unsupportive. People aren't trying to hear about the 4,000+ person death toll in Puerto Rico, or transmisogyny, or the missing children from ICE detention centers. Adrian from MADUROS talked about how Brooklyn's NO FLOWERS FOR YT POWERS QTPOC punk collective was borne out of having been constantly pushed out of toxic-masculine, white hardcore scenes. Feeling alienated by people who low-key or sometimes even high-key support white supremacy is basically part of the origin story of every POC punk in the USA. The continued, overwhelming whiteness of this traditionally Black genre is strikingly patriarchal and antiquated, don't you think? In 2018, what's actually punk about white punks who, as Boston hardcore kids KIND CREW said during their set, "still think that hating Nazis is radical"? *Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!* We all have so much to scream about.

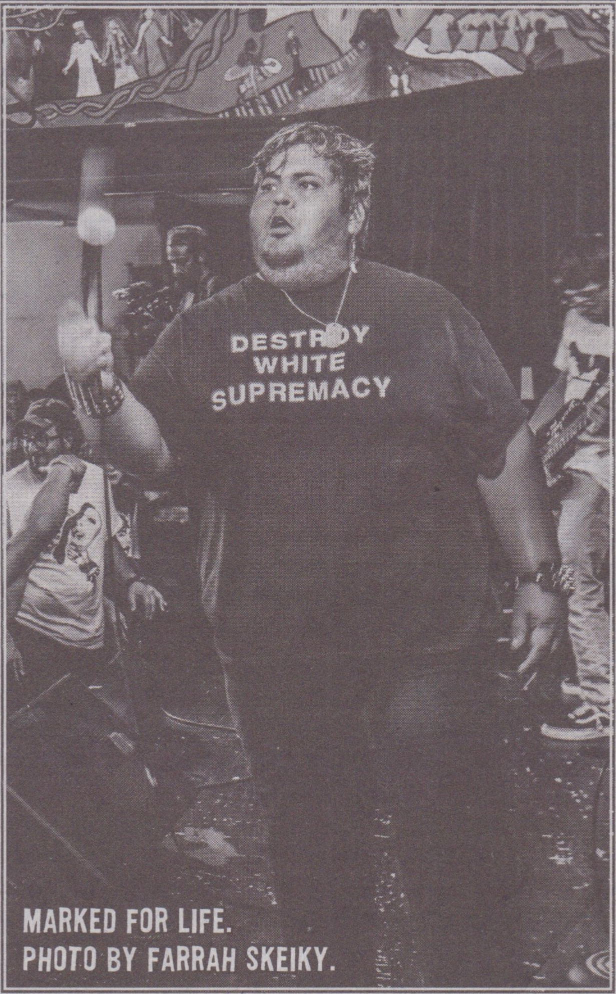
Day 2

The next day, I got a massage and relaxed for five hours at a Korean spa and bathhouse in New Jersey. While there, I read some zines that I had picked up from the fest the day before from BROWN RECLUSE ZINE DISTRO from the West Coast! There is a poem in artist / angel e.itzel's *Mariposa* called "all of the white women you have dated look the same," and it's funny and true. I also grabbed volume 1 of the new *Scream Queens* mag, which reminded me of how starved I am for representation, then I teleported back to the femme power and rage that came from COLONIA and MEDUSSSA the night before.

We got to the venue for the last three shows and stood back watching people gently beat each other up. Maybe I'm projecting, but vibe was relaxed and possibly even loving. Honestly, I only saw one fight the whole weekend, and I think it ended pretty cordially. Then Danni from S.P.I.C. gets on stage and spits on the floor. He abuses the audience and rips apart the mic stand and swings the mic cord all over the place with feigned disregard for everyone's safety while singing a song called "S.P.I.C. Hates Punks" in a room full of Black and Brown and Asian punx who just want to feel joy this one time in their disenfranchised lives as POC doing gay shit in the United States. He calls people out and mocks them like *"Look at me with my studded jacket. I fuckin' hate punks."* Half the crowd stumbles into confusion while event staff trails behind him picking up the pieces of equipment. The other half is really into it. "What an angry little man" a friend murmurs afterwards. People were disturbed? People were uncomfortable? Had the camaraderie of Day Two lulled them into a false sense of reality wherein they had briefly forgotten about all of the punks they know back home who still pee outside even when they have access to toilets? Never forget! Punks will cheat on you, they all have MRSA, they will gentrify your neighborhood, and I hate them too.

—Paige Fulton

MAAFA. PHOTO BY ANTONIO RODRIGUEZ.



MARKED FOR LIFE. PHOTO BY FARRAH SKEIKY.

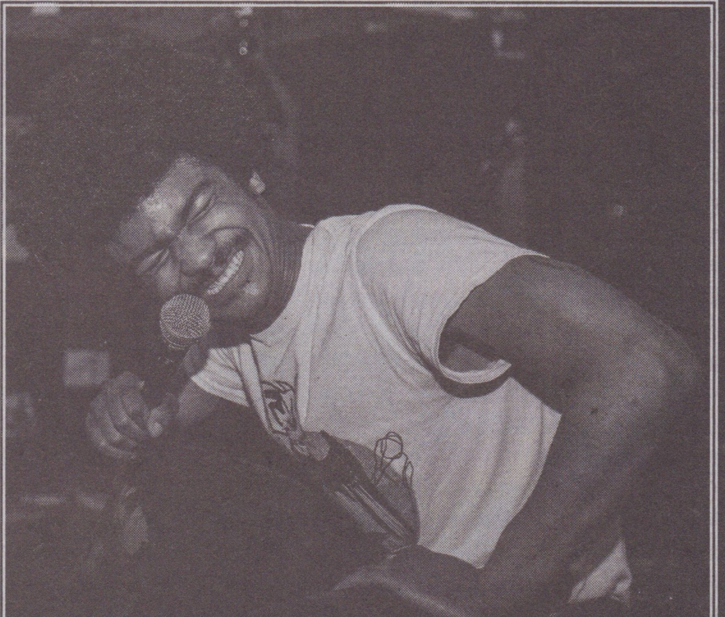
Pulling up to the rotunda, it's humid, with little hints of drizzle... I knew this was gonna be *hot*! Unloading our gear, we walk in and get welcomed with smiles by Scout (founder / organizer of Break Free fest) and volunteers, who are basically some of the best people in the world. One of the memorable highlights of my night at Break Free fest is when I had some time to think on the nice calm overnight eleven-hour ride to Gary, Indiana. (MEDUSSSA / MARKED FOR LIFE were both on tour and couldn't stay for the second day).

Overall, I've been thinking how amazing the first day was. All the bands, all the supportive folx who showed up and supported. It made me feel so many emotions. What I want to highlight about this fest... There were *no* big punk bands, no *big* names that get hyped by white dudes or the cool punk kids that stay in their circle at your local gig... Goddammit, it popped off. Bands that get slept on, bands that I have slept on! All blew me away. I felt proud that I got to be part of this experience twice! Thinking back, one of the first memories that soon followed, as soon I was ready for the full experience, I found myself on the balcony of the break room on the second floor eating Blackbird's vegan pizza, watching the band MATERIAL SUPPORT set up. As soon as they rang the first chord, I got down to the floor. They were so amazing, fierce, angry, pissed, and musically, they blew me away. And COLONIA, I've seen them primarily in San Antonio, where they used to be located. My first time seeing them in another state / city and throw in a couple years. They brought the emotion and chaos that I love about punk. SOUL GLO pretty much left me speechless... Of course, they brought it and kept their promise they would go hard in the muthafuckin' paint.

—Yole Centeno, MEDUSSSA / MARKED FOR LIFE

Unfortunately, we could only make Day Two, but the energy was consistent and I could only tell with all the familiar faces I saw from all the pictures of Day One, and all the beautiful smiles to match the faces. If there's three words I could sum up Break Free Fest with, they'd be "smiles," "friendship," and "*partyyyy!*" I cannot begin to explain how hard I was dancing because of Rhylli's spinning. All the bands that played tore the floor as well! Extremely cool. Definitely have to add all the friends I finally got to meet from knowing them previously via internet. I could cry because all the overwhelming joy I got from finally getting the opportunity to do so, and meet all the new friends! My energy was so wild I literally did a split mid-set, which I barely was even ready for! Great night, amazing music, even wilder vibes. So amazing seeing all my beautiful friends of color being united in a space together. Highlights of the night, totally MAAFA and the wild djembe player. Fool was nasty. Can't forget about SUB SPACE and MINORITY THREAT, as well as BBC. Real sick punk. I'll go ahead and close my recap with this: *RARE FORM forever yo rip! We luv An, we luv Kayla!*

—Paris Roberts, JOE BIDEN

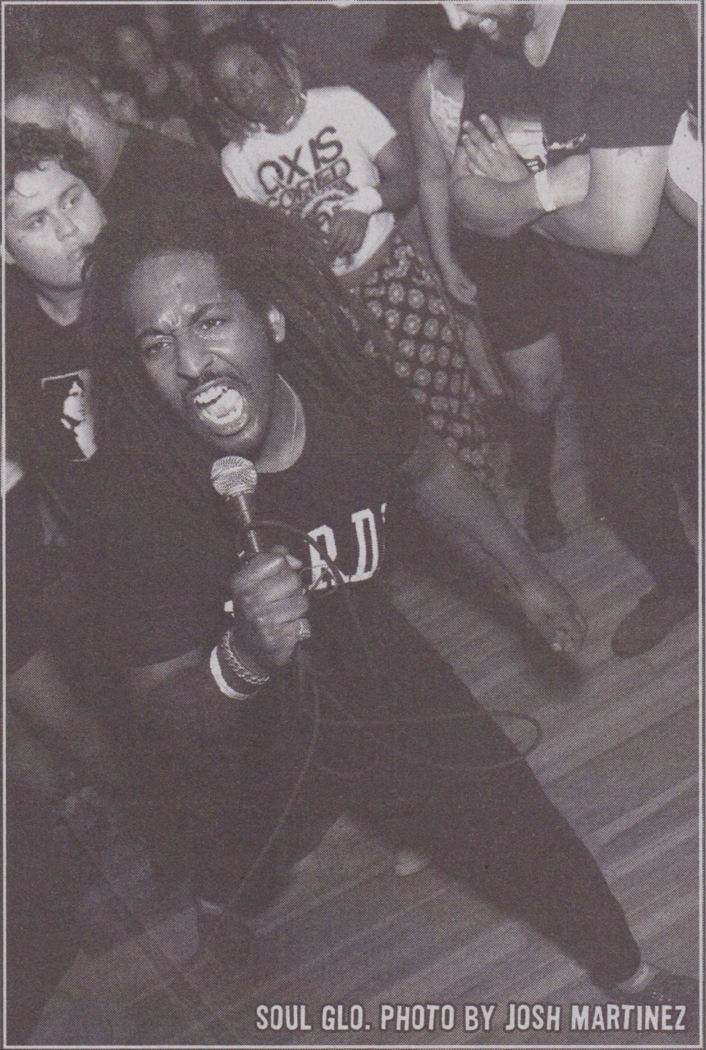


JOE BIDEN. PHOTO BY FARRAH SKEIKY.

It may have been the-thirteen hour drive from Kalamazoo to Philadelphia, or seeing my homie Yole the second we pulled up to the Rotunda in the UPenn district of Philly, but I had never been happier to be in a college town, surrounded by frats. The second I got out of the van, I was all in: I grabbed my gear, dropped it off, and just kicked it. Found friends, made new ones, ate pizza, a hoagie, and was ready to see some Black and Brown punks be everything and anything we wanted to be. The bands were amazing, the vendors were on point, but what made Break Free Fest something to write about was the fact that it is / was for us. Everyone involved was POC, with white folks taking on support roles—the way it should be.

People coming into the space to watch a band went all in, and the atmosphere was one of a kind. I was completely blown away with the way each band held a space, and the audience held space for the band. The entire time I was there I did not see people stand still, whether they were making friends, screening shirts, playing a set, dancing during a band, or in between sets. Everyone was there and participating in their own way.

I was only at Break Free Fest for the first day because our tour took us to New York City the following day, but the sets I saw blew me away. NAMATAY SA INGAY (from New York) was heavy, fast, pissed, melodic. I had seen them before at Aklasan Fest in Berkeley a couple of years ago, and they remain on point. I also saw sibling band (I believe they share members) MATERIAL SUPPORT at Aklasan Fest who delivered an intense, powerful, uplifting set. Their set includes information to combat and protect ourselves from the police state; after all, the band is made up of lawyers. The GREAT WIGHT (from NYC) was sincere, and emo / pop punk at its most open and vulnerable. I appreciated this band a lot. Among all the hardcore bands, it was dope to hear a band that broke away from a heavier sound for a second. MELANIN (from Chicago) is a band to not miss. Powerful, very forward punk rock'n'roll. Puts DANZIG to shame. Extremely melodic, filled with guitar leads, hooks, and solos. I had seen MEDUSSSA in San Antonio previously, but they really blew me away this time around. Heavy and dissonant. They were on tour with MARKED FOR LIFE (also from San Antonio), which is a little more straightforward, less noisy but just as heavy. Both bands share members, and carry their own (check the demo reviews for these two bands!). The final band I saw was SOUL GLO (from Philly). There are not enough words for this band, how I dearly I cherish them as people, and how deeply impactful their music is. SOUL GLO takes hardcore to a level that I do not think our generation of punks has seen. It's heavy, sincere, filled with anger and anguish that you can see and feel while they play. Their set is meticulously dialed, incorporating noise, hip hop, and tons of samples. It felt so incredibly special, powerful, and so dialed in. Break Free Fest witnessed SOUL GLO accomplish a new level of intensity that night. Their set literally floored me, and I had no words. I felt such joy to see them doing what they do best, despite the legal bullshit that they had to go through earlier this year. If you are unaware, google can help you with that.


SOUL GLO. PHOTO BY JOSH MARTINEZ

I definitely did not see all the bands. This fest was a whirlwind of feelings, friends, and places. I feel grateful to have been able to share this space with everyone there. It was hard to come back home and just go to a punk show after being at Break Free Fest. I remember being a young brown punk in a suburb of Los Angeles longing for a space to just be who I wanted, when I wanted, with no questions asked. Break Free Fest truly was that. We were all taking / giving space to / for each other. For our rage, anger, apathy, sadness, happiness, and joy. What blew me away the most at Break Free Fest was everyone's ability to be in the moment, and be present, and put bullshit aside to be at the fest because being there and being together was more important than not being there. I look forward to next year's Break Free Fest, and whatever evolves out of Break Free Fest. Thank you.

— Ramy Silvan

AWAAZ DO. PHOTO BY FARRAH SKEIKY

Punk rock is people of color music. It's not an opinion, it's a fact. Rock'n'roll was invented by a Black queer woman. From 14 to 31, I've always gone to gigs. I grew up in punk.

At 15 years old I was running away to the Bay Area, where I volunteered every weekend that summer at 924 Gilman Street. One of the older punk kids was Black and showed me how to facilitate gigs. Growing up listening to punk rock, other Mexican kids tried to clock me as white-washed; white kids called me a coconut or Oreo and the hard N word. Wetback, spic, and various microaggressions have all been my experience, from going to a sweaty basement gig to having drunk D-beat warriors call me a mudperson. Because of my upbringing, because of punk, I could easily identify this shit and quickly smash it—it's wrong.

Before the weekend of Break Free Fest, I chatted with Scout Elena, the organizer of Break Free. Before Break Free, Scout had no experience with booking gigs, other than helping make the occasional flyer. Rather than seeking solace in the Philly scene gatekeepers, Scout took the initiative to create a space for Black and Brown folks in punk. This second year of Break Free, I finally felt I had to space to be extra and flamboyant. Dancing to the reggaeton in between POC hardcore bands was life-changing. I wish that were exaggeration. Break Free is what my younger self needed. In my conversation with Scout expands more on the importance of community involvement,

"Why can't punk be involved? You know, food: give it out to people who are homeless, back in the history of punk helping other people. Why did we stop? We can still get drunk and fuck around, that's fine. Why can't our punk go around and help other communities? That's what I learned a lot from last year. I was like, 'that's great we did this whole cool fest it was so fun, now I want to let people know that we are grateful for them being here fighting and support them.' I'm trying to raise more money, bring more voices, going to newscasters to bring more people to listen. This is fun, this is for people of color, this is punk, also we care about our community. I'm tired of only people of color making these shows, for community. Why aren't white folks doing their work?"

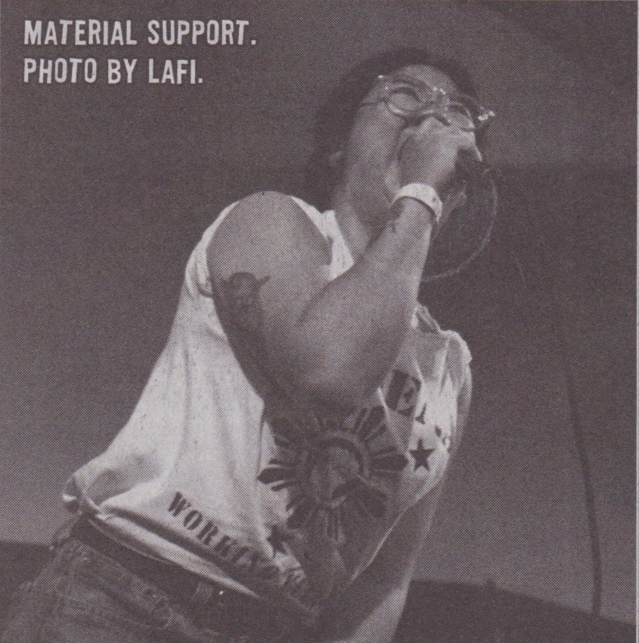
This year's beneficiaries were Trans Lifeline, United We Dream the Paper Co-op. We have to show Mutual Aid, without Mutual Aid, without building support, without one another, we'll drown in this Trump regime.

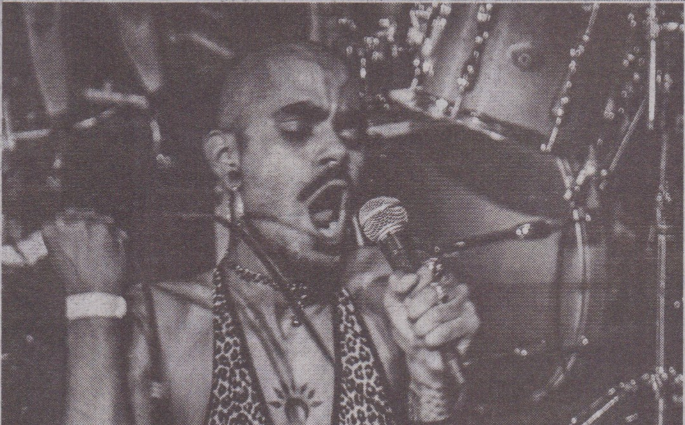
Earlier this year I went to Everything Is Not OK in Oklahoma City, I'm sure you've heard of SOUL GLO getting fucked with by the police on their way to the fest, and at the same damn fest, Q, an all-white dude punk band, set a little boat on fire. Reminds me of the time I was kicked out of a bar in New Orleans (that's truly a reach to get kicked out of a bar in New Orleans, just an FYI) after confronting a piece of shit who called me a racist name the day before.

It's not fucking fair. Since the very beginning of punk, white folks have reappropriated it into white nationalism, down to homeless displacement during Burger Boogaloo this year in Mosswood Park, but if a brown person speaks up or acts out in self-defense, or just simply exists, you could face repercussions.

For a while I was tired of it, for a while I didn't feel like going to shows anymore. Scout harbored the same feelings. "I was talking to my roommate about this last year, this is so frustrating. She's into punk and metal; I'm into hardcore and punk. I was telling her I don't feel like I want to go to shows anymore! I just felt some *Beauty and the Beast* style rose, like a petal dying. I was like, what the fuck! It hurt! Arguing with people with in hardcore online, like when the Baltimore Uprising was happening and Black Lives Matter was taking place, Colin Kaepernick was taking a knee...the more rustling of people of color make about oppression, the more people within my community get upset. Not just having conversations, getting pissed and getting aggressive. These are people I see at shows and say what's up in public and have them be like 'You're not so mad! I'm just playing around! You don't understand, I'm old, I'm just playing around.' Just shut the hell up! I stopped going to shows for a while because it's so fucking frustrating. I go to shows to listen to music and to support people and bands that I like. It came to the point where I was avoiding people and these conversations are becoming more prominent, I'm just stressed out, I didn't want to do anything anymore. People would tell me it's not that big of a deal, OK, it's not happening."

—Nessa Moreno


MATERIAL SUPPORT. PHOTO BY LAFI.


MADUROS. PHOTO BY FARRAH SKEIKY

My time in Philly and at Break Free Fest was amazing! The vegan food was very delish! Though I'm not vegan, I wanted to try the Philly cheesesteak that people rave about! So many great people, so much beautiful sightseeing! It was just so beautiful to walk around and explore, and listening to some really good bands! SUB SPACE was probably the band I was most excited for, because I saw them at America's Hardcore fest in Cambridge MA, and they totally blew me away then! So it was nice to see them again! But all in all I was keeping an open mind towards bands that I haven't heard of or normally wouldn't listen to. AWAAZ DO, MINORITY THREAT, SOUL GLO, MADUROS, DISSENT, and MAAFA, I have to say made a super impression on me! I loved every minute! The energy was positive and loving, the vibe felt so comfortable! I never felt more accepted and safe at a show! It was nice to feel that. I'm most certainly excited and down to travel again for Break Free Fest next year!

—Fernando Calderas, KIND CREW

This year was my first time attending Break Free Fest, and it really blew my mind. For the first time in my life, I was in a hardcore / punk show and I felt comfortable... The whole fest was inspiring and it made me try to get something similar going in different genres up here in Montreal. I want to thank Scout and the people who put on together the fest. The vendors, the bands, and the attendees. You were all inspiring. We made this for us, and this is something I will forever cherish.

—Yannick Tango Pereira Bajard

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NDIAN
Danville

Photo by Caroline Ruffault

P·M·S

Interview by Christine Pallon
Photos provided by the band

Towards the end of their debut 2016 demo, Parisian punks PMS launch into "Harassment", a blistering two-minute track that's equal parts anthem and battle cry.

The streets of Paris, like those of so many other cities across the globe, are often a battleground for the women who walk them. When PMS perform the song in bars across their city, there's a sense that they're moving the fight from the streets to the stage, their energetic, confrontational performances acting as a welcome catharsis for any woman who's ever felt unsafe walking home at night.

Formed in 2015 by Eve (vocals), Frédo (drums), Victoria (guitar, also a member of Mary Bell), and Isa (bass), PMS followed up that 2016 demo (released on cassette by Le Collectif Semi-Conscient) earlier this year with a self-titled 7" on Danger Records. Since their formation, PMS have become a staple of the Parisian punk scene. After a few more concerts this summer, they'll be going on hiatus for a while, but not before recording one last "goodbye" cassette that they hope to release sometime next year.

MRR: How did you each first get involved with punk?

Eve: I started going to punk shows when I was fourteen. A lot of them used to take place on a boat on the Seine. That's how I got started with it. Then I got involved with an organization that promoted and put on punk and Oi! concerts. Since high school, I've tried several times to start bands, but it never turned into anything serious, so I stuck with organizing shows until PMS.

Frédo: I started going to shows in high school. I made friends who all started playing music and they all started bands, and at some point it was like, "why haven't I got a band as well?"

Victoria: I was interested in music from a young age. But in Rouen, where I grew up, there weren't any women in punk bands—it was really just a bunch of guys. I think I was 22 when I first met a woman who made punk music. For me, it was an unattainable dream. It wasn't until I moved to Paris in my twenties that I started playing guitar and started playing in Mary Bell.

Isa: It's funny because Victoria and I have a bit of the same background, since we both got started with baroque music when we were little: she played viola and I played harpsichord. Playing the harpsichord doesn't really lead to popularity as a kid. When I was about fourteen, I started learning the bass and started playing in bands that didn't end up going very far. The nice thing about being in Limoges was that there was a pretty active DIY scene—there were lots of people who organise shows, have their own radio shows, etc.

MRR: Two years after the release of your first demo, you all just released an EP this past January on Danger Records. How did you approach this release differently compared to your demo?

Frédo: The recording process was a lot easier for me this time around with the drums. When PMS started, I had just started learning the drums for the band, so recording drums on the demo was really rough. It wasn't bad for my first time playing drums on a recording, but still.

Eve: With the demo, recording was all a very new experience for me, and I really didn't know what I was getting myself into. This time around, I was a lot less apprehensive to record our EP, and I think it went a lot better.

Isa: For me, I really like the messiness of the first demo. We recorded it with a budget that was something like fifteen euros per person in one of the shittiest studios at Basement *[a recording / practice studio in northern Paris]*. All things considered—the low cost, the studio we used, and the state of the instruments and amps that we used—it didn't turn out too bad.

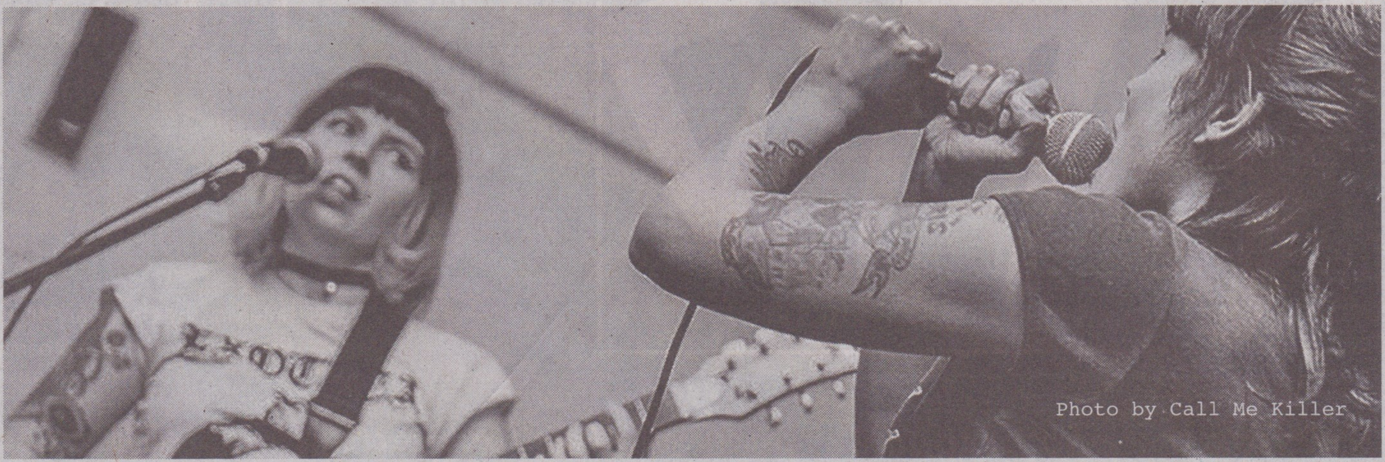
Photo by Call Me Killer

Victoria: There's a big difference between the demo and the EP in terms of production. This time around, the gear we were working with was a lot better, which gave us more to work with on the production side of things because the quality was already so much better. But in terms of the songs themselves, they're very much a continuation of what we were doing on the demo—we could release all of them on the same album, I think, and it would be really coherent. The songs on the demo are just as much a representation of PMS as the new songs are. We played a lot of concerts last year that were really high-energy, and I think the new EP captures that energy.

MRR: For this EP, you released your first ever music video for your song "Cock Au Vin." What were the inspirations behind that song and video?

Isa: The song and video were very much inspired by '70s pornogore and the general idea of a woman who gets revenge on a guy. From there, we came

came up with the title from the idea of eating a dick, but in a proper way: like fine dining *[laughter]*. “Cock Au Vin” really made us laugh—that’s usually how we come up with ideas in this band.

Eve: For the video, we didn’t want to be playing our instruments or include live footage. We really wanted to create something different that was actually funny as well. Victoria and Frédo were both down to participate, but I don’t think they really knew what they were getting into, so I think they were both really courageous to do it. It turned out great, and I’m glad they were the ones who acted in it.

Victoria: We definitely had a lot of fun making it, and I think it only ended up costing us about 30 euros to make the thing! *[laughter]*. We got lucky because a friend of ours *[D.A.N.]* was down to direct it, and we made it on a Saturday afternoon at Frédo’s place with props and clothes we brought ourselves. It ended up being very DIY.

Frédo: This was my first experience making a music video, and I had a lot of fun—I’m definitely not a good actor, but I really love this video. I showed it to some friends and at my workplace to some coworkers and they were all shocked. Seeing my (fake, vegan) dick get cut off—which tasted horrible, I have to admit—seems to have stunned a lot of people. That makes this video a very, very good one in my opinion.

Photo by Séverine Kpoti

MRR: How political is PMS? Would you say that your band is actively trying to engage with a certain kind of radical politics through your music?

Victoria: To me, being a woman and taking part in a punk / hardcore band today is a political act in itself. I also never considered joining a band that didn’t have a strong DIY ethic. I’m not here to get fucked the same way I do at my job.

Isa: I don’t think PMS is a political band. No one in this band is trying to use this band to promote their politics. We’re simply a group that’s mostly women. So when we write lyrics about issues that relate to our lives (like issues relating to harassment or relationships), these are lyrics that are informed by feminism and reflect a female perspective.

Frédo: I don’t think the primal objective of PMS was to be loud about a certain type of issue, but this band gathers a lot of strong personalities with strong views about what is wrong about the life of a woman today. I think PMS is the distilled result of all these opinions and perspectives. Personally, I have been caught up in this and now it seems obvious that some behaviors need to stop for the sake of the women I care about today and in the future. I’m proud to have written “Harassment” and I wouldn’t change a thing about it!

MRR: How important is identity to your band and your music?

Frédo: Being Black is part of my identity. I’m not ashamed of it, and I will not undermine the influence of Black culture on my life and the way it makes me react to some things. Still, it’s not my whole identity, and I refuse to have people only see me as “the Black guy.” I am interested in and do many other things as well. PMS is one of my projects, but I don’t see it as a demonstration of anything. I don’t want my presence behind the drums in this band to be the symbol of anything. I do it for my own fun. Punk is part of Black culture, and if anyone wants to tell me the contrary, fuck them.

Eve: Well... it’s not easy to answer to this question, because on one hand there’s nothing

86 MENTALITY

Photo by Eric Bricka

much to it, and on the other hand there's a lot to say. PMS isn't just about Frédo and I being Black and Asian skinheads, and Victoria and Isa being punk / DIY girls. We're simply four dudes givin' a shit about what's happening around us without carrying a banner. Though I understand why it can be noticeable to be the visible minority, I didn't choose my ethnic origins nor to be a girl. And it's hard for me to take pride in immutable things such as blood ties and genes. There are, on the contrary, plenty of things I chose: learning my different mother tongues and understanding what happened to my family, becoming a vegan, not doing drugs, and questioning what I was taught to believe.

Isa: I never thought to myself, "oh, I'm gonna start a band with Evelyne because she's Asian or with Frédo because he's Black so we can better represent Asian people and Black people in the scene." Of course, we need to see more people represented in punk and in other genres to better reflect society, but we never treated PMS as a sort of "casting" situation where we tried to make the band as diverse as possible.

Eve: It's true that between Frédo and I, we may represent 70% of the Black and Asian population of the Parisian punk scene *[laughter]*. And we both ended up in the same band—how incredible! *[laughter]*

Victoria: This question reminds me about a big difference between France and the US. In all of our album or concert reviews in France, race doesn't really play a big role in the review. But whenever I read reviews of our music from the US, those things are really pushed to the forefront of discussion. So I think there's definitely a gap between the US and France when it comes to identity. It's not that it's not important for us, it's just that it's not something we put forward.

MRR: As a band, how would you describe your relationship with the Paris punk community?

Victoria: For me, playing in any kind of band is an act of community. In Rouen where I grew up, there was a scene, but it was small and everyone knew each other, and when I moved to Paris that wasn't the case. In Paris, there are multiple scenes, so I'll often discover groups that have been playing here for five years and I had no idea they even existed. It wasn't easy to meet people to play with and organize shows with. When Tristan—who's also in Mary Bell—first started talking about starting le Collectif Semi-Conscient, the idea was to create a collective of bands that could share practices spaces and record albums inexpensively. The idea was for bands to be able to help each other out.

Isa: We would have never been able to do what we've done with PMS if we didn't have friends to record us, to organize shows, or to give us contacts for playing shows outside of France.

MRR: La Mécanique Ondulatoire, a bar that's been central to the Parisian punk scene for the past decade, announced in January that they wouldn't be holding any more concerts. Paris also has a lack of DIY venues, with most shows happening in bars or big concert halls. In light of La Méca closing and the lack of DIY venues, do you think the Parisian scene suffers because of the lack of non-traditional spaces?

Victoria: Paris is really a shitty city for playing shows. You have bars, and you have huge concert halls. There are some DIY spots and squats that try to put on shows, but those are always in really precarious positions and on the verge of closing. When we've played in other parts of France, we've gotten to play in some really great DIY spaces in tiny towns. Why can't we have that? It's really frustrating. What's nice about Paris, though, is that there are a lot of bookers who aren't afraid to book punk and hardcore shows in bars.

Frédo: I went to shows when there were still some squats in Paris. In my experience, a lot of them were pretty shitty. I would prefer to see a good concert in a bar like La Mécanique Ondulatoire than see a shitty concert in a squat or something.

Isa: There's a squat in Montreuil where my friends recently organized part of the Ville Maudite festival. Super great DIY space with a lot of possibilities. One of the guys from the squat, who shares the space with several people and families, told me that everyone is getting kicked out before the end of the year because the space has been bought by a real estate developer to make high-end lofts. The next day, the festival was supposed to continue in another squat in Montreuil just down the street, but the location had to be changed because of complaints from the neighbors and a visit from the police. Basically, our alternative spaces keep disappearing, even in neighborhoods where they've thrived. Paris is also constructed really differently from American cities. More people in the U.S. have cars so it's more feasible to do something in the suburbs, but in Paris that's not the case. Unless you're accessible by metro, it's really difficult to hold a show in the suburbs.

Eve: I have a huge basement to hold shows in with plenty of amps, but I live super far from Paris in the countryside, so no one would ever come! *[laughter]* And the neighbors wouldn't be too pleased, either.

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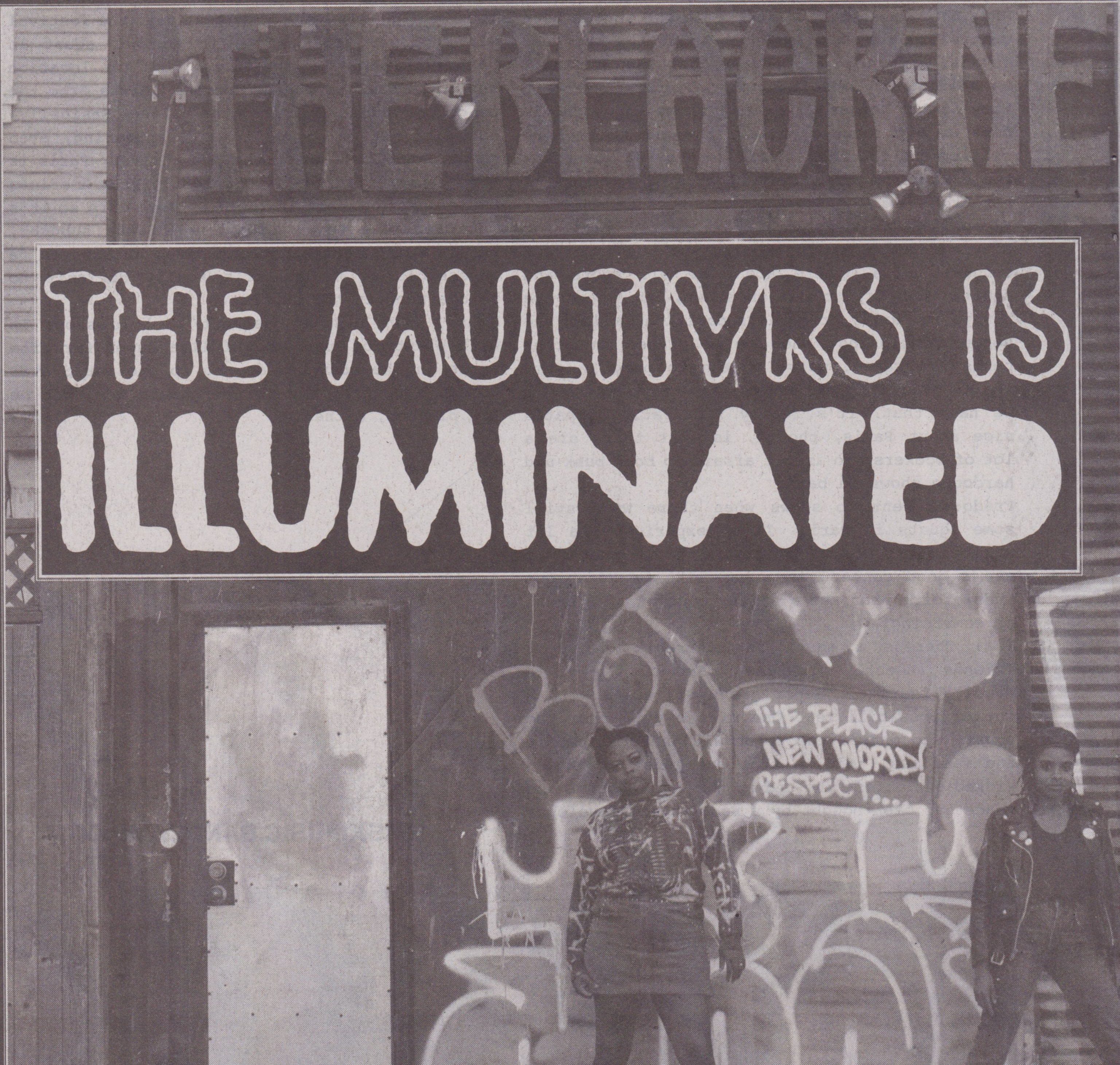
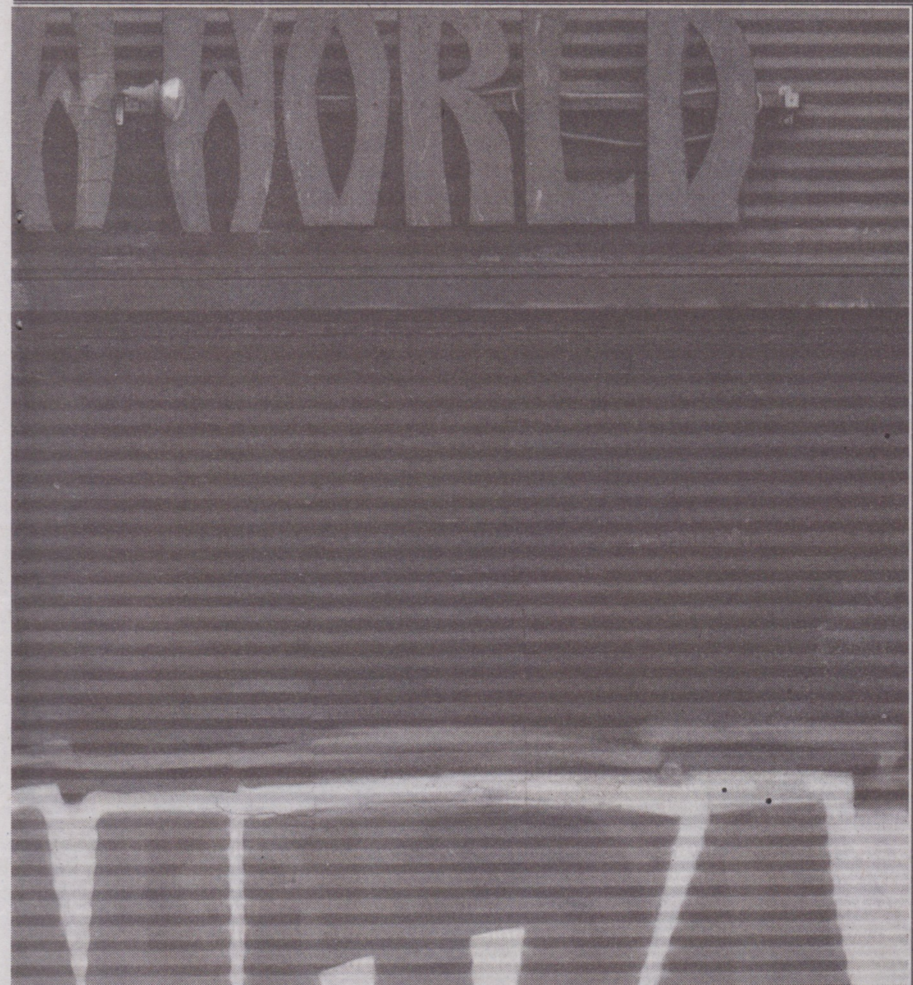
Photo by Call Me Killer

THE MULTIVRS IS ILLUMINATED


THE BLACK NE
THE BLACK NEW WORLD! RESPECT...

Jade Ariana Fair and Shawna Shawnté Scroggins of The Multivrs Is Illuminated speak on the festival's origins and evolution.

Interview by Ari Perezdiez.



Photos by Jeffie Freeman.

MRR: What brought about the inception of The Multivrs Is Illuminated?
Jade Ariana Fair: Well, it happened last year as a different project, The Universe Is Lit. We had a lot of really *vast* intentions, like we literally came together and we were like "this festival is gonna end colonialism!" And we were trying to take on a lot—energetically—in addition to organizing and planning the fest. I would say our intentions were really big, much larger than *just* a music festival. And we came together and we used the title The Universe Is Lit because of Monika's post, right?
Shawna Shawnté Scroggins: Yep, Monika's post. Monika Estrella Negra started Chicago Black and Brown Punk Fest along with Donté Oxun and a few others in 2010. We were really inspired by what they started. A certain crew in Oakland has a love affair with the Breathing Light, and for some reason we have this Chicago connection. We were like "we want to do a Black and Brown Punk Fest in the Bay Area!"At that same time Philly and New Orleans were doing Black and Brown Punk Fests, and Chicago returned after a hiatus. Monika made this post online that was like: "I feel hella proud, the universe is lit," and that's how we came up with the name. And for me, playing music in the Bay since 2010, I really saw the scene shift, and more and more people of color coming together, and more and more Black people, and we were just like "we don't know if this has happened before in the Bay Area, but let's do it."

MRR: How exactly was the scene shifting at that time? Can you explain that for people that don't live here?
Shawna: I moved here in like 2005, and I started playing music in 2009–2010, and for literally six years in the punk scene that I was a part of there were just a few Black people playing music: myself, Tieraney Carter of Wizard Apprentice and Teacake Francis of Sorry Not Sorry. Other people were around and playing music too like Brontez and Erica Canada from No Bone. A few of us eventually joined this project, Bay Area Booking Collective, which was intentionally queers, trans people, Black and brown people, booking shows and organizing events and even with that intentionality, something was lacking. A lot of the people who were seen as the most "down," who were getting the most play, getting the resources, or who were running shit were white. That has really changed in the last five years. I feel like there's a whole new group of people that have come in, and I would say Oakland has a predominantly POC and queer music scene. There are many scenes, but one has the option here of being in a predominantly Queer and POC punk scene. At some point in our lives, a lot of us were in scenes or places where we felt like the only ones but we found each other and were just like, "Fuck the fuck shit."

MRR: So you feel like the Bay Area Booking Collective helped propel a culture shift of the punk scene to center marginalized people?
Shawna: Yes, I was kind of like: "OK, we're leaving this thing behind," to the point where a lot of people might not realize that there had to be an intentional shift, because it's in the past now.

MRR: Obviously the fest has evolved with the name change but how is that being actualized in the fest?
Jade: One of the most significant changes this year, I think, is that me and Shawna both have been making more art together as organizers. We had a flyer making party last year with volunteers and we've been drawing on that art from last year which was made by our friends too. We have a really strong visual aesthetic that I feel includes elements of '90s rave culture, elements of punk, queer zine culture, and draws on a long history of Black visual art that is oppositional and DIY, like *Fire!!* zine, *Shotgun Seamstress*, things like that. So pulling in a lot of different visual elements that resonate with both how we experience DIY or punk aesthetics, because that's been a big thing. I think that the visual component evolving more has been part of articulating that this is like kinda saying punk with an LOL in parentheses, "punk" in scare quotes kind of way. It's inherently punk for marginalized people to empower themselves with music and that has looked like so many different kinds of music other than punk, but we also both identify or feel resonant with aspects of that history as well, so pulling in all those other visual influences and making them all equally strong and kind of creating like a new visual culture that we can see ourselves represented in and use to represent ourselves. Plus I feel like a poser all the time Poly Styrene style, I'm used to white punk gatekeepers deeming me unworthy of the holy grail of full "punk" identity so fuck it.
Shawna: Yeah, I think also like last year was The Universe Is Lit, which is just one, and this year it's The Multivrs Is Illuminated, and it's really focused on collective embodiment of liberation, and even temporary spaces that we create, because when we experience that, it does change the world, and when we experience that together, it's a beautiful thing. We all need to be rejuvenated by having those moments. That's why we're like The Multivrs Is Illuminated, we can all shine and we all are shining, and we all have a whole world within us, and so much shit is defining us from the outside, and then before we know it, we're defining ourselves in reaction to oppression, instead of defining ourselves and illuminating our unique frequencies. As a Black person, I've always been told I'm not punk. Regardless of what I'm doing, there's a dogmatic aesthetic. But what I have come to realize is that by being a person of color, like a punk of color from like the hood, or maybe even from the suburbs, we bring a complexity. That was the thing with like Bay Area Booking Collective. I feel like we were the first ones to be like "and now we're going to end the punk show with a dance party."

MRR: And then that practice of dancing after the show is over became like a staple here in the Bay.
Shawna: And that's kinda the thing, too. Personally I was feeling this vibe like "oh we're being judged for not being punk." Instead of trying to prove it, we were just like "you know what? This is not a punk fest." Because all of that gatekeeping shit is just another—

MRR: Form of white control?
Shawna: Exactly! We are always going to do this shit differently, and we've been punk, because everything that is considered punk, we've created! I mean, Indigenous people, people of color, fucking Black people, brown people, poor people, DIY shit is how we had to survive in this fucking postcolonial world. And we didn't call it punk, we called it—
Jade: A juke joint. Bessie Smith used to fight and fuck grown ass men and women probably all in the same night! She had songs about eating ass in like 1920! Or fucking like some other kind of nightclub that was one of the only spaces where you could experience queer Black performance in the 1930s in Harlem. Not everything that is oppositional musical culture that comes from Black experience would necessarily fall under the banner of, you know, three-piece, three-chord punk, but is coming from this place of resilience and defiance of cultural expectations and social control. To me that is just inherently more compelling than some white man talking about, I don't even know what. Some of the Norse gods or some shit. That's one reason why we have parties at the fest in addition to shows. There's a long history of the dance floor being a place where social boundaries of acceptable behavior according to race / class / gender collapse.

MRR: I also feel like in general, though, culturally in the underground, there's been destruction of distinction between genres, especially for people of marginalized identities, queer people, trans people, BIPOC who historically have been tokenized or pushed out...there is no codified subculture and everything is kind of blending in to each other right now. That's how I kind of feel: everyone is just doing their own thing, erasing rules and social codes that limit their creativity and are just being themselves. That in turn causes people to leave punk behind. People who would be us maybe ten years ago are now instead of coming into punk, they are doing their own thing.
Shawna: Exactly.

MRR: Do you want to speak to that? Like how the fest is also creating a platform for that space and form of practice?
Jade: Well, I can speak to that because I went to this event that was organized by youth called To Be Black and Queer, they invited me to vend my art and zines and stuff there, but I didn't know that I was going to be one of the older people there at 28. However, it was cool as fuck, and they had performances, DJs, people vending and selling stuff. A really positive atmosphere, and I was talking to them about how they came to organize it, and basically one of them talked about The Universe Is Lit being this space where they felt like they could see themselves, they were like "I could organize something like this." They didn't have to go to a space where you feel your marginalization, sometimes in an even more extreme way, because you're supposed to be around people who get it, and are speaking to an investment in collective liberation, but then that doesn't actually play out in practice. They see people like ourselves who are already empowered after years of being tried and disillusioned. You become empowered to create your own

space. They cut out or circumvent that part of the process, or maybe it just looks different. It doesn't look like years of hoping that you meet other people that are POC queer femme freaks and on your level that you could be friends with, you know?
Shawna: Yeah, being a teenager in the '90s, I definitely got shit thrown at me, physically threatened, called a poser all the time, just for skateboarding. Like it was so wild that a Black girl would be into skateboarding. I was immediately ostracized by my friends and community, and even some white people who I thought were friends, assumed that I didn't like being Black because I was into punk and skateboarding, and I stuck it out because I guess I'm a glutton for punishment. JK, I stuck it out because assimilation was just never an option for me. I saw a shift even towards the end of the '90s in my own high school in West Phoenix. I gained respect from some of those same people who would harass me. When they saw that I didn't change and I was just being me, they respected that. They looked up to it, they would be like "I wish I could be free like you." And everyone is doing that, or was doing that, and still is doing that in their own little zones. Now there's the Aklasan Pinoy Punk Fest in the Bay, last year Philly hosted the Arab American YallaPunk fest. There's Decolonize Fest in London, Deep Cuts in Nola. Like this is an international moment.

People's work over many years has made made shit switch up for the better. I remember when Lil Wayne was really into skateboarding, and I was like, "I took those licks so Lil Wayne could be out here skateboarding."

MRR: So we can have Lil Uzi Vert.
Shawna: Exactly, and I think it's a beautiful thing and I think that's the difference between some white punks or some weird punk purists or something, is that they're like "close it, close it, keep it elite, or secret." I can understand that from a place of not wanting your shit to be commodified. But for Black people in this country, protection from commodification is not even an option. For me, punk was a doorway into true self-love and empowerment, deep friendships, travelling the country. I feel like I have friends all over the world. So I want other people to have access to that because they need it. I don't feel I have the right to gatekeep anything. I think that's the difference in the new wave and a lotta white punks.

MRR: Because they have rules, regulations, they love to regulate. Restrictions!
Shawna: Exactly.

MRR: I feel like the more the youth break away from the

subculture, I also feel the more people who are part of this subculture try to purify it, you know? They try to keep it stagnant and the same traditions, you know, the same costume that everyone wears, the same D-beat song.
Jade: And in some ways I feel like that, that's just the most liberal possible thing that you could do: move further and further to politically to the center or this place where white supremacy is safe and maintained in order to maintain this elitism, that your identity would collapse if you didn't have it.

MRR: White punks, ask yourselves: who would you be without punk?
Shawna: Because guess what? Some people become irrelevant. I've seen a lot of people become irrelevant over the years and all they have are each other to live out their glory days of when they were punk, and they think they get this cred their whole life, and they never actually grow or develop, and it's like, you could've grown, you could've shifted with the times and opened up and deconstructed some shit and been a part of this new wave, but you wanna cling to that old shit because at the end of the day, you want to feel superior.

Can I speak on some shit? Because like I said, I feel like I got a lot of flak from people when I came on to this scene because in their hearts they knew that I was a part of a new wave. I have a long-ass email from some white Bay Area punk legend that says that I'm compromising the punk scene. I saw a lotta shit shift and it was to the point that you can be complex, you can honor all of your ways of being and all the things that you like, you know, do what you're doing. That's what's happening now, and that's what this fest is about. We're trying to create a space where everyone can feel self-love, joy, and that group love when you're all in a show together, and I don't know, that's just what we're doing, it's like moving all that other shit aside to do something different, more fun.

MRR: I feel like from last year, too, I asked people about their experiences who weren't from here, who don't have this every day like we do. And they're like "I honestly needed that. White punks in my town convinced me all of these things about myself." This was like pretty much a narrative that went across the board. These people come from smaller towns, white people could gaslight them into thinking all these things about themselves, they're ostracized in all of these ways as pressure to conform into the dominant punk scene, but when they come here they feel like that's all out the window, and they can actually be who they are.
Shawna: Yeah, and if that's really what the Multivrs is all about. My time as a person in punk bands who toured and booked shows, is what gave me the skills to do this and the idea, but in terms of punk or not punk, I'm just like, whatever.
Jade: I can definitely relate to that. Like I met both of you at different points when I was still living in Portland when I was eighteen in 2008, and I didn't even know what could be...I hung out with anarchists and punks just because I was like "yeah, I hate racism, I hate fascism." I didn't even meet queers, most of whom were white, until I was nineteen / twenty.

MRR: And those are the people that are yelling the most.
Jade: Exactly, who have the loudest volume about it. I didn't understand, and because I was so young, coming to the fucking Anarchist People of Color meeting in this flowing sundress and gold door knocker earrings and shit, getting iced out, you know? I didn't know the unspoken rules of the scene yet and was just like "why are these people hating on me?" Ari was the first person who told me about the word transphobia when I was nineteen. I still remember that moment. Like straight up, it's the same with Shawna at the 22nd St. Co-op and stuff, just seeing a cool, weird Black person. I feel like part of that wave of people after the Bay Area Booking Collective, who would come to BestFriend Grrlfriend shows or Sissyfit or SBSM or Wizard Apprentice and then also meeting friends like Titania before she played in a band... The Bay Area is special for that reason. I met Black femme punks here, queer and trans punks who were not white, disabled punks, met freaks and queers that actually gave a fuck about having each other's backs. That was what empowered me to move forward. For a while I stepped back and didn't even fuck with any kind of punk or anarchist DIY anything, I left it for so long because it was traumatizing, I was physically and emotionally traumatized in those spaces, literally. I had a magic summer at a squat in Philly (shoutout sassquat!) that helped me see a possibility for my embodiment in DIY and punk. And then once I came here, I was like, compelled to move forward. I've been embraced when taking up space creatively here and that for me was a big motivator for the fest: to share what I had been absorbing and moving through for several years and make space for others to do the same.

MRR: What's in store for this year, like there's bands, do you want to talk about what this fest entails? If they come through, what are they going to experience?
Shawna: Well, first of all, in the spirit of punk culture, everything is fucking free. In spirit of Food Not Bombs and shit, there's always food, and it's a four-day extravaganza. This year we're collaborating with ATA and Pro Arts. The first day is a film festival, performance artists, and a to-be-revealed show at a public location. Then we have lots of bands. The other three days are different shows, and we have acts coming from Chicago, Ono, the Breathing Light, Softie from New Orleans is coming, we have a lot of Bay Area bands, Drama, My Friend, Scissoring, anything you want to add?
Jade: I think that's all I can reveal for now.

MRR: There's also artists and vendors sharing their work?
Jade: Yes, there's going to be a visual art show at ATA the same night the film screening is happening as well as performance—performance art, you know, instead of musical performances—and vendors, and people are going to have their art in the show for sale if they want to. Looking forward to see what people pull out for that, the art show last year was sick.
Shawna: We both feel really good. Last year was amazing and beautiful. And every fucking musical act. We're stoked, it's going to be super awesome. Some people came to town for that fest and didn't leave! Damn, I can't wait for everyone to come out, it's going to be so much fun. I just want to thank the energetic support and everyone who is going to volunteer. It's definitely a community project. I want to acknowledge all of that. I love the Bay Area so much, because we really hold it down for each other, and when this fest came, everyone was like "let's do this."

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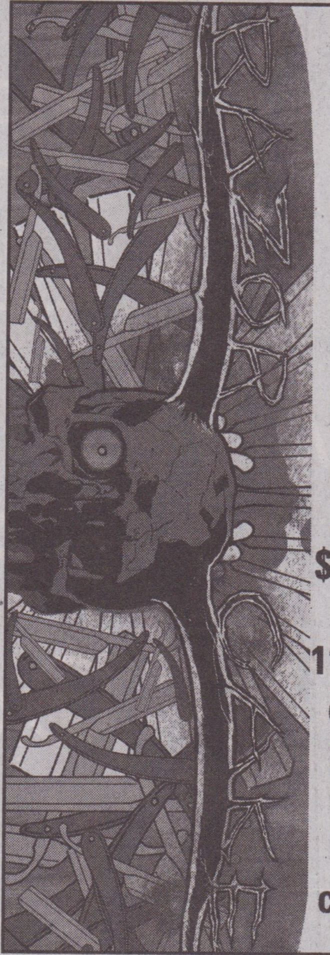

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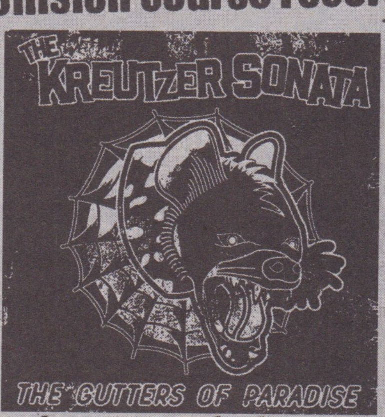

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The Letdown

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ABOLITIONIST

Abolitionist are a politically minded punk band from Oregon who have been working away releasing records and touring for the past eight years or more. This year they've ramped up their activity with a new LP coming out and a tour to support and spread their sounds and message to a greater number of punks across the country. Their music is tuneful without being wimpy, recalling late period Dischord bands like Fugazi and Jawbox, but not a direct knock off in sound, but more in their intensity and attention to song craft. Lyrically smart, they offer their viewpoints on animal rights, the environment, and overall state of the world we are working through.

Interview by Matt Average.

Answers by Dustin Herron.

Photos by Kenyon McWilliams.

MRR: What is one thing you would like to abolish at this very moment, and why?
Speaking purely for myself, it would be the animal exploitation industry in all its forms. However, the current hot take is that "there's no ethical consumption under capitalism" (often used as a nice excuse to keep eating animals, I've noticed), so if we're talking ideals here then yeah, fuck capitalism…and the heteronormative patriarchy…but there are currently over seven-and-a-half billion(!) human beings on this planet, and lots of guns and nukes and flag-worshippers, so who knows where the ship is sailing to at this point? There are plenty of good people out there doing good things, though, so the situation may not be as dire as it seems…

MRR: Is there any abolitionist in history that you admire?
I think the most obvious one would be John Brown. He was a complex individual and most definitely a religious zealot, which is a bit hard to reconcile with my own non-religious leanings… but in the reading I've done about him, he was tolerant of non-believers, so long as they shared the common goal of anti-slavery. He was ruthless, single-minded, and passionate in his desire to be a catalyst of destruction against the institution of slavery. He didn't give a fuck about anything else, which ultimate led to his (desired) martyrdom. If only we could all be so dedicated to anything…

MRR: Abolitionist are a politically minded band. What are some ways you implement what you sing about into your daily living?
Ah, geez…I guess I just try to stay informed, educated, skeptical, and curious as much as possible. I try to keep moving forward, not give up, pay attention to what the good people are doing (musically, politically, et cetera)…I try not to get stuck in nostalgia, although that's a big challenge. I try to always be reading a book, fiction and non-fiction. At a minimum, I maintain the vegan diet I started almost twenty years ago…but that's definitely the least thing I could do. The older I've gotten, the more I realize how privileged I am as a straight white guy living in the Pacific NW of the USA, so I try to be mindful of that as much as possible.

MRR: When you chose the name of the band, did you have any particular reason other than it sounded cool?
Yeah, it was definitely because I was reading heavily about the first American Civil War and was feeling pretty inspired by all the anti-slavery abolitionists (Black and white) who were fighting hard during that era. At the time I came up with the name, I didn't realize so many anti-abortion zealots identify as "abolitionists" (we're definitely pro-choice), but so it goes.

Also, it should be said that while I personally admire those who call themselves "abolitionist" in regards to the animal exploitation industry, we're not an "animal liberation" band, per se (although I think we all collectively enjoy Propagandhi, for instance); the current line-up is only 50% vegan (me and Jeremy), so it wouldn't be fair to consider us that. Not that I haven't written Abolitionist songs alluding to the issue (see: "Consider Someone Else," which we released on a split 7" with Rubrics a few years back, a blatant homage to the aforementioned Canadian shredders), and it's probably even more confusing since we have a song called "A Little Animal Liberation Never Hurt Anybody" on the new LP! I think it makes more sense in the context of the album's storyline, though.

MRR: Is Abolitionist the first band for the majority of the members in the band?
No, I think we've all played in a variety of bands over the years…it might be most serious band most of us have played in, in terms of recording and touring, except for Sean!

MRR: You now have the drummer from Plow United in your band?
Yeah, Sean played in Plow United in both the '90s and '10s. He toured pretty extensively with them in the '90s when they were based out of Delaware, then finished his degree and took a job in Bend, Oregon teaching stats at the community college. I saw him play with Plow after they reunited in 2015, and did a few shows in Oregon. I remember watching him drum as a fill-in for one band (Tuck & Roll) for their show show in Portland, then play an hour-plus set with Plow to finish the night…I was pretty impressed by his energy and enthusiasm.

MRR: How did that come about?
I took a short break from Abolitionist (marriage, job change, move from Portland to Corvallis), and when the time came to write a new LP, I remembered his performance. I remember thinking "I need that guy's solid drumming on these tracks!" At first, I was only going to record a new LP, but he was also into the idea of playing shows…so I asked him in December 2016 if he'd be down to tour before recording and he gave an enthusiastic yeah, so we toured in July of 2017 and then recorded a twelve-song LP in December 2017 (plus he recorded drums on 22 additional songs in one day!). He's honestly rekindled my enjoyment of playing music; Sean's a genuinely good guy, and talented drummer, so I've been pretty motivated to write, record, and play since he's joined us. Hard to believe he's got seven years on me and twice the energy.

MRR: Great drummers are hard to come by, so what do you do to make sure he's happy with the band?
Ha, good question! Since he's a busy guy, and lives almost three hours from me, the band can only get together collectively once a month for practice. So, maybe it's the infrequent practices? Seriously, though, I think he just loves playing punk rock and enjoys playing with us.

MRR: Going back to the topic of animal liberation, it's a topic that I don't see discussed much at all within punk. Or is this just me?
Yeah, I mean, it's something I typically associate with the '90s hardcore scene (mostly the vegan straight edge bands, obviously), and I guess '80s anarcho- / peace-punk bands? I know for sure that modern crust bands still address the topic, but not too many "punk" bands… Not sure if it's just a taboo I'm ignorant to, or maybe it's just not something a majority of people care much about. I get it, to an extent… The issue probably doesn't resonate / connect with a majority of people when there are other issues perhaps more pressing (assault on civil liberties, the rise of the ultra-nationalist right, climate change, et cetera). It's all connected in my mind (AKA "total liberation"), but I can appreciate that not everyone shares my perspective.

MRR: Your label is 1859, which I presume is related to the year that Oregon became a state. Can you name a couple of other significant events that happened that same year? (One pertains to your band name, by the way.)
Oh yeah, it definitely relates to the year that Oregon became a state (and infamously included in its state constitution an "exclusion clause" that made it illegal for Black people to not only own property, but to be in the state; it was never formally enforced, but the sentiment was obviously there). It was also the year that John Brown mounted a failed attempt to foment a slave revolt at Harper's Ferry in Virginia; it's been argued that this singular event was the catalyst for the first American Civil War.

MRR: Is "Pill Hill" really a place?
Yeah, "Pill Hill" is where a few of the hospitals in Portland are located on its west side (namely OHSU, the VA, and the Shriner's

hospital). It's an old nickname, I don't think many people call it that anymore. I was living up there when I wrote *The Vicious Rumor*; that song title refers to a track on it, which was the destination of the two characters in that album's storyline.

MRR: You mention there's a storyline to your album *The Vicious Rumor*. Do all of your albums have a storyline? Your new albums seems to have one as well.
Yeah, it's been a theme for my approach to writing any Abolitionist full-length, which I guess is for a few reasons: it just makes sense to me to use a story outline to create a focused collection of songs, it allows me to come up with the basic songs in a relatively short amount of time (averages one to two months), and allows me to be a little creative the cover art art / song titles / lyrics / et cetera...the band hasn't ever really been a "let's get together and jam to see what we can come up with" kind of thing...it's always been a focused project for me, that gets some quality embellishment from the musicians who decide they wanna go along with the vision. That's partly why I've stuck with it for a few years, and partly why there have been so many lineup changes. When it comes to songs that end up on 7" records (like our split with Rubrics a few years ago, and our latest EP, *The Pinnacle*), those are a bit more topical and don't usually tie in to some speculatively fictional storyline.

The basic storyline behind the new one is a world where everyone magically feels an overwhelming sense of empathy... which naturally leads to veganism...but since humans are fucking weird, and have this developed linguistic ability (I mean, it's really easy to manipulate and destroy people collectively with communicated verbal language [see Rwanda, Bosnia, Cambodia, Nazi Germany, modern USA]), shit gets fucked pretty quickly...the herd essentially eliminates the outliers who (for some reason) don't quite get that same sense of empathy. It's weird, I know, but it's kind of my cynical take on humanity...I mean, even if a vegan utopia were to suddenly manifest (something I'd be down for, as a longtime vegan), we'd still find some way to commit an atrocity against each other.

MRR: When putting the new album together, did you spend much time wondering if the message will be misunderstood?
I guess so. I've spent time in other interviews doing my best to explain the message behind the storyline, perhaps to its detriment. On one hand, I'm not sure most people would have even realized there's a storyline with this one, since a few of the songs seem (intentionally) self-contained. I always appreciate an explanation of a musical release from a band, though... makes their project seem more interesting to me.

MRR: Have there been any songs you have written in the past where someone has communicated to you on some level that they simply missed the point?
Not directly, but I'm sure it's happened from time to time. We recently got trolled by an alt-right MRA dude on Facebook who seemed to get the gist of "Backlash" being directed at his ilk... even though it's not really, in the context of the album storyline. But it made me chuckle when he spent an inordinate amount of time directing these gold nuggets at me: "Come invade our houses, genius" and "How about you write a decent song, make enough money to get your own house. Dork." and then finished

the conversation by posting a video of that new bizarre Kanye West song. You can't make this shit up!

MRR: Do you ever censor yourself when writing some lyrics?
Sure. I'd probably enjoy writing a bit more inflammatorily, based on my own personal feelings, but I take into consideration the other band members, the overall "aesthetic" of the band that's been curated over time, the fact that I'm more out to meet cool people and be involved in the greater punk community rather than be another reactionary, narcissistic white dude... I'm not planning on having children, so this musical project is sort of my legacy, I guess. I'm less interested in having people know my individual name years after I've died, and more stoked on the idea that maybe a kid 100 years from now is going to get into something we've released, get stoked on it, et cetera. Who knows, once you've put something out into the world?

MRR: From my perspective, it seems Abolitionist is entering a really active period. If this is correct, what is fueling this motivation?
Death anxiety, mostly. Just kidding...that's only a tiny percentage of the motivation. I really think it's because I've gotten older and recognized that I've only got so much time left to leave behind that aforementioned legacy. Plus, I have more resources available to throw into the money pit that is the modern DIY punk band. It's also a lot of fun to play music with Sean, Jeremey, and Joey. I do sometimes get tired of the self-promotion, tour planning (I've admittedly done very little of it compared to most active bands), recording process, et cetera, but then I realize how unique the entire experience is in the context of the average person's life. Being an active member of the DIY punk community really is a privilege that most people should be proud of contributing to. It seems like most people in society go through the motions of life, act as passive receptacles, but it's cool that there's a small percentage of people that write, rehearse, record, release, tour, do zines, do labels, et cetera...it's a fun thing to be a part of, and I respect all the people that do it. The ones that aren't assholes, at least!

MRR: What is it that compels you to put this much time, energy, and money into something like punk instead of getting involved with something a local political group in your community?
I think it has to do with a combination of social anxiety and age-related underlying cynicism. As I've gotten older, I've realized I enjoy interacting with people, but on a limited basis... and I like working in groups, but it wears me out fairly quickly... While I don't disparage those involved in politics, especially at a community level, I feel like years of right-wing lobbying against "progressive ideals" (see: the rise of the Koch-funded Libertarian / "Tea Party" movement [read *Dark Money* if you really wanna get jaded]) has fucked everything up more than we realize. Grassroots democratic movements are crucial to a healthy society, but it's impressive / depressive to me how the proverbial "narrative" has shifted so that using words like "social justice" can be conflated with "anti-freedom" by the extreme right, then adopted by a fair percentage of the mainstream. Maybe it's because there are seven billion people (and counting) on this planet, finite resources, inefficiencies inherent to global capitalism, and a need for the white heterosexist patriarchy to affirm its place in history? In any event, belting out punk tunes seems like a safer way to preserve my mental health at this point in my life. We'll see what the future holds...

MRR: You have a tour this summer. Is this your most expansive tour? Where are you planning to go after this?
It for sure is. It doesn't seem like a long time (it's only eighteen dates) to the road dogs out there, I'm sure, but it's the longest in the history of Abolitionist. I'm excited to finally have a lineup, and a good work schedule, that's helped bring it to fruition. We're excited to play our short (overly loud) set to the friends we made on tour last summer, and hopefully to some new folks. After this, we're hoping to head over to the Midwest / Northeast (hopefully eastern Canada in there, as well) in the summer of 2019...and the UK / Ireland in 2020. I'm feeling pretty optimistic about all this.

MRR: You mentioned leaving a legacy behind when this is all done. What is the legacy of Abolitionist?
Good question. Hopefully the legacy is that somewhere down the line, long after I've turned to toast, a group of people will look back and say "Oh, hey, not everyone had their head in the sand back then about how fucked the world was becoming," and maybe, if we're lucky, "and their tunes weren't all that bad, either."

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D.I.Y. as Privilege – 13 point Manifesto for Musicians

1 See the privilege in being able to Do It Yourself

2 Disabilities can be visible and invisible. Physical barriers and lack of understanding can exclude people, think about how you can help remove barriers.

3 "Using privilege to dismantle privilege, one of the best ways to use your voice is to amplify voices that aren't being heard." – Rebecca Solnit

4 Do It Yourself can mean different things to different people and is a misleading term – it can mean you still work with people that record your music, people that make and sell your records, people that own the buildings you rehearse in, people that put on gigs, just as much as music facilitators, support workers or transport to and from a gig.

5 Be a supportive tool, be patient, listen, give people control.

6 "They're catching me on my weak points but not on my strong points." – David M on Job Centre Plus. Catch people's strong points.

7 Don't assume what's accessible; ask and learn.

8 People with disabilities performing at or attending gigs shouldn't be exceptional; the more it happens the more 'normal' it becomes. Make it the norm.

9 There is an audience for everything and ideas of what is 'good music' will always be political.

10 Everyone, regardless of ability, can contribute to a music scene. Use existing support networks to get people on stage and in the audience – disability arts charities, organisations and support workers.

11 Turn up and keep turning up. Sometimes when supporting people being consistent is more impressive than being spectacular.

12 The more invisible you make yourself the more visible others will be.

13 People with disabilities have senses of humour, laugh with people and enjoy yourself.

D.I.Y.

Stands for "Do It Yourself". In music it promotes the idea that anyone is capable of becoming a musician and sharing their music. It empowers individuals and communities, encouraging alternative approaches when faced with barriers to achieving their objectives.

Disability

I use the social model of disability. The idea that it is the environment, society and culture that surrounds someone that creates barriers which disable them.

Privilege

The idea that advantages are available only to certain people in society.

Manifesto

A text that promotes a new idea with ways for carrying out changes the writer believes should be made.

This was written by Richard Phoenix who has spent many years dedicated to using his ability, privilege and experience to open up the DIY ethos to bands and musicians with learning disabilities. He has supported the creation of a music scene in Brighton around the long running night, "The Rock House" ; organised three UK tours for musicians with learning disabilities; supported DIY space for London to be the first volunteer run venue in the UK to achieve Bronze accreditation for access; and worked as a music facilitator supporting musicians with learning disabilities to form bands, create music, record and perform; as well as organising countless other gigs, releases, events and projects. He has found that these scenes are the most wildly creative, egoless, positive, musically innovative, fun and the best he's been a part of.

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OSLO BØRS

They were raucous, full of heft, and firmly footed to the left; until they weren't.

Formed in 1978, Oslo Børs was a cornerstone of early Norwegian punk. Their first release (titled 3-Spor EP) was unleashed in October of 1979. Though it was preceded by a few middling efforts (Pink Dirt, et al.), it was the first eminent entrant to represent punk in the region.

For those unfamiliar with Norwegian commerce, Oslo Børs is the official name and property of The Oslo Stock Exchange. Consequently, the band's name was ordered to be altered; in a shrewd shift, their name became Oslo Beurs.

For more information, read forward as we're joined by original drummer, Bjørn Sverre Kristensen, aka Bjørn Takras.

Introduction and interview by Dustin Morris.

MRR: Can you tell us about the Marxist leanings of Oslo Børs? It's been said that the group viewed punk as a means to promote anti-capitalistic ideals.
The Marxist leanings were quite clear, at least for the rhythm guitarist / vocalist *[Knut Selsjord]*, although I don't recall that he was a member of AKP (ML) *[Workers' Communist Party, Marxist-Leninists]*. He had taken a course in Latin when he was in upper-secondary school, but now worked as a welder, as far as I remember. His plan, I think, was to use punk as a political tool to promote Marxism. Although I was also left-wing in my political views, I was much more relaxed on the matter; I didn't believe in armed revolution, and when it came to punk, I was more in it for the music and the fun.

MRR: And how was it that you joined Oslo Børs? Did you approach them?
I got connected with Oslo Børs when I saw a poster at Club 7, where the *[yet unnamed]* band was seeking a drummer. The poster also informed about the group's political leanings, and stated that they were looking for "one who [knew] who the actual enemy [was]."

MRR: Was the band active in pamphleteering / spreading subversive propaganda?
No, at least not to my knowledge. How the members spent their spare time was their business, but we were, as most of the punk and ska people were, definitely part of the left wing when it came to politics.

MRR: Was the lineup of Oslo Børs more or less solidified when you joined?
When I joined, the group was actually a quartet lacking a drummer. Rhythm guitarist Knut, lead guitarist Tormod, and the bass player (I can't remember his name) all came from the town called Gjøvik, approximately 150 km. north of Oslo. They had all moved to Oslo either to study or to work. Knut's girlfriend, Ulla, played the organ, a lovely red Farfisa that produced those gorgeous "cheep" sounds, which you can hear on Elvis Costello's "Watching the Detectives." At the time I started playing with the group, the bass player quit, so Ulla switched from organ to bass. I think she bought the gear from the bassist; a white Fender Jazz Bass, plus amp. We sporadically used the Farfisa, so Ulla alternated between bass and organ. It was when I started that the group got its name.

MRR: Pertaining to Ulla's involvement, is it safe to assume that it was a largely male-dominated scene?
Yes. Although most punk rockers were conscious about women's liberation and the equality of the sexes, the "classical" view that rock was a male's thing seemed to persist. Some of the female punk rockers were aware of this and went in on learning the bass or the drum set. I worked as a drum instructor with "Aksjon kvinnekultursenter" (Action Women's Culture Centre, a feminist center); it was the AKKS at the Blitz house in Oslo, where I trained a number of female punk drummers. So the male-dominated view gradually subsided.

MRR: It's been said that you also volunteered as a night watchman for the Blitz House. As an instructor, did you have any notable pupils, punk or otherwise?
The most notable pupil I had was a girl called Caroline Asplin *[later Caroline Waters, daughter of famous Norwegian actor / singer Per Asplin]*, but she only turned up for one lesson, and was really a lousy drummer. Now she's a gifted singer-songwriter.

MRR: Prior to the arrival of Punk in Norway, you had played in a Prog / Jazz-Rock band called Revegården. Can you compare for us your growing disinterest in that scene, and the emergence of Punk / New Wave?
In Revegården, I played percussion (congas, bongos, and hand percussion). We performed instrumental jazz-rock, with covers from groups like Chicago and Weather Report, but also pieces members had composed. A feature of the band was long, improvised solos, which I got more and more fed up with. I have always been ambivalent towards improvisations, especially long, drawn-out ones. I got bored to death

and longed for something else, something more energetic and "raw." So when punk rock surfaced, I found things that were missing in jazz-rock: speed, energy, revolt, and joy in exposing oneself musically, instead of introspective musical exercises.

MRR: What was your first exposure to punk? Can you recall the first punk record(s) you collected?
My first exposure to punk was when I heard Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen" on radio in 1977. I was struck by the uncompromising directness of the music, miles apart from the dreary jazz-rock, sympho-rock and disco that dominated the popular music scene at that time. And when I first heard "Clash City Rockers," I went straight to the record store and bought it. When I joined Oslo Børs, Knut lent me a pile of singles by the Stranglers, Siouxsie and the Banshees, and Elvis Costello. I also bought an LP by Patti Smith and singles by UK Subs and (amongst others) the Undertones, which made their imprint on me.

MRR: Were there any Norwegian fanzines that you enjoyed reading?
Yes. I read *City Rockers*, which first came out in May 1978, I think. Lots of interesting stuff about obscure bands! Also I read Norwegian rock papers such as *Nye Takter (New Measures)*, *Puls* (where I later worked as a film critic), and *Beat*.

MRR: Did you see Sex Pistols at the Pingvin Club or in Trondheim? Was there a noticeable ripple effect after they came through?
No. I did not see Pistols in concert, but their gigs caused a stir both inside and outside music circles, and they certainly launched the punk wave in Norway. Punk groups started to pop up in the major cities, such as Oslo, Bergen, Stavanger, and Trondheim. What fascinated me was the attitude that punk represented: you needed neither expensive gear nor a considerable amount of musicality to let your voice be heard. Essential was attitude, and rebellion towards injustice, racism, sexism, and political repression.

What was the reaction from the jazz / club-rock front?
The jazz people were outraged. For Oslo, Club 7 was traditionally a jazz place, which gradually evolved into a rock joint. But punk? Forget about it! Club 7 was actually a "cultural club" with its own theatre group, film production group, library, and its own monthly periodical. They had lots of members, mostly students, artists, and intellectuals, and they had a typical anti-authoritarian attitude towards the church and other types of organized religion. Some of the board members wrote an article about punk music where they compared the punk movement with the coming of Satan. When I read it, I was amazed! Suddenly these atheists and free-thinkers had become religious! Because of a bunch of kids going mental behind some band instruments and a mic? So, yes, punk indeed made a noticeable effect!

MRR: Was Oslo Børs known to incite riotous behavior?
Yes. When Oslo Børs came into swing, Club 7 was in the process of orienting its music profile towards harder types of rock, including punk. Although this process went very gradually, the folkies and jazz-rockers became more and more uneasy. So when Oslo Børs was offered a gig at the Club, things grew somewhat out of control.

When the club opened that night, February 9th 1980, there were lots of fans outside, together with the regular jazzers. In came hordes of our crowd in black PVC trousers, leather jackets, and with safety pins attached here and there, together with long-haired hippies in round glasses, wearing jackets that resembled native Indian woven blankets. Both factions sat on each side of the room, the punks gargling down their beer and the hippies sipping their wine.

After a couple of tunes, the hippies suddenly rose from their chairs and went into the library room at the far end of the auditorium. After some minutes they marched in again, and they were furious! I have never seen hippies marching before! Nor after! One of them threw a chair, which hit Morten Søby, editor of the literary periodical *Profil*, and ardent punk rock advocate, in the head. Then it all started! The fight was on, and it was a free for all!

It was like someone had turned on a switch, or as you see in old Western movies: a bar-room brawl! The hippies started throwing glasses at the band. The back wall of the stage was of concrete, decorated with a painted mural, glasses smashing into it and splinters flying, but we drew our flaming swords and kept on playing until a guard turned on the light. All of a sudden, the magic and fighting went out.

We were ordered off stage and were given fifteen minutes to pack our gear and get out. In the meantime, the police had arrived, arresting some of our kids, so the band found itself in

OSLO BØRS
Bestill denne skiva fra Krakk-produksjon, Beverveien 25, leil. 11, Oslo 5

SMUKKE FOLKS BØRN
TYNGENDE ANSVAR
RÅTNE GUDER
EN KRAKK PRODUKSJON
3-spor-singel

4-spors EP
OSLO BEURS
KRAKK

hefty argumentation with the police officers who, alas! were very hard, if not impossible, to negotiate with. Some of our kids had to spend the rest of the night in jail and were released in the morning after being fined. I think we organized a collection to pay the fines.

MRR: Were there any Punk bands in the Oslo scene that you frequently played with / enjoyed seeing?

Yes, we hung around with and did gigs with Kjøtt (Meat), Hærverk (Havoc), Blaupunkt, Babij Jar, and the ska group the Aller Verste (the Very Worst). Great fun! We also did a gig with an all-girl punk group from Trondheim called Clæopatras Hevn (Cleopatra's Revenge), as far as I remember. It was great hanging together, great music, friendly people, and lots of fun!

MRR: Did Oslo Børs play outside of Norway or have a network of friends outside of Oslo? Was there a neighboring scene that was interesting to visit?

When I was a member we played at Bryne, a small town just outside of Stavanger, on the Norwegian West Coast. That was the only gig we did outside Oslo, when I was a member.

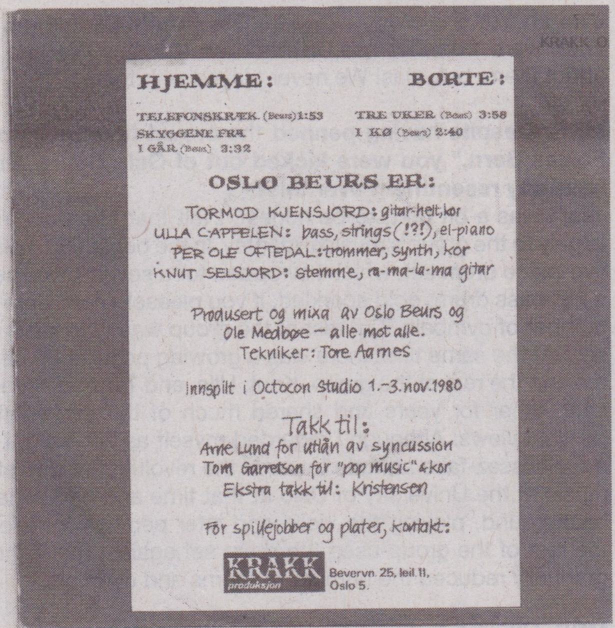
MRR: Would you care to expand on that?

Sure. Bryne is a small town, or village, outside of Stavanger; one of the major cities on the Norwegian West coast. I think it was Knut who landed that gig. He knew a fellow who worked as a warden at the local jail. This fellow also was into punk music. I don't think he played any instrument. He just liked the music. He fixed a gig for us at the local youth club. So we loaded our gear in to Knut's little Volkswagen bus and off we went the long road from Oslo. I took the night train together with Tormod and his girlfriend Vera, as far as I remember. We did only one gig, which was great fun.

MRR: Were there any cover songs in the band's repertoire?

Yes. We played (amongst others) "My Boy Lollipop," and covered "Clash City Rockers" and "(White Man in) Hammersmith Palais" with Norwegian lyrics, which were provided by Knut.

MRR: On the sleeve of the Oslo Børs EP [*3-Spor EP*] you're credited as "Bjørn Takras." If I'm not mistaken, this loosely translates to Bjørn "Roof Avalanches?" And Ulla is credited as "New Pure Wool?"


HJEMME: BORTE:

TELEFONSKRÆK (Beurs) 1:53
SKYGGENE FRA
I GÅR (Beurs) 3:32

TRE UKER (Beurs) 3:58
I KØ (Beurs) 2:40

OSLO BEURS ER:

TORMOD KJENSJORD: gitar-helt, kor
ULLA CAPPELEN: bass, strings (!?!), el-piano
PER OLE OFTEDAL: trommer, synth, kor
KNUT SELSJORD: stemme, ra-ma-la-ma gitar

Produsert og mixa av Oslo Beurs og
Ole Medbøe – alle mot alle.
Tekniker: Tore Aarnes

Innspilt i Octocon Studio 1.–3. nov. 1980

Takk til:
Arne Lund for utlån av syncussion
Tom Garretson for "pop music" & kor
Ekstra takk til: Kristensen

For spillejobber og plater, kontakt:

KRAKK produksjon
Bevervn. 25, leil. 11,
Oslo 5.

Yes. That was Knut's idea. I don't know why or how it came about. Knut sometimes called himself "Knut Kaput" ("Kaput" meaning "out of order.") There exists a tradition in rock where artists have nicknames or aliases. Perhaps this was the Norwegian variant.

MRR: Can you tell us about Krakk Records? Was it some kind of inside joke?

Krakk Records wasn't a registered company, it was an inside joke that Knut devised. The band was initially called Oslo Børs, which means Oslo Stock Exchange. The word *krakk* in Norwegian means stock market crash, so I guess the name had some humoristic criticism of capitalism in it.

MRR: In the matrix / runout groove, there is an etching that reads "MAI." Can you explain this?

Yes. The company that pressed the single, instead of engraving "Krakk 01," wrongly engraved "MAI" in the vinyl, suggesting that we as a band were signed to the Norwegian record company named "MAI." The name "MAI" was inspired from May 1st, the international workers' day. "MAI" thus was heavily involved in the Norwegian Marxist movement and the AKP (ml). Oslo Børs had a distribution deal with MAI who distributed 50% of the record edition. The rest, we band members sold personally, to friends, fans, hangarounds and on the streets. But many punkers and others believed Oslo Børs to be the party's crowbar for infiltrating the punk movement. That wasn't true. All band members were more or less placed on the political left wing, but we didn't have any political master plan.

MRR: Soon after the release of *3-Spor EP*, word got around to the Oslo Stock Exchange that there was a band operating under the same name, which they weren't too pleased about.

That's right. We received a letter from Oslo Børs ordering us to change the name. "It has come to the ears of the institution of Oslo Børs that there in Oslo exists a popular music group which has unrightfully taken said name. Referring to Norwegian legislation, such a transgression can result in incarceration and fines..." We couldn't believe our eyes, and fell to the floor in wild hoots of laughter! So we changed the spelling to "Beurs."

MRR: Is there any chance Oslo Børs ever played with Norgez Bank? It would be amusing to note if The Bank of Norway

ever shared the stage with The Oslo Stock Exchange.
They were from Trømso, in northern Norway. We had heard about them, but, alas! We never played with them.

MRR: Despite having penned the crowd-favorite, "Smukke Folkes Barn," you were kicked out of Oslo Beurs. Did you have any resentment over this?
Yes, I was a bit hurt, to be honest. I felt that I had contributed largely to the group's musical identity. In the beginning, I played a five-piece drum set, which I swapped for a seven-piece set with a 26" bass drum; gold sparkled, if you please! There were also a number of cymbals. The rest of the group wasn't in favor of this set...At the same time there was a growing political rift between me and the rest of the group. Knut, Ulla, and Tormod had known each other for years and shared much of the same left-wing political views. Although I regarded myself as left-wing, I had a more laissez-faire attitude towards the revolution. I also studied music at the University of Oslo at that time and had a classical background, playing the violin and later percussion. I felt that the rest of the group used the drum set against me, although I gradually reduced the number of drums and cymbals.

MRR: Ultimately, though, you were given the boot.
Yes. After I was chucked out, Per Ole Oftedal joined as drummer. This was in the summer of 1980. I went abroad for summer holidays and ended up in Pamplona, Spain, for the San Fermín festival. I got a Spanish national costume and ran in front of the bulls, all the way through the town center to the bullfighters' arena, Hemingway style. There I spotted Knut, the only person in a black leather jacket in the whole town square. He also saw me, but we didn't go over to each other or say "hi," so tense was the atmosphere between us then. Later that summer, back in Oslo again, I met Per Ole. I asked him how the band was doing. He answered that he had quit. "Why?" I asked. The answer was "Well, I for one can't play the drums." So political views were more important than musical skills, which in fact was, and still is, I reckon, part of the punk codex.

MRR: After your departure from Oslo Beurs, you were involved in the new wave / pop group, Broadway News. That must've been an altogether different experience.
Although the version of Broadway News that I joined was influenced by the new wave style, the musical experience was quite different, more towards a stripped down version of Latin rock. I played percussion, xylophone, and vibraphone. As these instruments are part of the classical percussion curriculum, and due to the fact that I, during my music studies, had written an assignment on Bossa Nova music, the transition wasn't that drastic.

MRR: In turn, Oslo Beurs took on a more slick, new wave sound after you had been replaced. I will say this much on the subject of *4-Spors* EP: "Skyggene Fra I Går" *[meaning "The Shadows From Yesterday"]* is an undeniably solid tune, with a haunting chorus. That being said, the other tracks fall short of the raucous, urgent energy of the first EP. I can imagine fans were divided over this. In other words, if you were a fan of the Oslo Børs EP, you might not enjoy the Oslo Beurs EP quite so much.
I'm inclined to agree with you on these observations. I think there became a sort of schism among the fans. Also, I may add, the authentic punk sound and attitude towards music was on its way to be replaced by a more pop-oriented trend, where new wave rose as some sort of detergent-treated punk music. It seemed that punk was going out of vogue at that time, and, I'm sad to say, I felt that Oslo Beurs "abandoned ship."

But I have to add: Knut is a very talented songwriter. "Syggene fra I går" is a solid tune. I like the guitar work on it! The chorus goes: "*Skyggene fra I går blir til bødler om ti år. Jeg svetter på henda men holder fast I geværet,*" which means "*Ten years from now, the shadows from yesterday become executioners. My hands are sweating while I'm clutching the rifle.*" Great lines!

MRR: Has there been a time when you were unexpectedly recognized for your involvement in Oslo Børs? Or an instance in which early Norwegian punk has come up out of the blue, in a surprising manner?
Most recently, in 2006, I was approached by Trygve Mathiesen, who was writing a book on Norwegian punk during the years of 1977-1980. Trygve had been vocalist for the punk group, Squirms, in the late seventies. I provided him with some material and also gave him the book's title, *Tre grep og sannheten* (*Three Chords and the Truth*).

In 1997, The NRK (Norwegian State Broadcasting Company) radio channel, Program 3, launched a major project called "Rock mot år 2000" ("Rock towards the year 2000") in which prominent Norwegian solo artists and bands were asked to re-record tunes that the channel had deemed as iconic of the era.

One of these tunes was "Smukke folks børn," and the group that covered it was Israelvis, from Trondheim. They consisted of people from the punk group Angor Wat, and enjoyed a good measure of success, both in Norway and elsewhere in Europe. They did an amazing, funky rap-like version of "Smukke." I was happy, deeply impressed and proud! I was interviewed by the P3 for the occasion. Great fun!

At that time I worked as an associate professor of music (which I still do) at the teachers' training program at the University College of Hamar, where I live. Some of my music students heard the interview and were highly surprised that their dreary music history and composition teacher had actually been a punk rocker in his previous life!

MRR: Lastly, have you heard from / crossed paths with the members of Oslo Børs over the years?
I have talked to Knut on the telephone a couple of times. The last time was about five years ago, concerning copyright questions for "Smukke Folks Børn."

When I worked at the Blitz, I phoned both Knut and Tormod and asked them if they would consider a reunion gig there. Word had gone round that I was "Bjørn Takras" of Oslo Børs, and the kids at the Blitz asked me if we could do a gig.

Several other punk and ska bands from the era had done reunion gigs, so why not Oslo Børs, too? Well, the answers I got from Knut and Tormod were flat out no, followed by a certain degree of sarcasm. I was deeply disappointed, regarding their attitude.

Why? Was it because both Tormod and Knut had got swanky jobs? Tormod had become channel director of Program 3, and Knut had got a job as a journalist in the newspaper *Dagens Næringsliv* ("The Daily Business World"; the Norwegian equivalent of "The Financial Times").

So much for the revolution...Hail capitalism!

> *"Å stimulere Børsen er som å bera havre til ein daud hest."*
> *"To stimulate the stock exchange is like carrying oats to a dead horse."*
> —Einar Førde

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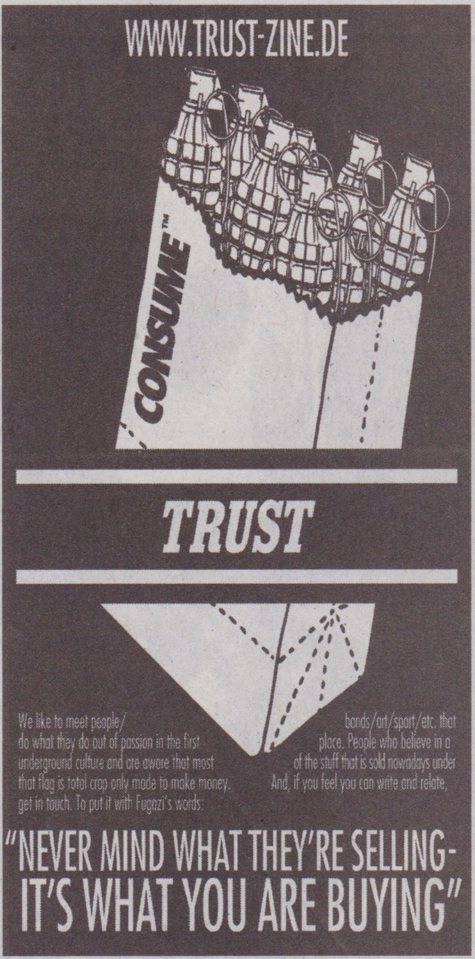

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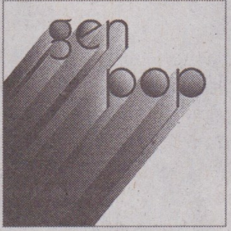

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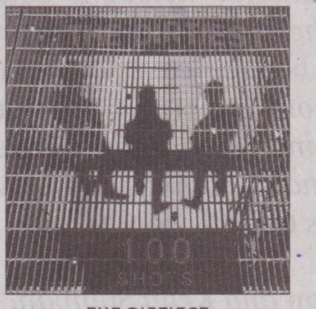

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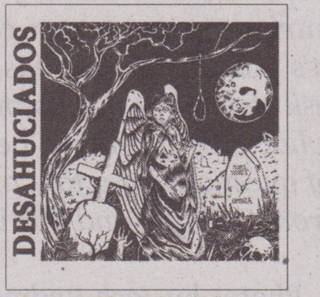

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LP

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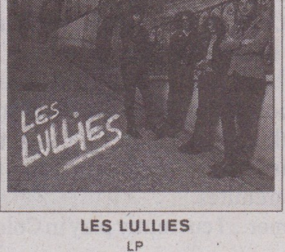
I EAT ABORTIONS EP

LES LULLIES
7 AM EP



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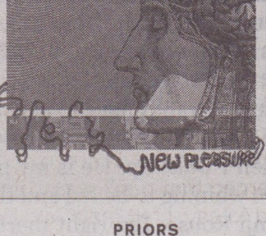

PRIORS
NEW PLEASURE LP

COHERENCE

It is almost rare to imagine at a corner of the world, there could be a luminous room that captures four quiet faces moving towards a riotous symphony and making it harmonious. This room provokes a nonfiction letter with lines of energetic fury that does not hesitate to make you doubt the current platform of punk. Coherence offers a disruptive fabrication with a sound nostalgic of Spitboy, Unwound, and Descarados. This very blissful melody is what intrigues me to turn the page of their wave. It's possible that it has been to easy for me to ask them, but it was more important to know what they felt when being faced with a series of questions by a fan, and by family. I am Arty from Colonia, and this is Coherence.

Photos by Josh Redman and Kelly Sullivan.

MRR: Hello everyone, would it be okay with you to let us know your individual names and share a personal reminder that motivates you to start your day?
Rebecca Redman: I'm Rebecca, and I get out of bed for coffee. Sometimes to pee. I generally go to sleep at 9:30 pm, so it's really not hard to get up.
Ramy Silyan: I have to feed my dog Stella.
Kris Moya: Kris here! I also feed my dog, DiNozzo, first thing when I wake up. He is my personal alarm clock, which involves him whining to be fed and then going back to sleep after eating.
Benji Rouse: I'm right there with Rebs. I'm a grandpa punk, to bed early, and like to wake up with a cup of coffee, a piece of toast, and a newspaper.

MRR: Quick fun facts about Coherence: could you name a band or two you were part of before this project?
Rebecca: I made a list a while back, and I think I've been in something like 30 bands. Right now I play drums in Soar and in a weird melodic / doomy thing called Growing Birth. I used to do something called Watercolor Paintings where I sat on the floor and mostly didn't yell for twenty minutes.
Ramy: I have always been a drummer… I currently play in Colonia,

and in the past I have played in Ten Thousand Leagues, Pills, and I fill in for bands from time to time on drums. Coherence is the first project I have played guitar and sung in.

Kris: I play in multiple bands at the moment: Long Knives on guitar / vocals, Jabber on guitar / vocals, and Clocked on drums. Coherence is the first band I have played bass in.

Benji: The band I was in that I was most proud of is My Parade—an all-POC and political and queer dancey punk band in Seattle. When I left Seattle, our friend Pony Boy took over drums, and they are still playing and still rule!

MRR: Coherence carries a lot of storytelling, specifically on shared diasporic narratives of home, your families, and your bodies. How does Coherence open to those who are unfamiliar to these subjects, and do you have strategies of how to facilitate these conversations with Black and Brown spaces, and non-Black and Brown spaces?

Benji: A joy I have is recognizing that not all people of color have the same exact connection to the stories we're sharing, and in fact we don't have unification even within the band; but opening the door to these topics bring one another's parallel stories to light. This is about how we connect and move through the world in relation to these stories and the challenge of embodying this in a world that seeks to punish us for merely existing. I feel proud to bring this to people through our art and performances: not to hit people over the head with a hammer about it, but to open the door for people listening or watching to consider their own challenging and complicated relationship to embodying their roots and the history of their ancestors, and how they honor that through existing in this wild, messed up world.

Ramy: I have never thought about how to facilitate these topics with non-Black or Brown people or spaces. I know that white folks are taking our music in and hearing it; we are mos def interacting with white folks and non-Black / Brown spaces on the daily. They are probably not interpreting that aspect of our music the same way that people who share the same experiences are, but to be honest, my personal words, narrative, my mother and grandmother's narratives (they are both on this record) are not for non-Black or Brown people or spaces. My position is not to facilitate for non-Black and Brown folks but to be seen and heard by other POC and to uplift our narratives. My personal goal with all of my music (whether it's Coherence or other projects) is to carve out a space for other POC who have felt long left behind, neglected, cast aside because of white supremacy. Existence is resistance, and simply being present and showing up has gone a long way for me personally when interacting with / playing with / seeing other POC bands. We truly are forced to work within whiteness (surprise! it's everywhere!) and all I could ask from non-Black / Brown folks / spaces is to see us, and allow us the space to share our stories and communicate with us in nonviolent ways to share our history and stories.

Rebecca: This is something I think about constantly. I exist in the weird space that that so many mixed, white passing people share. I have a hard time taking up space as a person of color because I have the privilege of this malleable presence where I have the bizarre power to choose how I'd like to be perceived. That said, I'm so grateful that Coherence gives me an outlet to spew my confusing personal garbage at an audience and be taken seriously as someone who is marginalized and has stories to tell about it. I realize that not all of it is relatable to everyone, but I imagine that people will take all they can from it, regardless of how they identify or are perceived.

MRR: You have a new album! Shout out to Get Better Records, who is releasing your album *of alternate spaces*. How has it been having them as a supportive team? When and where will we be able to be able to get the album?

Ramy: Get Better Records has been amazing and very very easy to work with. Alex is so supportive of our vision. As a matter of fact, they are one of the only labels that even responded to us when we were searching for a home for this record. You will be able to get the record from Get Better Records online, digital and physical, as well as stream it online. You can also pick an LP up from us on tour, or at a show! *of alternate spaces* came out July 1st.

MRR: I see Anti Flag Records is with the Coherence wave, how did they get lucky?

Ramy: Wow. Luck? Such flattery.

Rebecca: They were clearly blackmailed.

Kris: It has something to do with how attractive we are, I'm sure.

MRR: For the new album, how did you reshape your body of work as a band?

Ramy: I think the songs themselves are a little more direct and straightforward in structure, and a lot more melodic. I would say they are less aggressive, but heavier emotionally. A lot of the older songs were written over a four year period, and some of the emotional attachments to the chords and music were lost on me over the years. These songs are definitely a much better representation of Coherence currently. It feels great walking away form a release learning a lot about myself and the band, figuring out what works for us and what does not. It's all a learning process.

Benji: When we first started, I think we were just struggling to find a shared voice and figure out how to play together and communicate. This record was really guided by Ramy's pieces of music he was writing and how that connected to stories and topics he has been processing. For the rest of us, we grew with learning how to support and collaborate with our dear friend doing this vulnerable work. For the new material we're writing, we're finding ways of ceding more space to others in the band to likewise be lifted up and taken care of.

MRR: Shifting from context of the band, let's talk about substance, how was the writing process on this new album?

Ramy: Some of the songs started off as demos that I created and brought to practice, and we would work on the songs from there. Some of the songs started with a riff written at practice and grew into whole songs. Some songs kept getting re-worked, and some wrote themselves and stuck the first time around. I think the writing process of this band is what excites me the most. Learning how to create something new with people, than reimagining the process, and changing what works and address what does not work. Its hard but ultimately very rewarding in my opinion.

MRR: Your first single "Wilshire" is loud, and has a dark sound. What has been set in motion, and what could we expect from your new body of work?

Ramy: The common theme of the record for me is the emotional relationship to physical places, and vice versa. How each interacts with one another to inform feelings of cultural memory of my family's diaspora and immigration to the United States, personal growth, loss of friends, family, and the ability and inability to navigate it all. The song "Wilshire" is specifically about my

relationship, or lack of relationship, to Los Angeles, a city my family immigrated to from Aleppo, Syria. It's about the rapid change of L.A., and how over the years it feels like it has been lost on me, and to other people who have sought it out and called it home. I actually wrote my lyrics for this song about a specific building on Wilshire Blvd as I was feeling nostalgic, retrospective, and kind of sad for a place I grew up in.

Rebecca: There are some themes that echo in different songs and it's something to pay attention to. For the future, our aim is to be more collaborative.

MRR: How would you explain your new album? Did it feel like you were revisiting any methods from your past record in comparison to your new songwriting?

Ramy: This new album is a current representation of this band. Musically and lyrically. The demo was mostly written by me while I was leaving Los Angeles and moving to the Bay Area. We for sure revisited some of the same process of writing this record but, like Rebecca said, with the intention of striving for more collaborative process. That is something I am taking away from this record: learning to be more open towards more organic songwriting processes.

Rebecca: Ramy's trying to talk about his stubbornness. It's equally charming and frustrating, and this band is good at communicating, so everything works out! I guess one of our newer songwriting methods is using communication and constructive criticism to create something everyone feels more ownership of.

Benji: I'm really proud of how we're learning to be better at communicating our needs and visions with each other in recent months. It's not easy, and often slows down the creative process, but is really so much healthier and help us make art that we're actually excited to share with others. It's been nice growing with this, and seeing how getting better at loving honesty helps in other projects like activist work.

MRR: Were there any new elements to your new songs? Do you feel some of these songs could be transformed or played different from the studio to a live performance?

Rebecca: The live performance is usually pretty different from the record. The songs are not constants; things change pretty frequently, and it feels a little bit special that some of the changes will never really be documented.

Ramy: Live I think we are a little faster, a little noisier, and live you can hear Rebecca's jokes. I think we took the best parts of our demo, and created something new.

Rebecca: Good point. Live, you get a two for one stand up comedy routine. Not to miss.

Ramy: We are actually just an improv group.

Kris: You can witness me never facing the crowd when playing live.

Rebecca: The back of Kris's head looks really nice in our photos.

Ramy: Good luck capturing how good the back of our heads look on our recordings.

MRR: There are eight new songs. Which one are you particularly thrilled to share at a live show? Should we look forward to any cover songs?

Ramy: We always talk about covering songs, but it has not happened yet! Maybe one day we will bust out that One Last Wish cover...one day... Our song "Rain Gaze" always gets me excited. It is nice to be able to share a song that you feel emotionally attached to with an audience, or your friends, live or recorded.

Benji: I still really want to cover the song "Side" by Underpass! Alex is such a sweet and amazing person, plus I'm just fucking stoked about good music made by other American Indian punx!

MRR: As Coherence explores various themes for lyrical content, what kind of process do you use, and what else do you extract for a corresponding content?
Ramy: I generally write a guitar part first and allow what I am feeling to help inform my words. I usually have some broad ideas, sayings, or quotes written down, which I use as fuel. A lot of my lyrics are me working through the emotions that I am having, as opposed to actually about one specific idea. I write a lot about my surroundings, physically and emotionally.
Rebecca: I make up new lyrics at every show.
Benji: Rebecca is an improv master.

MRR: I have written lyrics on my own; it is process of vulnerability, and it feels like never-ending. How does Coherence write lyrics?
Rebecca: We each write the words we sing on our own. We actually trust each other so much that nobody has ever asked me what my Farsi lyrics translate to. Either that or they don't care, which would also be totally fine. Band, do you care?
Benji: I totally care! And I totally totally trust you, so learning what your words mean is just a special treat I get to enjoy down the road.
Ramy: Lyrics for me come at very random times. It feels like a spark, and when I am ready to write some words down I stop what I am doing (if I can) and write those words down. Most of the time my words end up getting reworked, or rearranged so that I can fit them into songs. Sometimes I change them live, or don't even bother saying them... Rebecca, I think your lyrics are great and I enjoy learning the translations!

MRR: Some may notice, and some might not. Your lyrics are not only in English?
Rebecca: True! I sing in Farsi sometimes and Ramy sings in Arabic.
Ramy: Truly. I sing in Arabic sometimes.. Although I strayed away from yelling in Arabic on this record. It did not come to me the way it had came to me previously.

MRR: Individually, what other languages do you all speak?
Rebecca: I am not fluent in Farsi, so when I'm writing lyrics for this band, I sometimes have to call my mom to make sure I conjugate my verbs the right way. I think she's pretty amused and happy to be involved and I'm grateful that she takes the times to help. Thanks, Mom.
Ramy: I speak Arabic. I can get by just fine when I go back to visit and to communicate with my elders...But I also have to call my mom frequently to have her translate or conjugate. My mom loves it and she is super supportive.
Kris: Spanish for me.
Benji: Only English for me, but in a slow slow process of learning Ojibwemowin.

MRR: When and where was *of alternate spaces* recorded? What was different for this new album?
Ramy: We recorded this record with Jack Shirley at the Atomic Garden in East Palo Alto. Not a whole lot was different from recording the demo and the LP for me. The production was different on the LP because Jack records to tape as opposed to a digital recording. We recorded both releases in one day, and did mixing and mastering on the fly! Shout out to Jason Brownstein for recording the EP. We recorded the demo in the same studio that Third Eye Blind practiced in.

MRR: Do you have a tour lined up for your upcoming album?
Ramy: Yes! We are touring the west coast July 6-21.
Rebecca: Set your google alerts.

MRR: What is exciting about touring? Will you be going to cities you have not been before?
Rebecca: I'm personally not going anywhere I haven't been to on this tour, but I'm excited regardless. I've never toured with a hardcore band, and I'm relieved that I probably won't see any ukuleles on this tour.
Benji: I met Rebecca eleven or twelve years ago on her first ukulele and harp tour! (If you know, you know!)
Ramy: I have never played Arizona, so I am excited for that! I have also never played Vancouver. I love touring. I love playing music to extended communities. Making new friends, visiting old ones. It is amazing that Punk and DIY have brought us together, and keep us together. Some of my strongest bonds are through Punk, DIY, and touring.
Kris: I've been to majority of the cities we'll be playing, and I always look forward to going on tour with Coherence. It has showed me that I don't have to settle for whatever show is thrown my way. It's nice to work with other promoters that provide a safe space and prioritize marginalized voices in the local communities.

MRR: You will be sharing spaces with various artists for this tour. How critical is it for you to be inclusive, and multicultural when playing in other cities?
Rebecca: This band only plays all ages shows. We're also direct in asking the people organizing the shows to try hard to diversify the lineups. We understand that sometimes it's not possible, but it feels super special to play shows that truly reflect a community.
Ramy: Truly. Well put, Rebz. All Ages. DIY. Beautiful Browns to the front.

MRR: I like to imagine Coherence as a journal as you continue to cover much ground in Oakland, and the rest

of California. What is something you would document in this journal to show those who are in distant places?
Rebecca: I imagine documenting all the different vegan doughnuts you can find in the Bay Area and us eating them.
Ramy: Damn, Rebecca.
Rebecca: And our blisters?
Ramy: That we are friends?
Kris: There are so many good dogs to pet in Oakland.
Ramy: Jokes aside. For me, a lot of these songs are about diaspora, dysphoria, immigration, loss of friends, deconstructing what a hero is, and what harm reduction means. If anyone who does not know what these songs are about ends up reading this, and they pick up our music and walk away feeling similarly at all, or feel heard, feel seen, feel acknowledged: that would be amazing. For me, these songs are documentation of growth, and striving to unlearn toxic relationships between simply existing as a first generation Arab-American and white supremacy, heteronormativity, and patriarchal values.
Benji: For me, being both mixed race and American Indian and how that interfaces with settler colonialism, and how to be in solidarity with others experiencing diaspora, and trying to strive towards art making meaningful contributions to decolonization.
Rebecca: Me always with the jokes, and y'all with the engaging statements that are both well articulated and undeniable.

MRR: How could we contact you for info for tour, new record, and other details?
Ramy: We have a website! Coherencediy.com, an Instagram @ coherenceband, or you can email us at fckcrptns@gmail.com.
Kris: We're all over social media! Can you believe it?! We're on Facebook, too.

MRR: Thank you for opening up to us, and to *MRR*! I wish you the best of luck on your tour, new album, and new reaffirmations! Would you like to share a final thought?
Rebecca: Yes. If you've seen Coherence play, you've probably seen me vomit in my mouth.
Kris: Don't eat a burrito before you sing.
Ramy: I always drink too much coffee before we play...
Ramy: I want to shout out Get Better Records, AF Records, and Conditions records for putting us out on their respective labels, and not asking us to compromise ourselves at all, our friends and community who continue to support us and show up for us, and my mom. Thanks Mom.
Rebecca: Thanks to all of our moms.
Benji: Props to all the other amazing bands working to decolonize punk, the people who strive to make beautiful caring and safer spaces to be Black, Indigenous, Brown, queer, and everything all at once without feeling like we have to choose between our identities to survive! *Chi-miigwech*, Arty!

of alternate spaces *comes out on LP July 1st via Get Better Records and AF Records, and on tape via Conditions records.*

All information on Coherence can be found at coherencediy.com, getbetterrecords.com or @coherenceband on Instagram. Email them at fckcrptns@gmail.com

Coherence tour dates:

7/6: Los Angeles.California / BridgeTownDIY with La Bella / Blessed Chamber / West America / Causa
7/8: San Diego.California -matinee- /Che Cafe with Causa
7/8: Tijuana.Mexico / TBA with Habak
7/9: Tucson.Arizona / Cans Deli
7/10: Phoenix.Arizona / Tobacco Row
7/11: Flagstaff.Arizona / Cottage House
7/12: Salt Lake City.Utah / The Underground
7/13: Boise.Idaho / TBA
7/14: Portland.Oregon / Black Water with Matriarch
7/15: Olympia.Washington / FlopHouse
7/16: Bellingham.Washington / Make Shift ART
7/17: Vancouver.BC / Black Lab
7/18: Seattle.Washington / TBA
7/19: Portland.Oregon / TBA
7/20: Arcata.California / Outer Space
7/21: Oakland.California / 1234GoRecords
(Record release/benefit show for Soul Glo)

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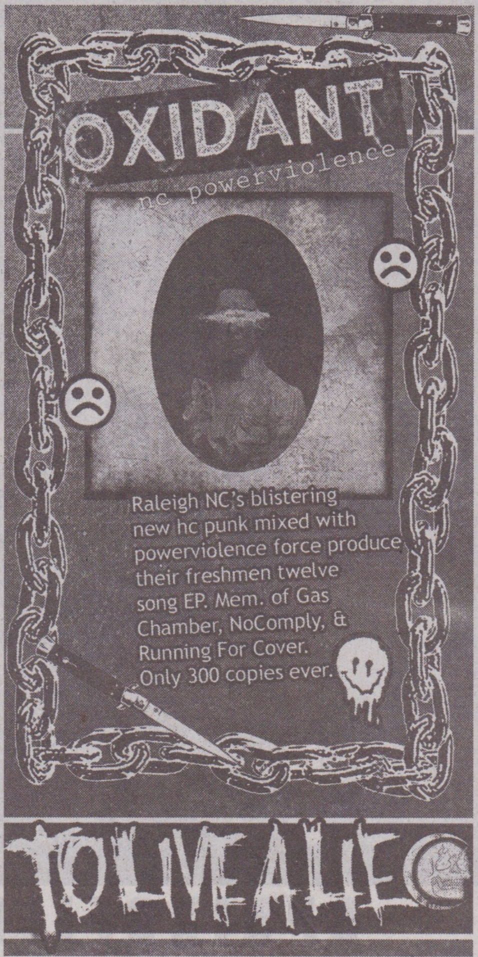
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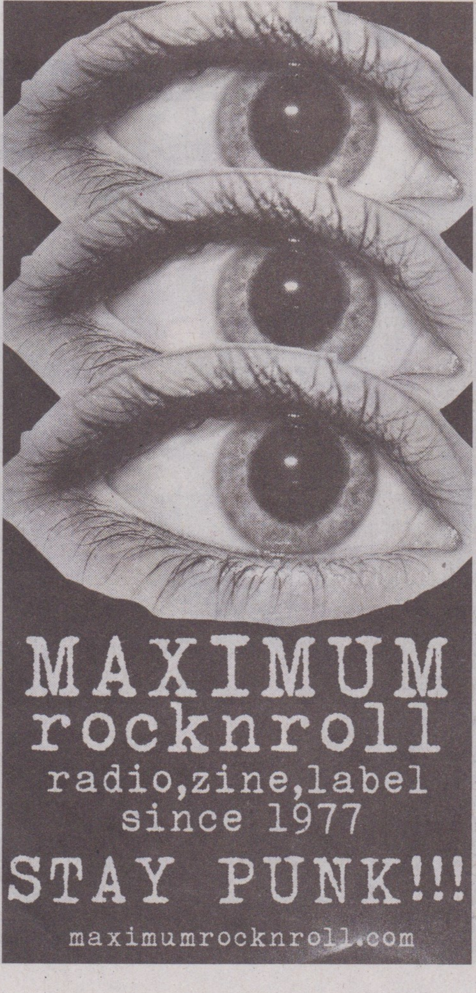
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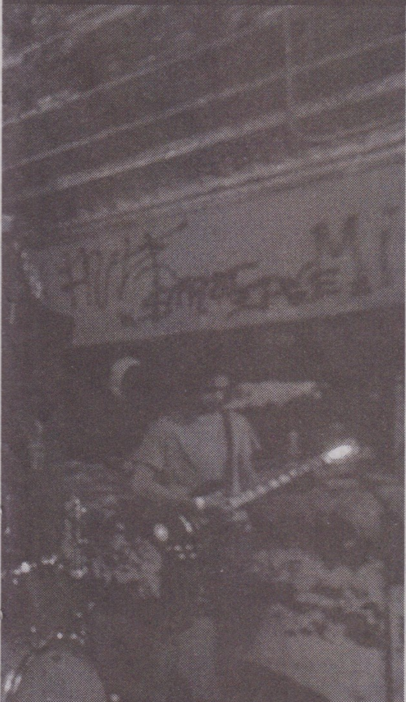


PHYSIQUE

Sadie Switchblade speaks with Olympia, Washington Dis-fuckers about D-beat, leather, fashion, and just how serious they are about how Punk Life Is Shit.

FUCKER: vocals
JAKE: guitar
BEE: Bass
RILEY: drums

MRR: OK, take me back in time, baby. Why did you start Physique? When? Gimme some of the oral history.
Riley: When I started going to shows, I had just discovered crust punk. The way I started going to shows was a lot different than older people. I went to OHC [Olympia Hardcore], and there was this related show that was Jaeng and Deprogram, two D-beat bands. That show was the first time I'd seen a ton of trans people. And most of them were playing the fucking D-beat, and I automatically harmonized with both of those things. It really synthesized into one fucking path for me, and I knew that I wanted to fucking start a D-beat band. I met Fucker on campus when I was taking classes at SPS [South Puget Sound Community College]. She was wearing a Vacant Life shirt, and that band's like a cut for somebody wearing a shirt at a community college, *[laughter]* so I said "nice shirt," and then I saw her at another Deprogram show and we talked and became really good friends. We both knew Jake, so we were like, let's ask Jake *[laughter]* even though they're in a million bands. And then we started jamming in spring!
Fucker: You were wearing a Disclose shirt, I remember that—
Riley: It was brand new. *[laughter]*
Jake: I remember seeing you in that brand-new-ass Disclose shirt at a Jaeng thing and I was just like, wow, that fucker has turned. *[laughter]*
Fucker: Life equals ruined. *[laughter]*
Riley: I also remember being the only kid at Jaeng shows singing along and the only kid who didn't know anybody there.

MRR: It seems like punks are super excited about your debut LP *Punk Life Is Shit*, and you've been garnering a lot of praise from genuine "D-beat legends." *[laughter]* When you started the band, did you expect to be received the way you have?
Fucker: When we started I just wanted to play Noise Not Music, and just really put myself out there. I never expected it. It's been insane though! I feel really lucky.
Jake: Also, it's y'all's first band.
Riley: Yeah, baby. Let that sink in! *[laughter]*
Jake: I just didn't expect anyone to like D-beat. So, I was happy. *[laughter]*
Fucker: Especially in Olympia.

MRR: Physique is a popular band and with that comes a certain amount of people who resent you and would delight in your failure. And I could be making this up, but maybe the "Queer Punk Scene" in particular seems to resent you because you all dress really punk and are a "cool" band—what do you think this stems from? Do you think that "looking really punk" in a traditional way somehow makes other people insecure or something? 'Cause I feel like it's a constant theme.
Jake: I feel like it's a theme, but I also haven't personally felt that, so I don't wanna, like set up that dichotomy when I haven't really like... most of the conflict I feel around that is internal. And I don't feel like Physique has caught a lot of flack, but I could be wrong about that.
Bee: Yeah it's unfortunate that the association of leather and studs is seen as a straight thing. That shit's gay.
Riley: I didn't realize that we were like a "cool kid" band to some people, I don't know why that is.

MRR: Let's broaden it, like not even Physique in general but studded bands always get a lot of shit!
Jake: There's probably a lot of real reasons for it...and it's easy to just see things as...blocks. But there's a lot of raw punk and noise punk bands with queer members right now, and there're a lot of queer people who are getting into that sorta shit, partially because of that and partially because of the myriad of random factors that go into any phenomenon happening.
Bee: And have always been here. It's not a new thing.
Riley: The nature of noise and studs and just like being charged...that's how I contextualize a lot of queerness.

MRR: What do you mean contextualize?
Riley: That's what a lot of my queer identity has manifested in.
Jake: It's really nice to get ready together and talk about fashion, do each other's hair and stuff. That's actually the content of femme bonding and not any particular aesthetic, you know?

MRR: Totally. I think people tend to have a thing about bands that they perceive to be "cooler" than them, and it's not usually based on how people treat them, it's based on image.
Jake: Definitely. There is a lot of anti-fashion or anti-whatever-people-perceive-as-"trend" sentiment in Olympia and in the Northwest, but I think it's obviously a farce because there's such a specific aesthetic and just as much of a coherent and codified set of values and cultural symbols to the whole "anti-fashion" block as anyone else. Like, you're really going to say "aren't you just conforming to non-conformism" like people haven't heard that since middle school? Obviously we've thought about that and been like "no matter what you fucking do, you're doing some fucking thing, so just do what you fucking like and think looks cool!" It's fucking sick to try to look cool *[laughter]*

MRR: It seems rooted in the idea that masculine presentation is neutral and if you just wear a Carhartt coat you're like "more" "authentic" than if you wear a studded belt and do your hair.
Riley: Carhartt *and* studded belt.

MRR: Carhartt with a Disclose backpatch, baby!
Fucker: I, for one, would not deign to wear a Carhartt jacket. *[laughter]* But I'll take the studded belt! I'll meet you in the middle.

MRR: Riley, you're one of the best punk drummers I've ever seen. You look absolutely demented when you play, but your playing is airtight! Can you talk about your drumming history?
Riley: In fifth grade they were just like,

"All right! Who wants to do band?" *[laughter]* And I was like, fuck yeah, 'cause as long as I could remember I'd just like grind my teeth in rhythms. Tap with my fingers and like try to see how much shit I can do. If I were in a space where I couldn't drum, I'd start making as much percussion arrangements as I could with my body. I was just like, "I wanna play drums!" It was just snare drum and band arrangements, and I kept on doing that. In middle school I got to play like an actual drumset. I was already teaching myself Linkin Park songs at home, but jazz is what takes drumming to a new level...

MRR: So Physique's main influences would be Linkin Park and jazz? *[laughter]*
Riley: Yeah, jazz band laid the backbone for me to have rhythm and keep time and know how to fill in spaces. But then my musical taste influenced the rest... I play really raw and hard, but I have the endurance and ability I do because of jazz band.

MRR: Bee, you're the "tone nerd" mastermind of Physique. Can you tell me what your pedal chain looks like, which bands' setups you're mimicking, etc.?
Bee: There's not that much, I use this 450 watt solid state tank I've had for years., like ten years ago. Most of the knobs are broken but locked in place. For pedals, I use an '80s KORG distortion pedal that's really mean-sounding, followed by a weird preamp clean boost pedal that a friend-of-a-friend made in South Carolina. Then there's a guitar equalizer for noize and lastly a bass equalizer for maximum occasional blownout chaos..I got the idea to use a bass equalizer after I picked up a bootleg tape of Isterismo's "In Giu Sotto" demo a couple of years ago, and there's this part that cuts out just to bass and it's louder and more blownout than anything before or after. It barely sounds like a bass at all! More like a bomb exploding or a building collapsing. I couldn't tell how they made that sound but I wanted to recreate it.

MRR: You figured it out?
Bee: Yes. *[laughter]* It was experimentation. I learned a lot while figuring out how to get two noise basses to not sound like mud with Jonathan in Acracy, an ongoing nightmare. Just tweaking around with the equalizers to get the loudest sound without drowning out the drums or detracting from the whole...It was trial and error.

MRR: Jake, what about you, what's your setup?
Jake: On our most recent thing [Manic Relapse tape] there's an HM-2 to equalizer chain for the riffy, more crunchy guitar, and then there's the noize track that's a Metal Zone to equalizer to fuzz to equalizer, plus some chorus on the solos for that Disbones feel. Pretty much a Kawakami setup.
Bee: The entire sound is heavily influenced by the Disclose setup—being unique in that the bass isn't just one tone.
Jake: *Punk Life Is Shit* doesn't really have a Disclose guitar sound as much as like the stuff we recorded for Manic [Relapse], but the stuff we record in the future will be a little closer to that.
Bee: The sound is still evolving and changed after I joined, from distorted, fast, and hard, to make it noisier and rawer, take advantage of—

MRR: Weren't you always in the band?
Bee: No, I joined last September.

MRR: Who the fuck used to play bass?
All: Trae!

MRR: How long have you been a band?
Fucker: One year.

MRR: Tell me about the band name Physique.
Fucker: I remember pitching it and no one being sold on it. I really tried to fight for it. I used to think about band names all the time, and what the first band I was gonna be in would be called, and Physique was on that list. I like the name a lot 'cause it's really versatile, I feel like it speaks to us as a band. I was feeling dysphoric, and hating my body and thinking about that. But recently, with the Pope comparing trans bodies to being as dangerous as nuclear weapons, that's more how I think of it now.
Bee: "Physique" being a specific descriptor with connotation to bodies.

MRR: And you're an all-AMAB trans band, it wasn't some intentional thing, but it's cool that it happened that way. I mean, it makes sense 'cause obviously you become friends with people that you can trust.
Jake: We're all just straight up fucking raw punk obsessed nerds. *[laughter]*
Riley: I have a weird psychedelic brain, but like if you look at the word "Physique" it's so like—*[makes stabbing gesture with pretend blade]*
Fucker: It's a weird word!
Riley: It's got that "zee" sound in it, it's sort of a "Dis." The peace sign Q is cool, I like having an emblem.
Fucker: Sadie made that—

MRR: Your girl invented that!
Fucker: Yeah, I just ran with it.
Bee: When *I Hate It!!!* came out and I was still in Philly, not in the band, I assumed that it was contextualized as like, fuck yeah, trans-femme raw punk band, but also still talking about larger issues beyond just being a queer identity-focused band—how do gender and dysphoria relate to trauma and war. I think of how war is endless and it's generational, and trauma is carried in the body like psychological shrapnel. War is global, on all fronts. That's how I as an outsider conceptualized it. It made me very stoked when I was invited to join.
Riley: I agree. That's what I think about our message, I don't want to be taken as like an identity politician—

MRR: Like a single-issue band?
Riley: Yeah...
Fucker: That's something about the lyrics in *I Hate It!!!* that I think about often. I had a lot of shit to say and was feeling a certain way when I wrote those lyrics. I think that lyrically I've gotten a lot more tactful at saying what I want to say in a way that I like.
Jake: Something that I like about the lyrics on both the records is they're all political to some extent—the first album is more inwardly focused, the second is more outwardly-focused—but in both cases, none of the songs come off as being about "issues," like, they don't contain platitudes and all the lyrics feel very lived. Which I think even when you're talking about yourself as a person who has an identity and lives in the world a certain way, when you're talking about war or society or whatever, there's a way to talk about it that feels lived, and there's a way to talk about it that feels

PHYSIQUE

like you're writing an essay and talking about "issues," and I feel like Fucker's lyrics sound very lived and they sound situated in the world instead of being about the world, which feels very raw and real. Positionality is completely inescapable, so obviously our songs are going to be about like fuckin' being trans whether it says it or not, but it's never felt like a "platitudeness" band. I love the lyrics from the demo, I especially love the lyrics to "Physique" because I feel like it blends the aspect of war and self. It doesn't stray too much from the "D-beat canon" or whatever but it feels new and real which is the fucking challenge when you're doing something well-worn and not trying to be some nerdy experimental fool but also not trying to be trite.

MRR: Do you think that performing such a specific aesthetic like D-beat in a monocultural landscape is kind of a joke; is there inherently something that's tongue-in-cheek about playing D-beat? Or is it showing admiration and devotion to something that fuckin' rocks? Because it's highly improbable that in 2018 there would be a person who has only heard Discharge. But I feel like a lot of the aesthetic operates on this premise that you've been living under a rock or something and you only know this one thing because it's like...how could D-beat lyrics exist now? People have so much access to knowledge now, it just seems outrageous that someone now would write D-beat lyrics. *[laughter]* But within the culture, you're hitting all these reference points that only a small subset of people are gonna understand. It's a historical reenactment, but it's more than that, too.

Bee: It's very referentially devotional, but it's also real, and passionate. Brevity is deliberate. It's easy to say that sloganeering lyrics are "dumbing down" issues but that misses the point that this music's origins lie in protest movements. It has history in actual protest. What's effective propaganda? Short, precise, provocative. It doesn't have to be an essay, especially since it's been around since the '80s and shit still sucks! It didn't work. This is for us. We like it. It's empowering. It's life-affirming.

PUNK
LIFE
IS
SHIT
lifes no
fairytale

Riley: It's the lens that I write and release so much shit through. I don't care about some person's meme about D-beat—

MRR: Wait, I'm out of the loop, there are memes about D-beat? *[laughter]*

Riley: There's this new meme phenomenon where people are constantly tearing apart D-beat, as like—

Bee: D-beat is the straw-person of toxic masculinity. People project things that exist within all sub-genres onto this global community of D-beat.

MRR: ...is that part of people being like *[mopey voice]* "Physique's a 'cool' band" or whatever?

Bee: I don't know. We don't exist independently of it, we have to deal with those shitty dudes too!

MRR: I think it just comes down to transmisogyny. People would rather be like *[mopey voice]* "really they're just like, a bunch of guys." People are so clueless about what trans femme existence is actually like...

Be: For sure. I think the fear of beign perceived as male and the self-hatred that comes from recognizing how others gender you is out of your control prevented me from expressing myself for a very long time. I really wanted to be invisible or disappear for years. But then knowing that my long-term friends have a common love for this maniacal crazy noise helped me reache a point where I can't give a shit anymore. This is what I like so I'm going to go for it. Dressing punk gives me the confidence to leave my house and walk down the street, just go places. Reclaiming freedom of movement is powerful. Fuck only leaving your bed to go to work or stock up on food.

Jake: We're talking about both these things at once where it's just really similar to the "fashion / anti-fashion" thing, it's like religion or atheism or something. Both are goofy if you take yourself seriously and you think you're the center of the universe. Anybody can write a simple punk song and anybody can write a song that sounds like a college essay, and both are cool as long as you realize that both are not fucking groundbreaking. Does it sound like you fucking care what you're saying? Does it sound like it moves you? Does it sound like you're situated in it? Does it feel imminent? And that could be anything, that could be any type of lyrics. And we play D-beat raw punk so we write lyrics that fit 'cause it's what we want it to sound like! We could write those in a way that's shitty or in a way that's good and the difference is really hard to find, but anybody who cares about the music can find it and will hear it and feel it. It's all really referential—but fucking everything is. People who try to be like non-referential—why? What's wrong with referential music? Like, the blues is cool, y'know? Literally, any—pop music. It's cool, that's what you do. I mean it's fine if you want to go wild or whatever. Neither is a better path objectively.

MRR: It's anti-individualist in a cool way.

Bee: Yeah, but also the current context is weird. Free streaming and accessibility of all media exists now...who knows if that will continue but styles evolve and progress through imitation.

MRR: Imitation with a little tweak here and there...
Bee: Even comparing Disbones-era Disclose to early Discharge, you can hear how similar it is, but it's worlds different—an entirely different animal. And then compare that to bands like Paranoid or today, who are pulling from so much, but it's still so raw. People can do that if they want to—it's sick! D-beat is also a style that has proliferated with extreme passion globally.

MRR: It's world music! ***[laughter]***
Be: Considering punk is a global community, being tapped in outside the bubble of your daily life, through something you're passionate about. It's awesome. Why would you dis that!? It's the coolest thing for growth.
Jake: That's the cool thing about the simplicity of D-beat: it's so translatable, but everywhere it pops up it has its own feeling. Disclose couldn't have sounded like Discharge if Discharge's lyrics weren't so simple, because Kawakami didn't speak a ton of English, y'know? There's something really cool about that.

MRR: Please comment on the evolution of combat.
Fucker: Upcoming ten-song record on Distort Reality Records!

MRR: What is the evolution of combat?
Riley: The frontline is everywhere. It's changing all the time in such horrifying ways. Every clash of will, even if it's just me going to work, or me being shown an advertisement, it's all being enforced in so many new ways. Amazon is selling the Olympia Police Department facial-recognition software...the war is really ramping up. That's what I'm feeling a lot at this time. To release a ton of songs that are more ferocious than ever and have just like, demented riffs—that's our fucking response. That's our combat!

MRR: So, "what's it gonna fucking take for us to put them in their place?"
Bee: Not becoming a vampiric, 20th century cult of personality...
Riley: I would like to do away with disposability politics while also annihilating fuckers. *[laughter]*
Bee: The living memory of the atrocities of the 20th century are fading. The survivors of World War II are gone. We are seeing a rise in outward Nazism, high profile white nationalist media personalities... and they're young with large followings. Then consider that a third of kids don't have an opinion about whether or not the holocaust happened. Fascist propaganda is increasingly effective, while ways of educating or fighting against it are becoming almost impotent, with the lack of living knowledge of "this was real, this was fucked, a quarter of the world was culled." It could happen again.
Jake: There's a problem that fucking sucks with the rise of "alt-right" and all this shit. They fucking call their rallies and we have to show up and fight them, but the problem of the 20th century is the dialectical idea of two camps fighting each other. They just end up becoming these like—like communism and fascism, which just both end up becoming horrendous because "camps" of people are representable, and representatives always become power hungry bastards.. The ritual skirmish where it just becomes this battle between forces when actually, we have to figure out how to leave. We have to figure out how to pop up and do them in and disappear back into our worlds. And not become this congealed force, or military... Always doing combat but never doing war. Not becoming fucking "militants." This whole culture of nostalgia has produced so much weird "throwback," like everyone's some sort of fuckin' Marxist-Lenninist, or they're a Maoist, or even in meme-culture, everything's so codified... You don't have to be something! You just have to do the right thing at any given time. *[laughter]* We need to be fighting fascists, but it's not our identity, we need to be doing something else and it needs to be rooted in an idea of self and of being together in a way that's not economoical or political. And in doing that we necessarily come up against our enemies and fight them..

MRR: If you define yourself only in opposition to things you're not gonna achieve anything beyond that...
Jake: ...You're just locked in a political conversation. Even if the conversation is violent. And what we want to do is leave the conversation, or, just destitute conversation itself *[laughter]* Just create disorder... Order is the problem. *[laughter]*
Riley: Understand Discharge *[laughter]*

MRR: Fucker, what's coursing through your head when you sit down and write lyrics? Physique writes songs really quickly, I can imagine it being a challenge to keep up. Do you find that you have a lot of different things to write about?
Fucker: Sometimes it can be hard. I usually think of a phrase in my head or something that sounds good and I write it down, and then I'll cross part of it out or change part of it. Or sometimes the band will write a song, and I'll listen to it and visualize what's gonna sound good. And based on what I think would fit I'm like "I want to use this word, I think I can fit this many phrases in this part..." I have a lot of different ways of going about it. On the demo, I had these specific things I wanted to write about... I already had stuff so there wasn't too much editing. But with all writing I'm a big editor. I have ideas and they're constantly evolving. A lot of my lyrics come from stuff that we all talk about as a band. I've had conversations with everyone in this band and we'll talk and something new will resonate with me, and it sticks with me, and I think about it.
Bee: Fucker and I will have sleepovers where we work on art or collage and talk about concept stuff...
Jake: There's a high degree of conceptual collaboration in Physique and it's really nice. *[all agree enthusiastically]*
Fucker: It was Jake that said "punk life is shit" for the first time and I mean, it was a fucking joke—
Bee: I was violently opposed for months!
Fucker: You hated it! *[laughter]* But the more I thought about it, this isn't a fucking joke, this is real shit. Punk does suck, for a lot of reasons. And then Bee and I during one of our sleepovers were talking about how that's it and there's no escape, and that's where the lyrics for *Punk Life Is Shit* came from. We feel alienated in every other aspect of our life—
Bee: Even in the space we choose for ourselves— *[laughter]*
Fucker: —Where we're supposed to feel safe or good about anything, even that shit fucking sucks in a lot of ways—
Bee: Yeah like, "you're fake" or "haha, you're actually a man" because of *[laughter]* this thing *[studs and leather]* that was actually stolen from queers in the first place! *[laughter]*
Riley: After going to my first fest, I was really disenchanted and felt what Jake talked about earlier with people boxing themselves in... It was just this huge crushing sense of order.
Bee: To be a teenager and disillusioned with punk for the first time...that sucks, Riley! *[laughter]*
Riley: I'm trying not to get jaded! I know a lot of jaded ex-punks, and that's shit. I

can't see it ever happening for myself. Because I literally fucking don't have any plans of stopping listening to *Yesterday's Fairytale* six times a day *[laughter]* I've also had people be like "What?! Punk life *isn't* shit!" Yeah, *obviously*.

Bee: People are very defensive!

Riley: People think we're like "stop the violence!" *[laughter]* Nah, bitch, how about you start joining in the violence with us!

Bee: To summarize the attitude in one sentence it would be "please enjoy every moment of your shitty punk life." *[laughter]*

MRR: It's almost like, yeah, like, punk life is *shit*! It fucking *rocks*! *[laughter]*

Fucker: Some people specifically have said "norm life is shit" in response and I think it's really funny—

MRR: It's implied, dude! *[laughter]*

Fucker: It's funny when people think of it as a binary or whatever. *[laughter]* Like punks and norms are the two…

MRR: It's like that interview with Lemmy where he's like "let's fly this shit up the flagpole and see who salutes it" or whatever—it's the same shit! Like, putting a flag in the fucking sand, like…punk life is shit! *[laughter]*

Fucker: We declared it. *[laughter]*

MRR: None of you party very hard, get fucked up or drink a lot, none of you are doing hard drugs, doing psychedelics maybe…except Riley. *[laughter]* Raw punk as a genre is so nihilistic and a lot of punks get drawn to it 'cause—

Bee: *[laughter]* I shoot up estrogen every week, what are you talking about!?

Fucker: I thought we were supposed to be anti-GMO! *[laughter]*

MRR: 'Cause it co-signs apathy, self-destruction, spiritual death; it gives people an excuse to not give a fuck, which is a cool relief. But knowing all of you, you've all really got your shit together compared to a lot of punks—you run a record label, own a van, you all collaborate really hard, you practice at least once a week often more, and are putting out tons of records.

Jake: We're high-functioning lovers of chaos.

MRR: None of you really live in ways that are apathetic or self-destructive or spiritually void.

Riley: Drugs are just enhancements for me and I guess if I trip really hard or I'm baked as shit, it's inevitable that I'm going to have some sort of revelations *[laughter]* But they're always good and personal. I carry it with me and I feel like I simultaneously know what I want more and also realize that there's no fucking restrictions. I do love chaos, but I also make sure that I still have a will to live.

Bee: I had bottomed out in a very self-destructive episode with an attempt to die prior to joining the band, and then rebuilt my life since joining. So it's weird in that aspect. But I think of it like a life-affirming survival project. It's a high-functioning agent of chaos! All that shit's still there. I have to check myself 'cause, like, I've been hyper self-aware for such a long time and it seemed like such an anxiety-spiraling dead end.

Jake: I've just always been a sensitive baby and drugs make me feel bad so I don't do too much. But I smoke weed every day. *[laughter]*

Fucker: I'm too mentally ill to do drugs! I'm sober.

MRR: You go to Manic Relapse or something and it seems like maybe there are contingents of people there that have nothing in common with you except that you huff glue. Everyone rallies around this "chaos approach," if you will, but…

Jake: We're all pretty polymorphous because we're all sensitive empathetic people who give a shit about how our actions make other people feel, so if we know the time is right we're gonna be setting off a bunch of fireworks at our show, and maybe we're gonna make a mistake and the time won't have been right and we're actually going to address that. Or we're just gonna be fucking good, because we know that it's not the time for being bad. We're all pretty oriented towards being bad, but we're also not bad people… We're interested in trying not to be bad people, trying to be good people. I don't know how we got there. Like, I will fucking—

Bee: —empathetic but down to fuck shit up—

Jake: —blow shit up. We all like when things are really wild and dangerous, but I think we're also not necessarily trying to create that situation 100% of the time. We're drawn to the scene, the aesthetic, and the culture because we do like that. Even when it's being perpetrated by apathetic fuckheads, maybe we'll want to jump in. *[laughter]*

Bee: It's cool when people who are drawn to that and want chaos and friendly violence at that moment go for it. That association is permeable, it's transient, it's temporary. Associations can come and go.

MRR: Tell me about the recording experience. How was recording *Punk Life Is Shit* vs. recording the demo? What was it like recording with Joey Seward at Left Field Studios? Riley and Fucker, this is your first band and your first time recording. How did it live up to your expectations?

Riley: Before, whenever I would read stuff about recording it would be in metal zines, so people would talk about tracking drums and I'd be like, "what the fuck." *[laughter]* But once we got in there and did it live, then I was like "oh, we can just play the songs." There's no audience or anything and it's also more serious than a practice, so it's the best recipe for me to play well. I have a ton of fun recording, but then once I stop drumming and it's all the other stuff, then I get bored. I like talking about mixing. Drumming and mixing. *[laughter]*

MRR: What bores you?

Riley: When Fucker is doing vocals *[laughter]* Nah, hearing it all come together is cool! I've been in this band for a year and still know nothing about gear or tone or anything—

MRR Keep it that way!

Jake: You write half the fuckin' riffs.

Riley: It's the same way my brain works with math. As soon as I hear intense logistics and readjustments, my brain goes out the window. I guess that's when it would get boring. But it's just mild boredom and [the recordings are] always epic in the end.

Fucker: My expectation—I didn't really have any. I thought it was going to be hard and I thought I needed to be punched in on every line or whatever, but I feel like that's not really been the case for me—

Bee: You killed it.

Fucker: Thanks. Sometimes I fuck up, like we recorded "Punk Life Is Shit," the song, last, and I'm not even singing on that song in the recording, I couldn't get it. I wrote those lyrics when we were in the studio, and I'd never done that before.

Bee: I was sleep-deprived, trying to be like "no, the cadence is like, '*punk—life—punk life is shit!*'" *[laughter]*
Fucker: And Jake was trying to explain it to me —
Jake: I was standing behind the glass conducting. *[laughter]*
Bee: I woke up and saw that and was like "what the fuck is going on?!" *[laughter]*

MRR: What's it like recording at Left Field Studios with Joey?
Bee: Amazing. The acoustics are really cool.

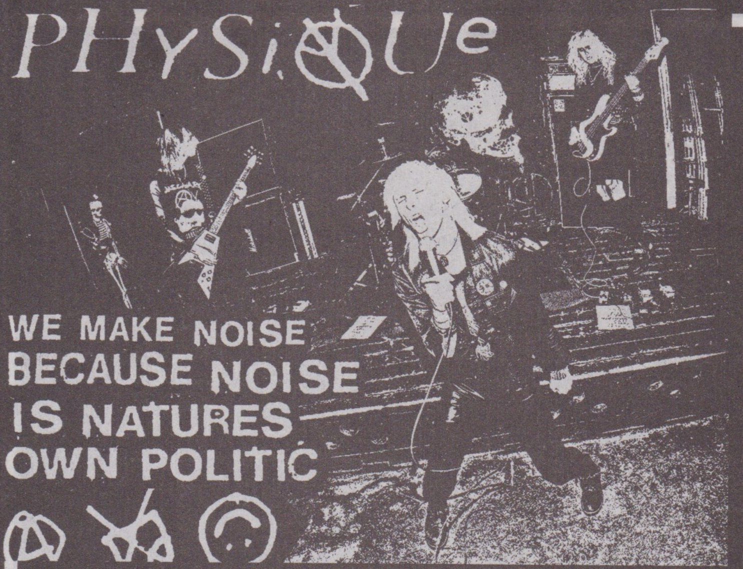
MRR: Where is Left Field Studios?
Jake: It's on a big chunk of land in the fucking woods in a town on the peninsula.
Fucker: It's like you're going to summer camp or something—
Jake: It's on a dirt fuckin' road *[laughter]*. Like where the Barefoot Bandit had a mailbox.
Fucker: The first time we went there, there was like a scooter course. It's a cool place, comfy. It's on a land project.
Jake: People live in school buses and stuff.
Riley: There's allegedly weed.
Fucker: There's an outhouse, they built a studio from scratch...

MRR: Vegetable garden, flower garden...
Bee: Herb garden. *[laughter]*
Jake: Joey is just the best person ever.
Bee: He's very encouraging, just giving the best ouf of us pressure. Always having an honest perspective but also understanding what we were going for. A lot of times studios feel very intimidating and dead and stifling and I'm always very pressed for time—shit's expensive. But it felt really good. We captured it as good as we could have.
Jake: Joey, more than anybody I've ever recorded with, even if he doesn't know about the type of music is really on your side. It's never "oh, this doesn't sound right to me." Most people you record with have a lot of notions, but Joey is really trying to hear what your notions are and trying to achieve them. It's so sick.
Riley: I wouldn't ever want to record with anybody else.
Jake: Although we did record [the Manic Relapse tape] with Britton and it was awesome.
Fucker: It sounds so raw, especially on the cassette. It was so different, but in its own really cool way. I think Britton's great at recording. His studio is cool too.

MRR: How was it recording *Punk Life Is Shit* versus recording the demo? Did you feel more confident, or was it pretty much exactly the same? Did you have something more in mind for the second record?
Fucker: When we recorded both records it was rushed in a way. The first time, we really didn't know what we were doing or what it was gonna be like. We didn't take much time to be like "do we love the way these songs sound together" or whatever. It came together really quick. We recorded in June and wrote them in April and we'd only played two or three shows and weren't practicing weekly. It was truly a demo. With *Punk Life Is Shit*, we wrote most of the songs when Bee joined the band, and it changed drastically. When we went in for that, we had a really clear idea of what it was gonna look like. It wasn't just a group of songs—it was a record.
Bee: There'd been significant preparation with the intent of it having a pace, tempo, intensity...
Fucker: The ordering of the songs and thematically. When I was doing the lyrics and Bee and I were doing the art, we knew how it was gonna go. We had more time to plan it, but also—

MRR: You had the experience of the first record.
Jake: That aspect also had a lot to do with wanting to put it on a 12". It has this coherent feel, and we wanted to have the LP format to tie that together aesthetically. Something about an LP—we're able to make a big poster and put lots of text on there—just made sense. Shout out to Jensen [of Iron Lung Records].
Bee: It was really cool to be able to put as much into it as we did and still have it be materially feasible. I've never had that opportunity before.
Fucker: Bee and I worked for so many nights in my room, on my laptop. Bee would be drawing and I'd be scanning things into my computer and we'd be Photoshopping...
Bee: That's what we did on Christmas. We had a sleepover. *[laughter]*
Fucker: It was great! I've always dreamed of having my art on an LP. Also, *Punk Life Is Shit* was different 'cause that's when I started going really deep on art and collaging. I had the idea in my head that this was going to be the start of what our aesthetic would be, what I thought of Physique as. And with the change of the releases, we changed in so many ways. In a way, *Punk Life Is Shit* is the way I always wanted Physique to be. It was the first step in that direction.

MRR: Do any of you get anxious about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playing in front of big crowds? What was it like playing Manic Relapse? How is it playing bigger shows versus smaller shows?

Fucker: If people have seen us play live multiple times, they've probably noticed that I'm facing the band when we play. I'm facing away from people a lot. I don't get that anxious. When we play in front of big crowds, we're doing our thing, and I always have fun. At Manic Relapse, it was the most people we'd ever played to, and that was wild. But I try to not pay mind to it, and that helps.

Riley: With bigger crowds, it becomes more of like a weird distant mass for me, so I can put a lot more energy into going all out. It's weird being behind a drumset playing a show. I look forward to playing in other bands not playing drums, 'cause when you're behind a weird barrier and behind your friends and then there's the crowd, you feel on display. I love playing shows, but also have a lot of my own feelings about it...

Bee: It can be challenging, but also the project feels really good and I have learned confidence through being in the band. I was not really playing or going to shows after starting to transition publicly, which was really hard. I'm starting to get back into it, and it feels good. It definitely does feel pretty weird to be on display sometimes, but it feels OK. I feel like I hate myself less. Maybe even accept myself.

Fucker: Sometimes I hate the visibility that comes with playing shows, but at the end of the day I always realize that I love what I'm doing, I love my bandmates, and I love the things that we make together. I feel proud of them and I feel proud of my bandmates always, and anything we do together I'm always going to be proud of or feel good doing.

Jake: Even when we do our *Grave New World*. *[laughter]*

MRR: A D-beat song can either be the fucking most boring, uninteresting thing you've ever heard or the absolutely most demented, explosive piece of music ever written, but it's hard to pick apart what makes something totally unhinged and what makes something stock as fuck. What do you think makes a good D-beat song versus a totally fucking forgettable D-beat song?

Bee: The drums are crucial. It has to have pulse and intensity while also keeping that hypnotic swing of five strokes and a four-beat bar or whatever. But also needs the right counter-play of the vocal rhythms and riffs. The riffs can be really simple but the nuances of like, where is this changing, on the down when it's picking up between a snare and a crash hit, there's so much that you can do with it. And it's not necessarily like "pick three chords and change every three strums" or whatever. You can get a constant driving freight train feel or you can have whiplash, with the same drumbeat. There's a lot of possibility.

MRR: And how it's played, too, and the people playing it.

Riley: It has to have good riffs.

MRR: But there are so many great punk songs with bad riffs that are way better songs than lots of songs with good riffs.

Jake: There're a lot of raw punk bands that I love, but if I listen to the riffs I'm like "if I wrote this riff I'd throw it away." But I love the fuckin' song.

Bee: The song "Game" on our record, it's one chord for like a minute and then there's a chorus that's like six chords, and I was like, "what the fuck is this?!" *[laughter]* But I love that song. Especially with the stomping beat, as you wait for it to change it gets better and more intense, to where you miss it when it's gone, but you were waiting for it to be gone this whole time. It creates a dissonance.

Jake: A lot of psychology in D-beat. *[laughter]*

Riley: If we're just talking about D-beat, then I stand with that firmly, but when I think of bands I love that have shit riffs, they definitely all do crasher shit, and that adds different stuff to it... If we're just talking about D-beat, it has to have good riffs for it to go anywhere for me.

Jake: You must not play the Varukers beat. *[laughter]*

Fucker: If you play a Varukers beat, then fuck you. *[laughter]*

MRR: What about like, what makes Contrast Attitude so sick to see?

Jake: The vocalist has to pump their fist!

Bee: It takes enormous energy. It's a repetitive style, so you have to own it. That whole band has an incredible presence.

Fucker: Yeah, they give a shit.

Riley: I guess about Contrast Attitude when I saw them—I was blown away—

Bee: Involuntarily screaming! *[laughter]* Incoherently!

Riley: Literally! Between every song they would just like have some barrage of blow-outs and platitudes and they would just be like, telling things to the audience, and demanding things from the audience, and it was synced up all the way, too... It would just be a blow-out that would stop on one little cymbal thing and somebody on stage would say something and this bass would click in and then like, then they'd start the next song! It was such a raw presentation! And that's what it's gotta be. It's not just presenting, though! Contrast Attitude was one of the sickest shows I've ever seen. Both times I felt the same things.

Fucker: Hands down one of the best bands I've ever seen. Probably will ever see.

MRR: Fucker and Riley, you just went on your first ever tours! How was that experience?

Riley: I want to go back forever.

Fucker: It was wild. I thought it was gonna be so bad and I was gonna get so anxious in the car and not be able to sing every night and I thought we were just gonna lose a shitload of money. And I got sick, which—

Bee: We were all sick the entire time!

Fucker: OK, so we were all fucking sick *[laughter]* but I had to sing!

Riley: I was super stoned the whole time and I got kissed on the cheek by a cute person—

Fucker: Yeah, basically everyone had a really hard time *[laughter]*

MRR: You hadn't played shows outside of the area before, did touring change your perceptions about what's out there?

Fucker: Fuck yeah it changed my perceptions! The first show we ever played outside the Northwest was in Salt Lake City, and so many people were so nice—

Bee: Fuckin' Dis-House.

Fucker: Those people are sick. We drove for twelve hours that day, we showed up and everyone was so nice, the bands playing were really cool, so many people were talking to me about the demo and asking if we still had copies of it, singing along—

Riley: They were swinging off the fucking basement rafters!

Jake: It's like literally lore, 'cause our tour was supposed to start the day before, but [Jake's other band] Xylitol was playing with Limp Wrist, so we all went to that show, Xylitol played, and then after that, we drove overnight and stayed in a motel for like two hours—

Fucker: Such a waste of like $80!

Jake: —and then drove all day and played literally the smallest basement you could possibly imagine, to people like flipping out and singing along to our songs. It was fucked up! So sick!

Riley: I had just been cast out of a fucking winter time of Olympia... My brain was filled with fucking mold [laughter]. I was like. Fuck. This. Shithole. Then we went on tour and that was immediately the first experience and it was like a whole new breath, a whole new scene. I was so hyped on all of it. Everyone is just true to themselves there, they all have a million bands that are all super passionate.

Bee: Six band show in two-and-a-half hours—

Jake: Five bands, one drummer—

Fucker: Salt Lake City is one of the sickest places. I had an excellent time.

Bee: I was maybe a little worried before tour because I was really stoked on the band but also, we hadn't toured, Riley and Fucker had never toured before. Tours can make or break a band because it puts you in constant—there's an element that can be risky if you don't really know the people. But we felt a stronger closer bond every successive day.

Riley: Tour brought me way closer to everybody.

Bee: Being able to process stuff openly, with support, and not feeling like a burden, or dramatic... it was sick.

Fucker: We're all super down for each other. We did a really good job, we were all riding the same highs at the same time, or if one of us was feeling bummed we were all down to talk about it, or figure something out. That speaks to our friendship—we all understand each other in really awesome ways. I think we're all individually really supportive people.

MRR: What's next for Physique?

Bee: We're halfway done writing a full-fledged two-sided LP. I think we have the intent to be prolific and very very active.

Riley: We're doing an East Coast tour in September. And then I think we're playing Not Dead Yet Fest. We're just trying to keep on putting our hearts into this, and we want to tour in other places.

MRR: You all really want to go to Japan, right?

Riley: And also Southeast Asia, and Australia.

Jake: Just anywhere, really.

Fucker: I think we want to go anywhere and everywhere.

MRR: If you could tour with any current band, what band would it be?

Riley: I would say Xylitol *[laughter]* just 'cause I know all them, admire and love all them a ton, and I don't do well with strangers, and I feel like Xylitol would be the people I want to travel with, 'cause they all really know how to...fucking... share chaos.

Fucker: My dream would be to go on tour with a band from another country. Right now I think my favorite bands are Framtid and Scumraid, so I'd probably say one of those two bands.

Jake: Or Unarm.

Fucker: Yeah, they were so good live—

Riley: ...and super nice.

Bee: Scumraid blew me away two years ago and I've wanted to see them again since.

Jake: My friends Thor and Fannar from Reykjavik are starting a D-beat band, and I've been on tour with two of their other bands and it's always the best time ever. I'm sure that their D-beat band is going to be amazing, so I'd want to do that someday.

MRR: What Olympia bands do you like?

Riley: Electric Chair!

Fucker: Cyberplasm.

Bee: Jake's other band Crimex.

Fucker: .net

Jake: Mala Racha is sick too. I really like American Nudism! Thinking outside the box. There're so many fucking good bands in Olympia, it's fucked!

Riley: Aqua Aura

Jake: Aqua Aura, Cyberplasm is what's up though. Minor in Posession!

MRR: Fuck yeah bitch, RIP MIP.

Jake: Eteraz. Rubble, fuck yeah! Rubble is our sister band.

Riley: It's a sorority...

MRR: How do you charge your hair?

Jake: Shampoo. Blow-dry. Flat-iron. Something like dry shampoo or texturizing powder...I don't use soap, I just tease it, and then hairspray. Sometimes hold it between two combs and then hairspray if you really wanna have it stand up.

MRR: Someone gave you a really good tip specific tip recently, who was that and what was the tip?

Jake: Amanda from the Bay who does Inciting Incident—

Bee: Don't blow up the product! *[laughter]*

Jake: —gave me a special product, *[redacted]* that's discontinued.

Fucker: Punk is dead when punks no longer spike their hair with beer. *[laughter]*

MRR: Any last words?

Riley: Shout out to Fragment, End Result, Purgatory, Radioactive, just bands in general. And...Disclose! *[laughter]*

Bee: Thanks to Roma from Violent World Tapes for putting the EP out on tape and Pasha / No Name Records for re-releasing the demo. I'm excited about Stagger and Flower and can't wait to see them on our East Coast tour.

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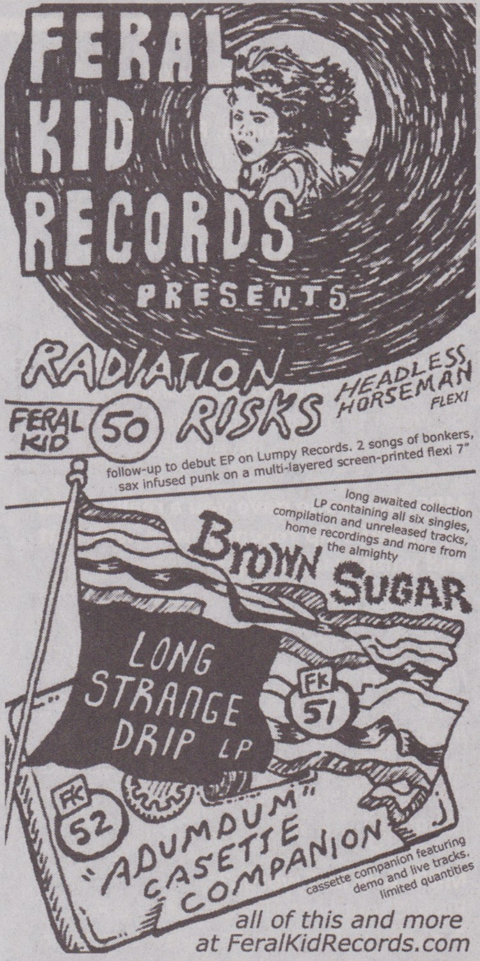
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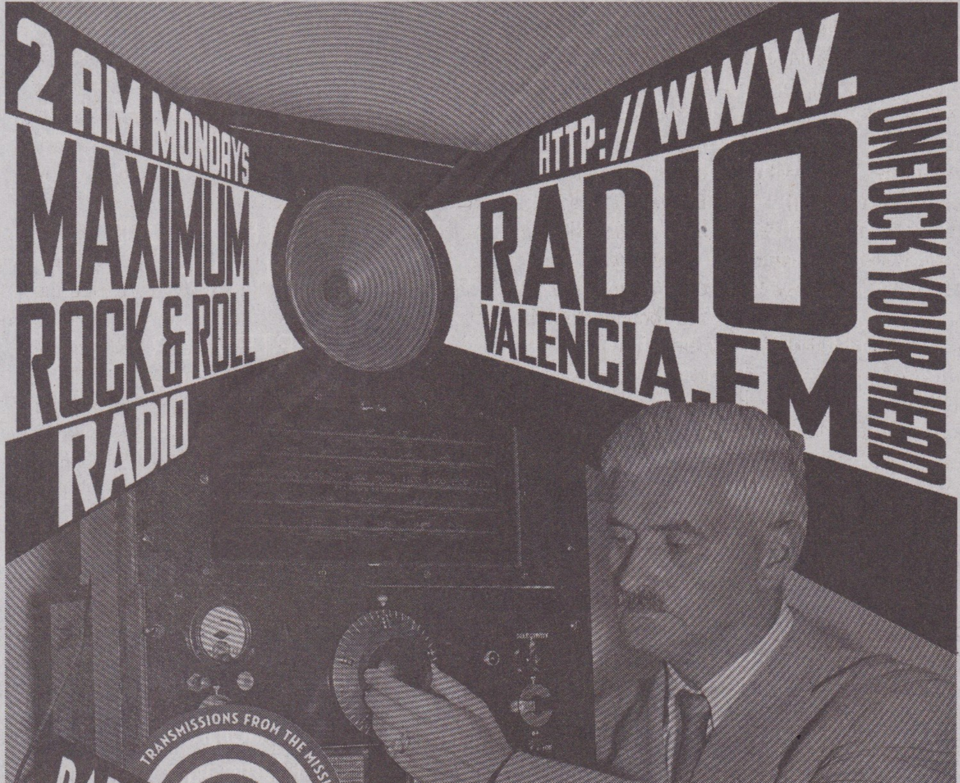
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CAROLYN KEDDY

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Although I have seen many of the Japanese garage punk bands featured in **Garage Rockin' Craze** perform live, I had no idea how these musicians came to embrace garage and punk so fervently. I guess I always assumed Michael Lucas had something to do with it. Apparently I am mistaken. The man credited for helping the Japanese underground rock scene thrive is Daddy-O-Nov, who got into garage rock after he devoured every other musical genre. He was inspired by DJ Jimmy Mashiko, who ran a club night called Garage Rockin' Craze. Nov began his own club night called Back From The Grave in 1989. While every band interviewed has a compliment for Nov, it is usually accompanied by a wisecrack about him. Miracle Kiss of Jackie & The Cedrics simply states that he is "a sweetie who doesn't care about pecking order." That is the thing that stands out in **Garage Rockin' Craze**. You get the impression that Nov is simply doing it for the love of the music. He doesn't complain about the bands being ungrateful or that he doesn't get paid. The bands understand what he has done and respect him for it. There are few promoters who get that kind of treatment.

Garage Rockin' Craze is a film that showcases the garage punk bands of the Back From The Grave scene. If you want to see live footage of 5,6,7,8's, Guitar Wolf, Jackie & The Cedrics, Mad 3, Firestarter, Texaco Leathermen, Machinacalis, the Fadeaways, Toko Black, and many, many more, it is all here. A good portion of the film is shot at the annual Halloween shows, so all the bands are dressed in costume. They do it up right. It is a fun trip into this music scene. (garage-rockin-craze.net)

I am a sucker for dramatic films about teenage punks. You don't see too many set in the present day that focus on a kid discovering punk. **House Of Tomorrow** does. While its story is probably too cutesy for most hardcore punks. I found it sweet.

Sebastian lives a sheltered life with his grandmother Josephine in a geodesic dome. Josephine was a student of Buckminster Fuller and maintains the dome as museum to his teachings. She homeschools Sebastian and keeps him on a strict natural diet. When a church group comes for a tour, Josephine suffers a stroke. She is hospitalized and Sebastian is left in the care of the minister Alan and his two rebellious children Jared and Meredith.

Alan figures the two loner boys could become friends. Jared resists, but ends up letting Sebastian listen to the Germs on his iPod. Sebastian is hooked on the music and agrees to pay Jared to teach him about punk. The scenes are funny and remind me of my own early punk days.

Rebellion is the name of the game in **House Of Tomorrow**. What are you rebelling against? Every authority figure. The family, the church, hippy sensibilities, doctors, the status quo. That may seem rather cliche, but these are teenage boys. Of course it is. Their ultimate act of rebellion is to form a band and put on a DIY show at the dome. (thehouseoftomorrowfilm.com)

How To Talk To Girls At Parties is another dramatic film that focuses on punks. It is set in 1977 Croydon, England, a city with punk cred. The three main teen boy punks run around the neighborhood harassing their families and friends celebrating the Queen's Silver Jubilee. One night after a show, they overhear that an after party is happening. They search for it and happen upon a different party. The house is filled with vacationing extra terrestrials.

The aliens look cool, so the boys, not knowing they are from another planet, figure they must be from California. One of the boys, Enn, meets female alien Zan in the kitchen. They hit off as he tells her about punk. Zan is interested in learning more but humorously tells Enn, "There are contradictions in your metaphor. But I am moved by it." Zan gets a two day pass to leave the group and explore Croydon. They go to record shops and to a punk show.

How To Talk To Girls At Parties attempts incorporating a serious story, but the film is mostly here to show off the clothes. The costumes and set designs look really nice, even if the punks seem way to ofashionable and put together for those early days. There is a reference to punk fashion thrown into the plot. The elder stateswoman at the punk club Queen Boadicea was a fashion designer who worked with Vivienne Westwood until Westwood got jealous and fired her.

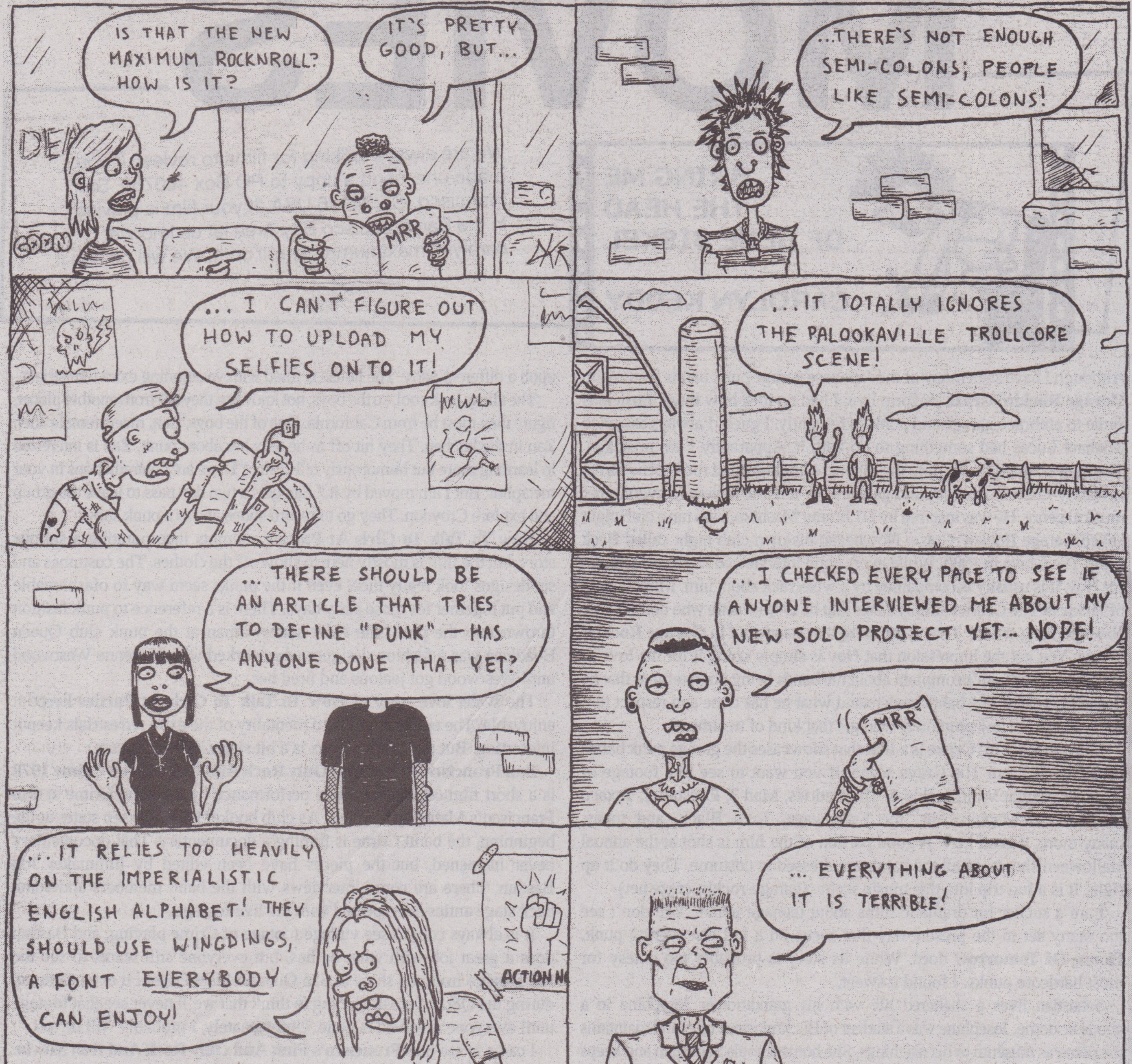
The sweet love story of **How To Talk To Girls At Parties** keeps it enjoyable. The oddness and herd mentality of the extra terrestrials keep it interesting. But the film's climax is a bit shitty. (a24films.com)

San Francisco's First And Only Rock And Roll Movie: Crime 1978 is a short film set around a live performance by the band Crime at San Francisco's Mabuhay Gardens. As club booker Dirk Dirksen states at the beginning, the band Crime is filming a documentary. That documentary never happened, but the pieces have been edited by filmmaker Jon Bastian. There are some interviews with the band members and some back stage antics interspersed with the live footage.

It is always cool to see vintage footage of Crime playing, and Bastian does a great job with what he has, but everyone still wants to see the full footage from the show at San Quentin State Prison. It even came up during the Q&A. I am beginning to think that we'll never see that footage until everyone involved is gone. Unfortunately, I probably will be too.

I came to see **San Francisco's First And Only Rock And Roll Movie: Crime 1978**, but I stayed for **Icepick To The Moon**. I heard of Reverend Fred Lane when I was a regular Shimmy Disc Records mail order patron in the 1980s. Like the montage of fans at the beginning of the film, I had no idea who the man was behind the persona. Humorously, I heard that that montage scared off many Crime fans from staying for the film. It is a bit annoying at first, but after the group of men give their shitty impressions of who they pictured the man was, the punchline is that he isn't so mysterious after all. Suddenly, here is Reverend Fred Lane to tell his story.

He may not have been mysterious, but he certainly is weird in the best possible way. He delved into the world of music while at the University Of Alabama. There he and his cohorts discovered that students could sign out instruments from the music center. So they all got instruments they couldn't play. They also found out that anyone could march in the homecoming parade. So they formed Raudelunas Marching Vegetable Band to participate. The Reverend's musical career takes off when the Raudelunas Marching Vegetable Band starts playing shows indoors and he is recruited as the singer. (fredlanedoc.com)


IS THAT THE NEW MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL? HOW IS IT?
IT'S PRETTY GOOD, BUT...
DEA
GOON
MRR
...THERE'S NOT ENOUGH SEMI-COLONS; PEOPLE LIKE SEMI-COLONS!
... I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO UPLOAD MY SELFIES ONTO IT!
...IT TOTALLY IGNORES THE PALOOKAVILLE TROLLCORE SCENE!
... THERE SHOULD BE AN ARTICLE THAT TRIES TO DEFINE "PUNK" — HAS ANYONE DONE THAT YET?
...I CHECKED EVERY PAGE TO SEE IF ANYONE INTERVIEWED ME ABOUT MY NEW SOLO PROJECT YET... NOPE!
MRR
...IT RELIES TOO HEAVILY ON THE IMPERIALISTIC ENGLISH ALPHABET! THEY SHOULD USE WINGDINGS, A FONT EVERYBODY CAN ENJOY!
ACTION N
... EVERYTHING ABOUT IT IS TERRIBLE!
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Darlingtonia
by the Alba Roja Collective
Left Bank Books, 2016
334 pgs | $16

As satisfying as watching a nasty villain finally meet their end, *Darlingtonia* is a science fiction murder mystery about the collapse of the tech industry. Compelling for those who are familiar with the landmarks and character tropes of the Bay Area, this novel rails on techies and venture capitalists while uplifting and highlighting indigenous peoples, sex workers, and anarchists à la Netflix's *Black Mirror*—but unfortunately, non-fictional 2018 is the future that Alba Roja is alluding to, since the plot is suspiciously akin to the real Facebook data scandal that has been unfolding this year.

The story of *Darlingtonia* follows Dylan, an old-money Daughters of the American Revolution-type Connecticut transplant living in a brand new luxury apartment in San Francisco. She works for fictional tech giant OingoBoingo, an app company that makes games personalized to people's dreams, hopes, fears, and childhood memories. Dylan is in denial that she's a techie, that she's the target of the "kill techie scum" graffiti inside the Muni stations. Then, when her OingoBoingo coworker, Ricardo, is found dead in the East Bay under a headline of tragic suicide, she starts to piece together a puzzle of his strange behavior at work and his untimely murder. Dylan's third eye is rapidly pried open as the late Ricardo sends her on a post-mortem scavenger hunt to expose his true killer and the evils of the government's manipulation of the general public through data breaches. He's left her with the power and task of bringing the entire tech industry crumbling to the ground.

Following Ricardo's clues, Dylan meets people who get her to challenge her normative lifestyle. In fact, as Dylan's reality comes screeching to a halt, she's forced to step out of her mindset entirely into what feels like a new dimension. Dylan helps an anti-cop riot burn down her own luxury apartment building, exposes her own tech company as key players in the data scandal, and threatens the CEO of the global research company that's puppeteering the whole operation to his face, all while being one of the FBI's most wanted. But aside from perfectly executing security culture and direct action tactics, Dylan also learns a lot about her own needs and truly lives her life for the first time.

Like I said, this novel is satisfying—almost too satisfying. There were times I had to put *Darlingtonia* down for a few weeks because I was following the Facebook data scandal closely and the two plots would conflate in my mind. Fiction and reality here parallel each other in an eerie way that makes me wonder if a reason *Darlingtonia* is written under a pen name is because someone in the Alba Roja collective is a whistleblower. The writers at least achieved in me what I assume they hoped to: they made me terrified of my smartphone, my social media, and all surveillance in general.

While I was truly enthralled by this story, I'm left frustrated with some of the writing techniques. It's okay that it's non-linearly written, but there are a few plot points that get introduced at the very end that don't make sense with the overall timeline. Sometimes I couldn't help but wonder if the authors' collective process hindered their ability to choose a genre or writing style and stick to it. And, like I said, *Darlingtonia* scratches an itch that's almost too easy to get to. Plot tension exists, but there's almost no point in the novel at which you don't feel certain that Dylan will succeed in exposing the tech giants. Also, it feels like it was written by anarchists desperately trying to prove a point to other anarchists. There is a lot of use of anarchist-friendly language and tone, and honestly I wish this novel was written with the intention of being accessible to a wider audience. That all said, it's worth a read. When my friend handed it to me, she said it "reads like a truckstop paperback," and I agree. I could only put it down when it made me too paranoid.

—Vicky Cassis

Please Don't Be Waiting For Me
By Todd Stadtman
Createspace Independent Publishing, 2017
$7.95 | 280 pgs

I'll admit it: *Please Don't Be Waiting For Me* did not immediately grip me. This was surprising to me, seeing as the premise of this book is so alluring: a story set in the Bay Area during the '80s centered around a group of highschool-aged punks who get wrapped up in some less than legal shenanigans that result in the death of one of their friends. Upon finding her body, Scott, Bridge, Micah, and Benny take it upon themselves to find her murderer, a task that is about as difficult—and as dangerous—as it sounds.

A few things in this book stuck out to me like a roughed edge on an otherwise smooth surface. There are only two main characters who are women, Bridge and Nadya. Bridge is a reformed popular girl who has become a thrifted style icon with impeccable music taste and a quick wit. She is also described as being the girl that all the boys want to be with, or at the very least be *seen* with. The other character is Nadya, a sweet girl who is just getting her bearings as far as being a "punk" goes. Her transformation from just another white, wealthy, suburban girl to a full fledged punk rocker is guided with great care by the rest of her friend group. *(SPOILER)* That is, until, she is murdered.

It seemed to me that these two characters play into the two ends at which women are often held at a distance from punk. Nadya, a girl who is new to punk, who at times has a different opinion about what music is good (but not *good* different, a different that needs correcting) and is made out to be sweet and "getting there," but ultimately still not punk enough. She is positioned as an outsider, explicitly valued by the group because of "the obvious love that she felt for Benny, and he for her." Bridge, on the other hand, is exactly punk enough. She's so punk, it's unreal. So punk that it almost pushes her into this box of being defined solely by her attributes as Cool Punk Girl, making all those around her look cooler by association. As a result, it allows her to be romanticized and almost put on this dehumanizing pedestal. I think it's crucial for characters to be flawed, to have the propensity to fuck up or have fucked up before, a quality that is absent in both Bridge and Nadya. This leaves little space for either character to grow or learn from their experiences, or for them to have dimensions outside of a sort of feminine coded goodness (obviously, this kind of change would have been hard for Nadya to accomplish seeing as she's been, uh, murdered).

These characterizations were especially disappointing to be found within a novel that has many moments of self awareness and a sort of beautiful character arc for the main character, Scott. The book begins with Scott having this indignant attitude about punk, like "either you're punk, or you're against us" and it was all deliciously angsty and definitely something I've felt before as a young, misunderstood punk teen. However, as the book progresses, he becomes increasingly more aware of his various positionalities (such as being middle class and being white) that put him at an advantage as far as power and privilege goes, and how that relates to his feelings of alienation by aligning himself with a punk community. This comes to a head after (*spoiler*) Scott spends a night in jail, far away from home, and has this realization: "By calling themselves 'punks,' they had aligned themselves with denizens of the streets[...]it was a romantic fiction, and of course, complete bullshit. Few of them had ever really experienced the feeling that they could not go home again." This development, and distinction, is one of the more important points made by this book. Being punk means rejecting the ways in which society constructs us to hate each other. However, that doesn't mean that those of us with certain privileges (like being white, middle class, cis, able bodied, such as Scott is) will be rejected by society in ways that force us to the fringes, to be in a position of complete vulnerability, of not having a home to return to.

The thing that this book really accomplished well was scene setting. The descriptions are interesting and entertaining, and each place has its own distinct character to it. The main settings of this book are Berkeley and San Francisco, two cities with different cultures that shape the experiences that the characters have while they are there. The specifics of these places—like where people eat on late nights after a show, places people crash if they don't want to go home—are really what sold them as realistic to me.

This story, however, is not incredibly realistic. I began reading with that expectation, and as soon as I realized that I shouldn't have had that expectation, the book became a lot more enjoyable. It's okay that it wasn't entirely realistic, too! That's the space that fiction can at times create, and a space that a book such as *Please Don't Be Waiting for Me* can rightfully occupy. The action scenes, provided by resident racist bullies the Hell's Angels and their skinhead minions, were very engaging and total nail-biters, making it a quick read because I really just wanted to know what happened next. The motive behind Nadya's murder was complex and well thought out, and created its own sinister subplot within the novel involving speed and a biker bar outside of Salinas. I was also left guessing till the end about who killed Nadya, which I think is the marker of a good murder mystery.

—EM

Austin To Aguascalientes:
Greedy Mouth Tour, Summer '17
By Dave Creaney
Self-published, 2017
102 pages | $25.00

Greedy Mouth is grind band that toured to Mexico for Varil Fest, and this book contains beautiful photos of their epic trip. You can sense from the selected pictures (over a hundred!) of the amazing friendships that were forged and strengthened while traveling from Texas to Mexico and all the great shows along the way. There is a mix of coverage of bands and moshing punks, as well as the group partying together and taking in the local sights such as beaches and small towns. The portraits are stunning and a huge contrast to the scenes of crowd melee and dancing that give a sense of the wildness at the shows—the sweaty motion, fist pumping, crowd surfing, and hair-whipping action. It captures a time of adventure and culture exchange, dogs and children, drugs and van rides, punk and abandon. My favorite photo might be a van shot with three people sharing headphones to listen to something. They are all concentrating and the headphone cords drape across the shot, showing the magic of how we are all connected.

—Julia Booz

Punk Love Foucault
Gabe Riggs
Self-published through Village Books, 2017
187 pages | $14.95

Punk Love Foucault is the memoir of a troubled, often homeless, queer person in Washington State. Gabe Riggs is a writer with the acerbic wit of Oscar Wilde and the analytic prowess of the philosopher whose name is borrowed in the book's title. Thrust into family tumult since the time of their birth in 1989, the precocious memoirist recounts their victimhood at the hands of a revolving doors of abusers with cinematic detail. Perhaps the vividness of those memories compelled them to write the memoir, as means to purge their self of the burden. This trauma propels them down a wreckage-strewn road of passionate yet uneasy adult relationships. They see ulterior motives in all those with whom they interact, viewing relationships and friendships as a form of social capitalism in which one must work for reward. A natural-born anti-capitalist, Riggs longs to be recognized as valuable for existing rather than for what they offers others. They ache for the kind of unconditional love their family failed to provide him.

Leaving behind their dysfunctional family and hometown, Riggs seeks answers through scholarly pursuits and higher education. They describes the eclectic mashup courses offered at their university, including one on the overlap between jazz and electron behavior in atoms. I found this book to be an interesting mashup between a memoir, philosophy text, and a manifesto on counterculture. While enthralling, Riggs's voice is arrogant at times in the grating manner of a classmate who deigns to speak as much as the professor, disrupting the lecture. Fittingly, Riggs describes numerous such incidences in their poetry and poetics course. I decided to forgive them this arrogance: I believe that for a person who has experienced so many forms of trauma and marginalization, possessing enough self-confidence to border on egotism is a rebellious accomplishment.

Michel Foucault, the memoir's namesake, was a French philosopher and social theorist beloved by many queer theory scholars. Among topics like the history of incarceration and power dynamics, Foucault wrote on Western society's role in constructed a standard "normality" that we all tacitly enforce. Riggs first encountered Foucault's *Madness and Civilization* in a discarded cardboard box on a neighbor's lawn, but did not read his work until years later when he was assigned *The History of Sexuality* as a university student. The author describes a connection, almost a camaraderie, with the dead philosopher that they fail to establish with others in the people in their life.

Prominent in this memoir is the Foucauldian concept of performative behavior or the notion that people behave a certain way because it is expected of them, rather than because it is their nature. Riggs balks at the idea of shaping their behavior to meet the norms of any group; even ones known for being transgressive, such as the BDSM scene and the transgender community. They recall wearing dresses only when their roommates were away, so they would not further question the validity of their trans identity. They explore the idea of friends as enforcers of capitalist values, like working for food rather than finding it. They write "Was this what friendships amounted to? Did we keep each other in line through unspoken rules of engagement? Was one of them, 'If you eat out of the trash, I'm never speaking to you again?'"

I found gut-wrenching tragedy in seeing Riggs descend to their role in the cycle of abuse. Their relationships repeatedly sour as they get kicked out of numerous houses in a pattern that they call toxic domesticity and even become a bombing suspect. I felt simultaneously afraid for and of them at times. I found myself unsure whether they were aware of the violent cycle they had become integrated in, and I sometimes considered them an unreliable narrator. Eventually I came to the same conclusion that Riggs did about their family's misperceptions: each of us inhabits our own reality, and in that way, truth is subjective. They befriend other dysfunctional young adults and confess:

> *We were brutal because we had never had the power to be brutal before. We brought it out in each other, fed one another justifications for stripping people of their basic right to be told what they had done wrong and why they were being disciplined. We judged and punished without a system, the only thing regulating us was our own sense of entitlement and displacement of terror. We had all come from a dark place, and we let it stain the people around us, just like the rest of the world had done to us.*

Does Riggs find redemption? Honest memoirs are not storybooks that conclude with satisfying character arcs and resolutions. The book's inscription reads, "For lost children who became lost adults." As discussed by Foucault, history is not a linear journey; it cycles back on itself in an ever-imperfect continuum of ebbs and flows. At the book's close, Riggs retains their pain and hate but adopts a reflective—perhaps even hopeful—mindset at the beginning of a new relationship. I hope they pour the same intensity of humor and intelligence that they put into this book into building a healthy life.

—Caitlin Xavier

The Bigness of Things—
New Narratives and Visual Culture
Edited by Daniel Benjamin and Eric Sneathen
Wolfman Books, 2017
124 pages | $20.00

The Bigness of Things—New Narratives and Visual Culture is an attempt to honor the late 1970s Bay Area art movement called New Narrative. The New Narrative movement arose out of Gay Liberation and existed at the crossroad of politics, poetry and visual art (especially print and film).

The book came about because of a conference at UC Berkeley, and contains an introduction, plus three essays organized by medium (Visual Art, Printed Matter, and Films) accompanied by colored photographs and artwork reproductions.

The New Narrative movement itself seems exciting and vibrant. It is the kind of art that is made between a tight knit group of friends who encourage each other to experiment, dare and be open. Many of the New Narrative works engage sexuality as a tool for liberation and as a way to shake up the status quo. The printed matter is unassuming and DIY, a labor of love not profit, created to support discussion and idea exchange in the *New Narrative* scene.

The book itself is, however, as they say in my country "*né pollo né pesce*" (neither chicken nor fish). It is too disjointed and poorly edited to be an academic publication, but it is also too wordy and formal to be DIY. It oscillates between being an insider job (made only for people who are / have been associated with the New Narrative scene), and a bird's eye analysis of the movement. People who are Bay history buffs (especially white gay history) will likely enjoy the book and find it interesting. It gives a nostalgic look into what San Francisco used to be, before the tech billions and the AIDS epidemic radically changed the city.

—Chiara Galimberti

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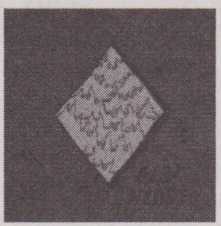
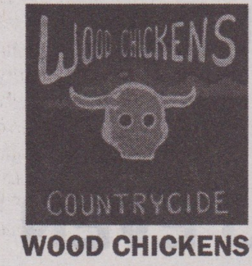


FIRE HEADS
(Madison, garage, punk, smackdowns)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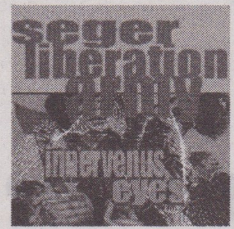
WOOD CHICKENS
Meat Puppets meet the Minutemen!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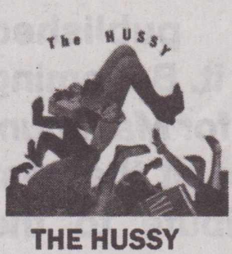

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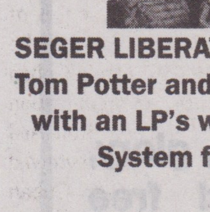

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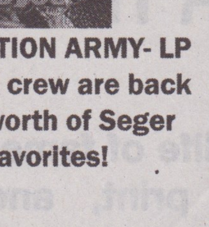

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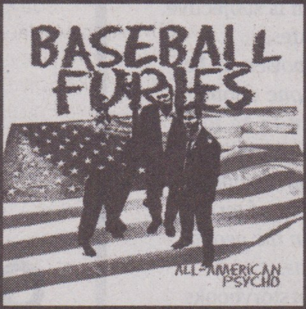
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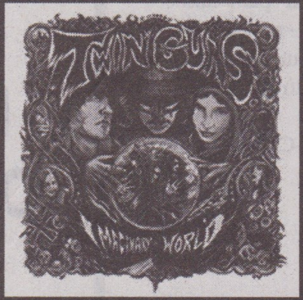
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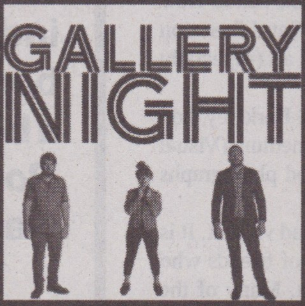
TWIN GUNS - LP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HEAVY LIDS
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NO REASON

HEAVY LIDS
Bleed Me EP
Scum, Sci Fi, Punk from New Orleans

FIRE RETARDED -
Scroggz Manor LP/CD
Featuring Bobby Hussy from the Hussy, stoned, garage, fuzzed out, punk, rock!

HEAVY PSYCH ROCK
Trio from Dublin, Ireland.

COMING SOON

Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb
Richard Vain-Ex-Ponys
Gino and the Goons
Facility Men
Wood Chickens

RECORDS

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(HB) Heather Blotto
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(JR) Jason Ryan
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(MF) Miranda Fisher
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(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
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ACTIVE MINDS – "The Freedom Of The Borough" EP

Melodic UK82-driven stomps from these English punk veterans. Heavy and distorted production packs a wallop. Anthemic choruses and earnest lyrics focus on class struggles and being punk for almost half a century. Boisterous, booted and braced, ACTIVE MINDS deliver yet another solid EP of punk rock bitterness and dedication. (JR)
(Loony Tunes)

ACTIVE MINDS / LOS REZIOS – split EP

What appears to be another drop in the pile of pixelated political punk platters from this prolific Scarborough group should not be written off as easily as I was ready to. ACTIVE MINDS does two numbers here here, one bringing SACRILEGE (musically) and CHRIST ON A CRUTCH (vocally) to mind, the other effectively demonstrating what a punk-er *Kill Em All*-era METALLICA could sound like. Both songs delve deep into criticisms of bigotry via religious teachings. Lima's LOS REZIOS does two awesome Mötorpunk jams like the last SKITKIDS record or INEPSY...and, okay, also some METALLICA. Goddamn I love guitar riffs. Successful split! (MA)
(Aback / Aktiver Auustand / Anarchopunk / Finte / Helvetet / Loud Punk / Rauha Turva / SPHC)

ADOLESCENTS – "Cropduster" CD

The latest from this band that has been going since the early '80s out of Southern California. These guys are relatively prolific in comparison to other old school punk bands, getting a full length out every two or three years. With Tony and Steve still from the original lineup, we have more of their recent STOOGES-influenced sound. Tony handles the lyrics with his social commentary with enough vagueness to avoid sloganeering. Eighteen songs in forty minutes that stay away from ballads and hard rock but feature some very melodic guitar at times. Not in the "Blue Album" vein so much, but a good release from a legendary band that could get away with doing a lot less. (RL)
(Concrete Jungle)

APE RITES – "Aurocorso / Black Skirt"

The band name suits the sound! Brute force garage clunk from Switzerland, with all the charm of a drunken walk through a shifting room. It would be cooler if it was a bit more rudimentary?! It's somehow a bit too rock. They get it right in places on the A-side with those GORIES guitars and drums with chanted vocals but then unfortunately veer off into corny drum fills and bad dad blues bar band guitars?! The B-side is pretty forgettable bad RAMONES... This is their first 45, so maybe they will figure out how to cut out all the corny stuff and focus on the basics in the future because the A-side is pretty sick. (LG)
(self-released)

ARRABIO – "Hecho En Trinidad" LP

Unfortunately, due to decades-old beef(s), there aren't a ton of NYHC fans that regularly read *Maximum Rocknroll*, but those few who do would be well advised to jump on this LP! ARRABIO are a Cuban band who are founding members of Solidarity Rock, an organization dedicated to artistic exchanges between Cuba and Canada. Released by Canadian label Grizzlar, this and the ADICTOX LP reviewed elsewhere in this issue are the first two full-length albums by Cuban bands ever pressed on vinyl! Musically, this hits all the sweet spots for lovers of third wave NYHC, with nods to LIFE OF AGONY and INDECISION alongside a bit of CRO-MAGS rock'n'roll swagger. The vocals are well-articulated and tough, the occasional leads fucking rip, and the drummer holds it all together with an aggressive attack that flirts with metal while retaining a straightforward hardcore style. Like their New York forebears, ARRABIO even venture into Oi! territory with the anthemic "Justicia Y Pan." I'm not gonna lie to you and say that every track on this album is a hit but there's a ton of good stuff on here, and it closes super strong with "No Hay Ley," a song that may have been improved by excluding the slightly goofy guest vocal from Roger Miret. It's a shame that this record is a picture disc with no lyric sheet included: I would hope that this band has interesting things to say, but who knows? Either way, it would be nice to have an opportunity to know what exactly they're singing about. Still, this is a strong recommend for fans of the style, especially since all profits will go towards the purchase of musical equipment for Cuban bands. (AU)
(Grizzlar / Solidarity Rock)

ARMS RACE – "The Beast" EP

My ongoing joke about Arms Race is that the band sounds like what I imagine British dog barks would sound like. Jokes aside, the band is furious, aggressive as hell, with driving beats and a nasty, low tone. This 7" sounds like an extension of the band's well-received 2016 LP *New Wave of British Hardcore* and is similar to the FLEX, VIOLENT REACTION

and DIE—which members of Arms Race have played in. There's plenty of NEGATIVE APPROACH / NECROS-type hardcore punk riffs, as well as moshy ones in the vein of '80s NYHC. Maybe it's the singer's heavy British accent, but I thought I heard some influence of GBH and UK82 bands like MAYHEM—mostly in the transitions between riffs. The last song, "Distort Britannia," sounds like something a venue would get destroyed to, and is possibly the heaviest song I've heard from them. (AJ)
(Painkiller)

BASEBALL FURIES – "All-American Psycho" LP

This expanded reissue, collecting the 10" EP of same name and the ace *Sounds Of Mayhem* 7", makes the mythical woulda / coulda / shoulda-been debut Furies LP a reality. Like kindred devils CLONE DEFECTS, Baseball Furies were turn o' the century flame-throwers, absolute hellions whose careening, big-beat punk left mouths agape and bottle smashed. The pudding-proof is immediately evident on the material corralled here: vicious whip-crack punk, sleaze-leaning but the furthest imaginable thing from lazy. Booming, barely-contained rhythms, dual guitar razor slash, lyrical poetics straight from the gutter piss pool...They fuckin' nailed it!!! No standout tracks...it's all gold. Young'uns who missed this by a decade oughta hop to and stop posing. Fuck...Savage Young Furies! (MC)
(Big Neck)

BLACK ABBA – "Feel Good" EP

Wow, this is a hit record. "Feel Good" is an anthem for our times. Perfect shit-fi collapsing sound with scraped out guitars, wildly veering organ, a dying rhythm section, and vocals that sound like they were recorded at the end of the world when we all die of boredom. Is "Feel Good" the song of the year?? I guess we will find out. The B-side is equally devastating. This sounds like a band formed by teenagers in 1982 who only had the UNIT 3 PLUS VENUS 45 and TEDDY AND THE FRAT GIRLS to light their way through the dark. Genius dumb sounds for punks with no mind left to lose. *"I bite the hand of the man that feeds me / I bite the hand of the man that's gonna eat me."* Barbaric end time punker sound. (LG)
(Ken Rock)

THE BLANKZ – "White Baby / Sissy Glue"

On this Phoenix band's press sheet, they are compared to a lot of disparate classic bands that don't really make sense (DEVO? SOCIAL DISTORTION? CRIME? The CONTROLLERS?). While these bands were raw and inventive in their beginnings, the BLANKZ are a crisply produced, pop-punkish band with a synth that exhibits little, if any, grit or originality. "White Baby" carefully enunciates the singer's story of his confusion of growing up and trying to find his identity as an adopted white kid with Mexican parents and wondering why he's around "all these brown dudes." He talks about feeling lost in the world because, as we all know, there's nothing more alienating than growing up as a white male in the USA. Cry me a fucking river. Side B is about a paperboy getting into huffing glue. It sounds like a pop punk band playing at the carnival. If you're into that kind of thing, it's catchy. (GH)
(Slope)

"BLIND" RAGE AND VIOLENCE – "No Police / Honor and Offer"

"No Police" is such a great song! This single has that "straight to the dollar bin" look but that song is simply a fucking hit. Lines like *"I just wanna lay down on the grass without a cop tryin to kick my ass / NO POLICE!"* and *"handcuffs and tazers make me sad!"* are funny, but police harassment is no laughing matter for many under-priveleged people and communities. It doesn't come off as a very relevant understanding of abuse of power, but that's clearly not the intention and I do still believe that "BLIND" RAGE AND VIOLENCE hates the police, and I do too. So, as an anti-cop track, this is so hot it could literally sit between the CHILD MOLESTERS and the MENTALLY ILL on a *Killed By Death* comp. It's *that* over the top and catchy, has sirens, and helicopter sounds. On the other hand, "Honor and Offer" is full of sucky dude humor and is a stock garage offering. (MA)
(Pig Baby)

BOMBFLOWER – "Bleed Me Out" LP

This is pretty close to a 50 / 50 mix of generic hardcore and ska-punk (a genre forever tied to the '90s for some reason that I don't even care to think about and should have stayed there). At their best, they do a chugging but melodic hardcore that you might think sounds a little like SPITBOY. Unfortunately, that sound either leads to a generic fast "punk" sound or a ska / punk part. There are plenty of flange guitar effects and just a small amount of horns and synth. On the whole, the music feels almost as scattered as this review. (PA)
(Don't Panic)

BOO HAG – "Crawfish" EP

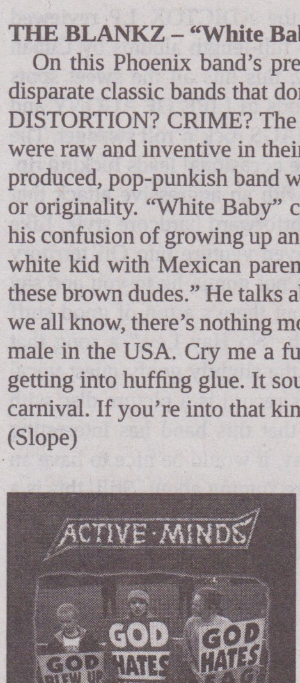
Here's a newfangled release from one of them two-man-band garage punk combos, BOO HAG! They are from South Carolina and have a Southern swampy voodoo feel with heavy reverb. If you like the CRAMPS or GUN CLUB, this four-songer is a pretty good bet, with a real cool ghost / bat themed throwback label design. (GB)
(self-released)

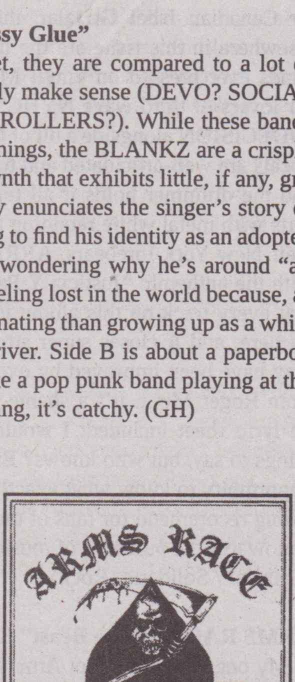
BRAIN BATS / THE SUPER SONIC SPACE REBELS – split EP

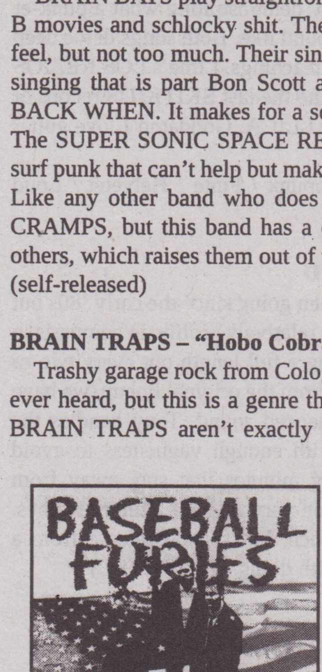
BRAIN BATS play straightforward punk rock that has a soft spot for B movies and schlocky shit. Their synth gives it a little bit of an '80s feel, but not too much. Their singer has some over-the-top metal-style singing that is part Bon Scott and part TIGHT BROS FROM WAY BACK WHEN. It makes for a sound that goes down weird, but good. The SUPER SONIC SPACE REBELS are rock'n'roll / horror punk / surf punk that can't help but make some definite nods to the CRAMPS. Like any other band who does this, you'll never be better than the CRAMPS, but this band has a couple more hooks than some of the others, which raises them out of the muck just a bit. (GH)
(self-released)

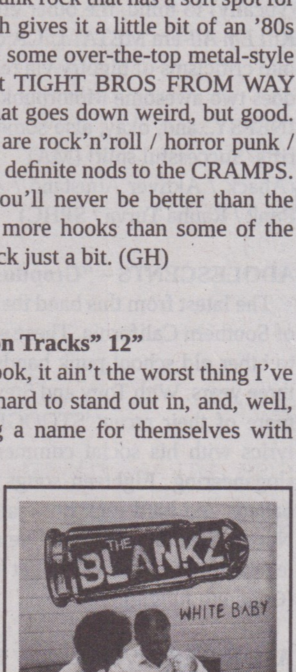
BRAIN TRAPS – "Hobo Cobra Action Tracks" 12"

Trashy garage rock from Cologne. Look, it ain't the worst thing I've ever heard, but this is a genre that it's hard to stand out in, and, well, BRAIN TRAPS aren't exactly making a name for themselves with


ACTIVE·MINDS
GOD BLEW UP THE SHUTTLE
GOD HATES AMERICA
GOD HATES FAG ENABLERS
POISONING YOUNG MINDS WITH HATRED IS CHILD ABUSE

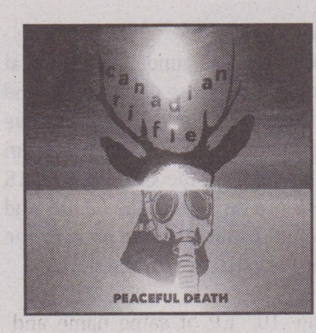


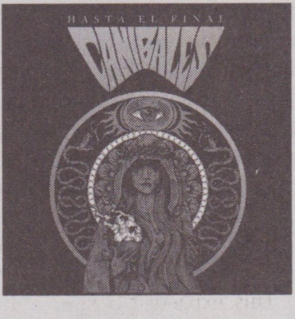




BOMBFLOWER
BLEED ME OUT

BRAIN-RATS
FEED IT THE TV THAT ATE MY BRAIN





this release. Recommended if you like DAVILA 666 so much you're willing to settle for a version without any hooks, or if you're somehow pining for that era of garage rock when every band decided that they needed to become a BLACK LIPS clone. (MF)
(Stencil Trash)

BROWN SUGAR – "Long Strange Drip" LP

Sprawling and indulgent—if that could ever describe a hardcore record—*Long Strange Drip* covers the complete non-LP recordings of Buffalo's BROWN SUGAR. Saying there's something for everyone isn't always a compliment, but I suppose it is here, BROWN SUGAR could always flip something on its head. For the un- or under-initiated: grab this, drop the needle anywhere, blow your mind. For the impatient or distracted (those who can't hang with two or three instrumental tracks): consider taking up contemplative practices like gardening or listening to this LP's three different takes of "Superman." For the day-ones: soak up guitarist Brandon's liner notes, a tribute to a desperate time and place and building something that at least feels bigger (there's no lyric sheet but at least there's an apology). This band fucking rips, so of course you should buy a BROWN SUGAR record with 35 songs on it. The way the bass and guitar echo each other and the tumbling drum-rolls backing "Cacao De Amizade," or the way tunes like "Choir Boy" and "2 Fucked 2 Drunk" can tear through concrete in the *Cows and Beer* tradition before taking semi-psychedelic detours before microdosing was even a *thing*. Also goddamn, "Chocolate City," who'd have thought one of a band's finest songs would end up on an *MRR* comp? What a collection. Lie face first on the floor and curl up with this one, read the notes and consider the absurdist boredom that gives the world a beguiling Cortazar-esque line like "*I'm better off on my own / swimming down the Amazon River*" in the chorus of a punk song. (EW)
(Feral Kid / The Loki Label)

BRUISED EGO – "Roman Numeral One" LP

Unrelenting, constantly changing powerviolence mayhem out of Baltimore. It's like that NO COMMENT style full-blast disregard for any kind of groove (or a good time). It's time to freak out, not space out. Pick this one up and find out what it's like to stick your head under a jackhammer. (BA)
(Craniopagus Parasiticus / Maybe it's Art / SSR / To Live a Lie / Tru Freak)

BUSH TETRAS – "Take The Fall" 12"

It seems like every band is getting back together. While that is not inherently a bad thing, it is getting tedious. BUSH TETRAS were a New York band in the early '80s, and they play minimalist dance-y post punk with laid-back, sassy vocals. The five tracks on this record retain that sound. The classic lineup minus deceased bassist Laura Kennedy appears on this EP, and their musicianship has remained intact. The tracks are low-key, cool, and catchy. I don't say it often about reunion records, but this is really good. I'm glad they got back together. (CK)
(Wharf Cat)

CANADIAN RIFLE – "Peaceful Death" LP

Gritty midwestern melody-makers, CANADIAN RIFLE's third full-length album delivers lots of catchy chorus hooks worthy of getting stuck in your head, along with a level dose of anthemic group vocals and some nuanced and thoughtful songwriting decisions. The emotional, deep, raspy vocal style reminds me a little of Eric Nelson's style in HIDDEN SPOTS, and could maybe even be traced back to the early RANCID tracks Matt Freeman sings on. This record doesn't diverge too much from the band's earlier releases, although there's more breakneck-speed drumming and the guitar is lower in the mix, giving it a less jangly feel. The title track, "Peaceful Death," is the mixtape song, but pretty much every song on this record is the soundtrack to your long, sweaty summer of late night swimming, unexpected adventures, epicly bad decisions, and big feelings. Especially the big feelings. (HB)
(Dead Broke)

CANIBALES – "Hasta El Final" EP

Slow, dirge-y, classic rock schlock that sounds like an unholy union of a tinny MONSTER MAGNET and your least favorite era of RED KROSS, and at half the RPM, to boot. I think these folks are trying to make it or something. On ugly pink and brown vinyl, too! (DZ)
(self-released)

CHILD'S POSE – "Feral" EP

Really ace debut from this UK band, connected either firmly or loosely to SAUNA YOUTH and the wondrous WOOLF. The pose here is wiry and energetic, smartly pop but too punk for paisley. Melodic vocals, sweetly akin to greats of 1980s fuzz-pop, over dynamic and active punk—very direct, yet sweetly jagged in the classic DIY sense. Personal, societal and romantic abandon are the thematic concerns of the day and you can't help but be on board as the EP ends. The whole affair—performance, production, presentation—neatly conveys the inspiring spark that must've coaxed this first showing: you feel right there with them, rolling / tumbling, and it's exactly where you want to be. Criminally limited to 250 copies, thus ensuring its salivating status. One of 2018's top releases, no doubt. (MC)
(Nervous Energy)

CINDERBLOCK – "The Executioner" EP

After listening to Cinderblock for a few years now and buying the Boston Oi! / street punk band's previous records, I can safely say that this is the band's punchiest and most focused release. Sound-wise, it reminds me of OXYMORON and the PARTISANS, in that it's generally fast, with plenty of catchy leads. Cinderblock is known for having lyrics that are a little more pointed than the band's contemporaries. The prime example is the last song, "No Means No," which denounces sexual assault and calls on men to "*take a stand—don't victimize.*" The song is topical given the #metoo movement and bold given the male-dominated and often problematic street punk scene. (AJ)
(Loud Punk)

THE COMPLETERS - "Silence / Be Gone"

Mix up slick production, a confident and understated vocal performance, catchy bass lines interwoven with tense guitar leads, and tight post-punk dance beats, and you get a pretty excellent darkwave single. I could see these songs getting the dance floor moving, or a room full of punks letting reality slip away and letting the COMPLETERS take over. Definitely something to check out for fans of the CURE and JOY DIVISION, and I imagine this would be an amazing band to see live for anyone near their hometown of Porto Alegre, Brazil. (HB)
(Yeah You!)

CRONANDER – "Executive Disorder" CDEP

Killer high energy butt rockin' punk from a wild pack of Bay Area weirdos. Lots of mid tempo bangers that bring to mind '80s SoCal without sounding even remotely trite or nostalgic. I picture lots of sweaty dudes enjoying their first true bro pit and me standing to the side wishing they would stop running into me so I could watch the guitar player (because that dude shreds) and thinking that this band is really damn good. (WN)
(self-released)

DAIEI SPRAY – "Isn't Brazing" 10"

The best music is usually when you can hear the band having a good time making it. They don't sound uncomfortable, and they're just having fun. It's a bonus when the fun-havers also have talent. DAIEI SPRAY's singer, Yagi, throat dances between shouting and sneer-crooning so fluidly that it will sneak up and flat-handedly bop you on your snout. There is a speedy, erratic energy throughout every inch of this record, and the last minute and a half of the closing song, "Slow," sounds like the exhausted ramblings of kids with guitars who have been told they need to go to bed and just refuse to get tucked in! These are four people from Japan who never want the party to stop. They're certainly hungry and want to bring their brand of punk to the rest of the world. I'll certainly be looking for an opportunity to see them do this live. (RH)
(Sakanade)

THE DARK – "Demons" EP

THE DARK are simply one of the most compelling active bands in North America to my ears. Combining *Dead Song*-era GASTUNK with AMEBIX and MOTÖRHEAD is a bold ass move, but the result when the needle drops on *Demons* is pure devastation. Vocals damaged to the dungeon and back so they become just another layer in the mix, while the mesmerizing chug of the guitar seems to only be broken by a couple of brilliantly tinny single note solos and the intro to "Nightmare," while the bass / drums just keep pounding. Punk rarely sounds this interesting to me...sometimes it sounds good, sometimes it sounds great, but this shit is indescribable. A more appropriately named band may have never existed. *Demons* is essential. (WN)
(Darker)

DARK/LIGHT – "Dark Slash Light" EP

Holy smokes! There must be something in the coffee up there in Portland. These veterans of more Northwest bands than you can shake a WIPERS album at have put out one hell of an EP. Energetic but downbeat (that's an achievement) with catchy songs that are both direct and punk as fuck, but incorporate interesting structures and dynamics. You could pick this apart and come up with an amalgam of SILENT ERA, ARCTIC FLOWERS, CRASS, DEATH WISH KIDS, and THIS IS MY FIST, but really, DARK/LIGHT are their own refreshing thing. (AM)
(Dirt Cult)

DEAD OF NIGHT – "The Culling / The Scourge"

This release is a proper enigma! Neither band nor label offer any kind of contact information or internet presence at all, perhaps befitting their creepy deathrock stylings. Well, I say "deathrock," but there's more than a touch of vintage metal à la PENTAGRAM in the mix as well, primarily in the riffing and guitar tone. That being said, the dramatic vocals, horror-themed lyrics, and rock-based songwriting are definitely drawn from the CHRISTIAN DEATH playbook. Probably the best comparison I can make is to SIXX, the deathrock side project of legendary early US black metal band VON, though DEAD OF NIGHT are a more focused on aggression than melody in comparison. The claustrophobic recording definitely complements the material, as does the stripped-down visual presentation. This is really good; I wish I had more information to offer regarding how to actually purchase a copy! (AU)
(Red Menace)

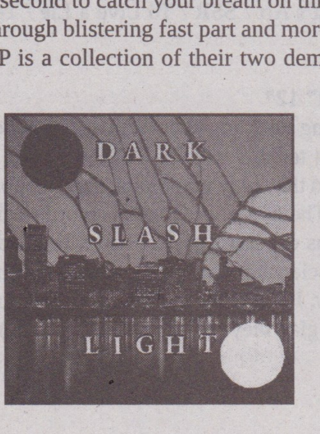
DEVIOUS ONES – "Plainview Nights" LP

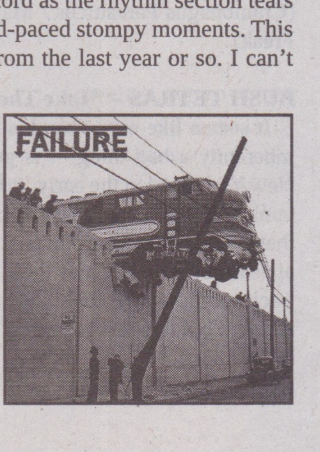
Wow. *"Everywhere I go, trouble seems to find me..."* This is infectiously catchy power pop. Less than a minute in and I'm tapping my toes, bouncing my head, and singing the chorus. Despite being mid-tempo and steady, musically it's got a certain nervousness to it. And while the melodies are super pleasant and catchy, it's got great energy. Tight and well recorded, it doesn't come across as being over-produced. As power poppy as it is, some of the tracks remind me of early California hardcore. This one is worth looking for. Given that it's limited to 500, I'd get on it quickly. I'm going to wear this one out. (KK)
(Hold Fast / No Front Teeth)

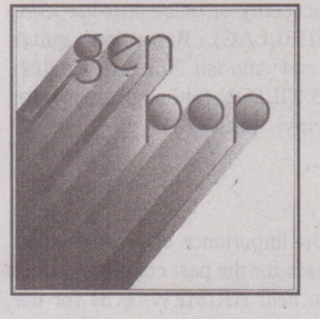
DREAM PROBE – "Demo Coleccion" EP

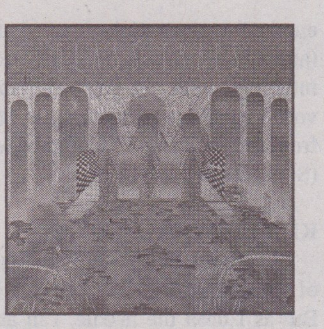
Holy shit, this fucking rips!! DREAM PROBE is based out of Champaign, Illinois and plays ferocious, frantic, lo-fi hardcore punk that just damn near knocked me outta my chair! The frantic yet catchy vocal and guitar work of songs like "Acuchilla Rosello" brought TOREROS AFTER OLE or ULTIMO RESORTE to mind, and other moments seem to harness the speed and ferocity of classic '80s hardcore such as KORO or NEGAZIONE. In all fairness, those comparisons aren't really even necessary. This EP stands on its own both musically and lyrically. The lyrics are fucking great and extremely relevant, covering themes of anti-imperialism / anti-colonialism, race, class, gender, and sexuality. The lyrics of "Demonios" as well as the imagery on the insert and sleeve touch on the colonization of Puerto Rico. There isn't a second to catch your breath on this record as the rhythm section tears through blistering fast part and more mid-paced stompy moments. This EP is a collection of their two demos from the last year or so. I can't

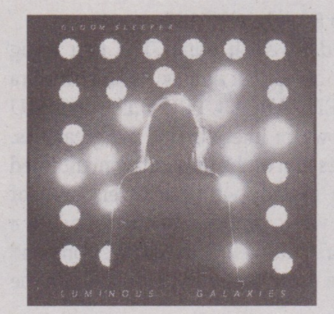
THE COMPLETERS











wait to hear what comes next from DREAM PROBE, and I really hope to catch them live. Damn, don't miss this!! (BP)
(Weirdly)

ENRAGED MINORITY – "A World To Win" CD

I guess this German quintet are what would be called "street punk" in modern parlance. Indeed, they have a song extolling the virtues of "punk rocker, skinhead, hardcore kid," and proudly proclaim themselves the angry voice of the lower class. They're proudly anti-fascist (which is certainly a prerequisite in this genre), and sonically fall in that melodic RANCID vein, with gruff, but not atonal vocals, and two guitars used to decent effect. I think this is their third full length, and despite the odd venture into ska, this is excellent stuff, sonically and attitude wise. (RK)
(Fire And Flames)

FAILURE – "Cross The Border" EP

Intense powerviolence and fastcore with vocals that fit in the IRON REAGAN thrash realm and at times remind me of Nick Blinko on the RUDIMENTARY PENI EPs! For fans of DRI, SPAZZ, CHARLES BRONSON… Lyrical content is of the fed up, bored, and "these guys don't give a fuck" ilk. Tempos are changed up a little on side B with "The Parasite." The whole EP comes with lots of extra mosh. Begs to be punished back. (JR)
(Drinkin' Beer In Bandanas / Here And Now! / To Live A Lie / Vleesklak)

GALLERY NIGHT – "Got a Gun" EP

Manic and spastic macho rock. Almost a little too dude-ly for me, but it's so wild that I'll totally give it a pass. Kinda like some serious AmRep / Albini worship but with lots of tuff guy spazz thrown in for good measure. I'd really like to hear more. Mathy *and* macho! (DZ)
(Tall Pat)

GALLERY NIGHT – "I Want To Die" EP

Much darker, sludgier than their band name lets on. A bombardment of heavy sonic clods of sound, primal floor toms, and distorted yelling vocals. Sounds like it would be on Total Punk, and perhaps similar to a much rougher the SPITS and DIE GROUP. Good stuff. (CR)
(Big Neck)

GALLERY NIGHT – "Watching Black and White" EP

If you've been missing new music from Jim McCann, a.k.a. Jimmy Hollywood (BASEBALL FURIES, TYRADES, etc.) over the last few years, great news: his new band, GALLERY NIGHT, has made the inexplicable choice to release three 7"s at once. I would have really preferred a full-length, since this shit is pretty fucking good. Darkly energetic, muscular, noise-tinged punk rock. It's really nicely done, all three songs winners in my book. Stop fucking around and do an LP, Jim. (MF)
(Curse of the Seven Vultures / Dusty Medical)

GEN POP – "Oh No" EP

The second 7" by these Olympian art-punks slightly retreads the sound of their first single while both expanding their palette and tightening their songcraft. Those who found their Lumpy Records single hewing too closely to the TOTAL CONTROL / RANK/XEROX formula will not be won over here, but as a casual fan I found myself slightly more enamored of their sound. The shorter tracks here have a frantic energy that contrasts well with the more explorative longer cuts. Clear highlights are the rapid fire pulse of "Waxing State" and the pogo madness of "No Identity." For punks who like their songs scrappy; for punks suffering nic fits; for punks who insist on wearing their glasses to the gig. (JD)
(Feel It)

GLASS TRAPS – LP

GLASS TRAPS bear the trappings (ouch) of many of the groups lumped into the "dark punk" or "goth punk" scene lately, but look beyond the chorus pedal tropes and you'll discover they actually have a sound all their own. Yes, the propulsive bass-driven sounds, minor-key leads, and layers of guitar effects bring to mind bands like WAX IDOLS, ARCTIC FLOWERS, or the ESTRANGED, but the eight songs on this album have their own distinct personality. It might be the vocals: channelling SIOUXSIE via Craig Wedren of SHUDDER TO THINK, from passionate to ethereal and back again. There are a lot of bands out there that have a "sound," but fortunately, GLASS TRAPS have *songs* as well. (AM)
(self-released)

GLOOM SLEEPER – "Luminous Galaxies" LP

By chance I had the pleasure of seeing GLOOM SLEEPER's first show, and given that experience, I was really excited to hear this new LP! GLOOM SLEEPER hails from Biefield, Germany and plays dark, somber, melodic, and pop-infused punk that is layered and catchy as hell. The melodies bring bands such as the ESTRANGED and the WIPERS to mind, while the more pop-influence guitar and vocal melodies remind me of HURULA. This LP is very layered in a way that adds subtle intricacies throughout the record, whether it be the presence of a distant tambourine or the low buzz of synth in the background. These elements, as well as the very melodic and polished vocals, definitely add a pop sensibility to this record that seems to set them apart from as easily falling into the current wave of post-punk. It feels clear to me that a lot of work and thought went into this record, check it out! (BP)
(Dirt Cult / Per Koro)

GREBOL / ORREAGA 778 – split LP

The best aspects of European Oi! are apparent in this split between Basque Country's ORREAGA 778 and Sweden's GREBOL: melodic riffs, catchy, crowd choruses, and tough-as-nails vocals. I haven't a clue what either band is saying, but it sounds tough—akin to 4-SKINS, ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE, etc. ORREAGA 778's side throws in some sweet saxophone parts in a few of the songs, which definitely stand out. The band's lyrics are in Basque, which also sets them apart from contemporaries. GREBOL's side is a little more riff-laced. (AJ)
(Mendeku Diskak)

HÄLLREGN – "Varför Dröjde Du Så Länge?" 12"

Jagged and poppy—nicely crafted Swedish punk. The first thing the discerning listener may pick up on is that singer / guitarist Sara also played in BURNING KITCHEN, ABDUCTEE S.D., and SJU SVÅRA ÅR, and with that pedigree we're likely bound for greatness. HÅLLREGN does not share the aggression of the previously mentioned groups, but showcases a likeness in melody with the latter. Lack of aggression does not equal boring or weak, as these track move like a brisk walk, and the often sparse guitars pair well with Sara's strong and prominent vocal style. There's even a great deep dance club cut on the B-side! Nice one. (MA)
(Erik Axl Sund)

HATE RECORDER – "Most People are Dead" EP

Four songs, equal parts; SHELLAC style / bass-driven hardcore, SWIZ style post-Revolution Summer songs and SILKWORM style indie rock. It almost sounds like something from Florida in the late '90s. Whatever you call it, it's certainly era derivative. Luckily, it's done well, the songwriting is good, and the recording sounds great. This is one of the better current records that is trying hard to sound like the '90s. (PA)
(Humaniterrorist)

HIVE / NO SKIN – Split EP

Depressive hardcore from Minneapolis. Pummeling and steady, presented not in chaotic punk way but in a severely demented hardcore way. Unfaltering compositions with traditional, uncompromising chords. Vocals rip through with sincere passages, with lyrics such as, "*Throw yourself on his cenotaph.*" NO SKIN continue on side B with a much harsher delivery: "*Give me an edge, I'll build a blade.*" Dismal terror cuts to a boiling point from three tight and fast tracks. A great split recommended for the more psychotic contemporary youth in a world gone madder than ever. (JR)
(FTWNU2)

JALLA JALLA – "Snowman's Land" LP

As a fan of a lot of older Finnish stuff, I was pretty stoked to see this in my box. Despite being a little heavy-handed on the production and having a few more genre skips than I usually enjoy, this is a pretty good listen, if you're interested in catchy, pop super-influenced punk. They've been going at it since 1984, so I'll give them a break and not give them too much grief for that one ska song or that Knuckles O'toole style, honky-tonk piano number. This, with a push in either direction, could fall in either Fat Wreck territory or land in a killer, wildass basement show. At the moment, I like that it's close to both, but not really too welcome at either party. Fans of their old stuff shouldn't be too upset with this presentation. It's kinda clean and bubbly, but I kinda dig it. (DZ)
(Hiljaiset Levyt / Roku)

JIMMY FLOYD HASSELBAIND – "Death By Vigour" EP

Decent little four-track EP here from this curiously-named act. JFH employs various tricks learned at the academy of noisy post-hardcore (alumni: FUGAZI, PITCHFORK, SHELLAC). Repetition, guitar interplay, solid yet jazzy drumming, and emo-ish Northern English vocals combine to remind me of BOB TILTON (although they were from the Midlands). Tidy bit of white vinyl, this. (AM)
(Serial Bowl)

KRIMEWATCH – LP

I know the hype, I fully recognize the importance of presence, and of course I've seen the photos everywhere for the past couple of years. But as I drop the needle, I'm about to hear KRIMEWATCH for the first time. *Initial thoughts*...the slightly awkward and overwhelmingly basic riffing is way more COMES than the contrived 1-2-1-2 stomp that seems to have taken over hardcore in the late '10s, and the vocals reinforce that impression. Taken out of the current hardcore context, the slower moshes are in line with mid-'80s ADK and I hear *Diabolism*-era MOBS creeping into much of this record...but none of this means that KRIMEWATCH aren't a relevant kick in the ass. They've managed to take (or have accidentally taken) modern knuckle dragging dummy hardcore and made it more than just compelling, they've made it sound important. (WN)
(Lockin' Out)

LAME – "Alone and Alright" LP

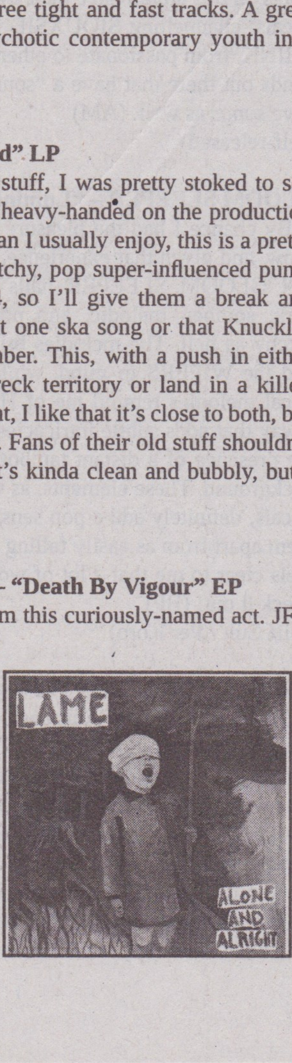
It's simple enough. It's dark enough. It's got hooks. At times, it's kinda like a cross between early LA LUZ and that one killer Paul Cary LP, but with an Italian accent. Sweet, mesmerizing backup vocals, and slightly mellow weirdness. On first listen, I wasn't feeling this, but it's warranted a few extra listens. Pretty cool, spooky, jangly, garage-scented indie rock. Kinda tight for what it is. (DZ)
(Alien Snatch)

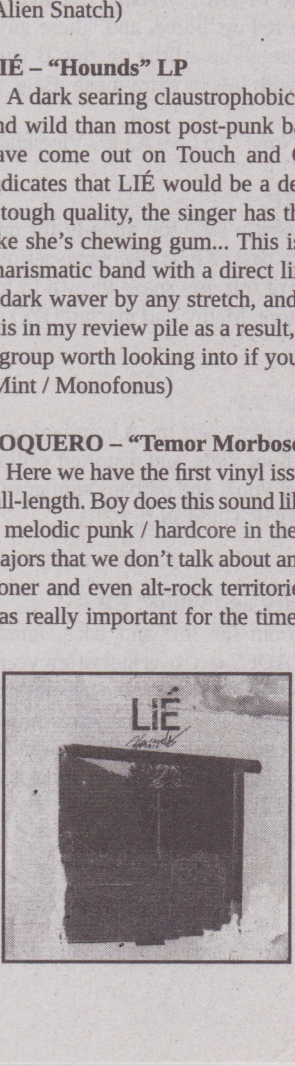
LIÉ – "Hounds" LP

A dark searing claustrophobic doomed punk vision. More muscular and wild than most post-punk bands, this almost sounds like it could have come out on Touch and Go. There's a dark energy here that indicates that LIÉ would be a devastating live force. The vocals have a tough quality, the singer has this cool cold style that almost sounds like she's chewing gum... This is an atmospheric charged record by a charismatic band with a direct line to their sound and vision. I am not a dark waver by any stretch, and was a bit apprehensive about having this in my review pile as a result, but I would strongly assert that this is a group worth looking into if you are that way inclined. (LG)
(Mint / Monofonus)

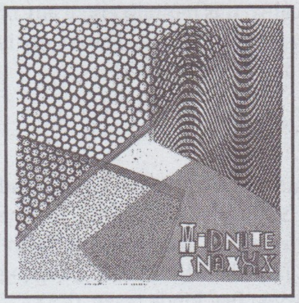
LOQUERO – "Temor Morboso a la Exposición Pública" LP

Here we have the first vinyl issue of this Argentine band's 1997 debut full-length. Boy does this sound like an album from 1997. The base sound is melodic punk / hardcore in the vein of all those bands that signed to majors that we don't talk about anymore, though the band meanders into stoner and even alt-rock territories at times. I dunno, y'all, maybe this was really important for the time and place that it was released, but to





Loquero
Temor morboso a la exposición pública



these ears it's barely punk and entirely terrible, especially the irritating, Jello-influenced melodramatic vocals. Pass. (AU)
(X El Cambio)

MAD CADDIES – "Punk Rock Steady" CD

I have to say, I've always had a bit of a soft spot for the MAD CADDIES. Despite the fact, that as a rule, I'm not a fan of reggae, ska, dub, or much in between, the MAD CADDIES have always managed to infuse those genres with just enough of something special to make 'em stand out. Here, they've given that laid-back treatment to a series of covers of various punk rock gems, including from the likes of BAD RELIGION, NOFX, PROPAGANDHI, MISFITS, DESCENDENTS, SNUFF and AGAINST ME! It helps, of course, that the original material is squarely in the "classic" camp. The MAD CADDIES definitely make it their own, and my only substantive critique is that as a whole disc, it does all end up sounding just a tad samey, particularly in the velocity department. But that's a minor gripe in the big picture. The wife walked in while this was playing and remarked (after saying it was considerably better than the crap that I was playing before) that it all sounded "very '80s." She meant it as a compliment. (RK)
(Fat Wreck)

J. MARINELLI – "Stray Volts" LP

While I am known around these parts as a one man band aficionado and connoisseur, I am more familiar with the stompin' on the drums, banging the guitar, yelping kind. J. MARINELLI goes for a more subtle, indie rock sound, so much so that this sounds very similar to GUIDED BY VOICES. Once that distraction goes away, it is easy to enjoy this record. This has a college rock style. Just kick back and listen to the tunes—you wouldn't even know this was a one man band if I hadn't told you. (CK)
(Twin Cousins)

MIDNITE SNAXXX – "Greedy Little Thing / Turf War"

Once again, MIDNITE SNAXXX brings their perfect blend of aggressive garage punk and raw melody to vinyl on two quick songs that would sit right at home on the top of the roster with anything on Rip Off Records. Both songs have great melodies that will have you singing along by the end of the first listen and will keep rattling around in your brain long into your drunken wreck of an evening...*and* the whole thing is over in less than three and half minutes! What more do you want?? Maximum rock and roll here. (GH)
(Goodbye Boozy)

M IS WE – "Oceans" CD

Shamelessly '90s sounding alt / emo (the included typewritten letter drops SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE as a comparison and I wholeheartedly agree), but peppered with more dreamy shoegazing pop than you'd expect from a '90s sounding alt / emo band. Ultra Moore / Renaldo guitars on tracks like "Tired" and a nice 45 GRAVE by way of OCEAN BLUE vibe on "Family Reunion." This one is weird, and I like it. (WN)
(Silber)

MOB TERROR – "Superstimulus" 12"

One side, 45 RPM, heavy, grinding, noisy hardcore with just a touch of sludge and a reasonable amount of the late '90s San Diego style snootiness. It's reminiscent of early BLACK DICE or whatever linearly comes after Dischord and Gravity. Blast beats, indiscernible bass, and noisy guitars intermingle with chugging hardcore. Not to be missed. (PA)
(Financial Ruin)

NANDAS – "Chema" EP

Imagine Spiderleg / Crass Records shits, but on speeeeed and a lot of something else that you're a little scared of, this New York outfit combines dark and weird and fast (like, *really* fast) with the weirdest blast-from-the-past drum attack I have heard in forever. Sinister and weird, NANDAS are like anarcho / art punk for a new generation of sewer dwellers. Definitely worth whatever hype is heaped upon them, this EP is a straight killer. (WN)
(Toxic State)

NO ACTION – LP

Jangly Australians keeping it pretty damn loose with a mix of some lo-fi, higher energy shoegazin' and some emo-ish punk. I know...sounds like it could be terrible, but please hear me out. It's loose enough and real enough to minimize eye rolls during the emo parts, and the rockin' parts are downright anthemic. I was ready to judge during the first song, but this is one of them mellow slow burners. I'd play select tracks off this at your adult punk get together before blindly, drunkenly letting the needle fall on a random track while you're DJing whatever shitty bar you do that at if I were you, but it's a keeper, nonetheless. Surprisingly solid, if you can get into the mellow, yet still chaotic at times, stuff. (DZ)
(Strictly No Capital Letters / Unwound)

NO BLUES – "Love Me" EP

This three-song 7" is the shock of the month! So fucking amazing! Okay, imagine a power pop band that combines your favorite aspects of TENEMENT and your favorite aspects of FLESHIES. The songs are super short, fuzzed out, and endlessly catchy. This record had my brain melting, even though all three tracks are these cheesy ass love songs. But that's how good these songs are! You must find this record!!! (FS)
(SPHC)

OND CIRKEL – "Svavelvinter / Vilda Syrener"

Down-tempo and haunting, Sweden's OND CIRKEL's first vinyl release includes two tracks that are more goth than punk, both clocking in at over four minutes. Reverb-drenched, ethereal vocals are front and center, amid gentle and brooding melodies. The drumming really stands out, with unorthodox patterns and unexpected accents—especially on the first track—that complement the otherwise more meandering tone of the other instruments. While the songs are more minimalist than the tracks on the band's demo tape released last year, they incorporate some interesting new elements like chimes and surfy steel-guitar accents that keep it weird. (HB)
(Never Understand)

PATOIS COUNSELORS – "Proper Release" LP

Truly fantastic album here. It's hard to categorize, which is always a good sign: it's getting tagged as post-punk, and sure, I can see placing them in the same arty, loose quadrant of post-punk as, say, SWELL MAPS. (The inverse of the SWELL MAPS quadrant is the JOY DIVISION quadrant.) But there are hints of more dance-oriented genres here, electronic elements playing with the songs' unexpected rhythms without ever fully taking over. The mishmash of influences and the dramatic vocals remind me in a sense of the early days of punk, when true weirdo bands like ORCHESTRA LUNA would end up getting lumped into the punk scene just by virtue of having nowhere else to go. A more obvious comparison would be ever/never labelmates RICHARD PAPIERCUTS; that band's fans will find a lot to love here. I certainly do. This one gets my highest possible recommendation. (MF)
(ever/never)

THE PINK NOISE – "House of Cards" LP

Montréal's PINK NOISE return, back for the sixth time, on this occasion needling a groove somewhere on a spectrum between PERE UBU and SIMPLY SAUCER. The label fucked up and printed the back cover at the wrong dpi or something, which seems appropriate; the only fair way to describe this record is all over the place. At the end of the A-side, for instance, you'll hear "Outsider," a tune with an antagonistic glam rocker at the karaoke room feel, itself following a minute and half long song that's one eighth note away from featuring a D-beat. The drumming here is great, tom patterns cutting in and out and creating some strange logic that makes untraceable guitar lines and bass that sounds like it's coming from the dance club downstairs manage to fit together perfectly like a lost *Alien Soundtracks* cut. This record even has a bit of saxophone and clarinet hovering around, though the horn here mostly lounges at the lower part of its range, to the satisfaction of anyone who's been able to follow this band to its seventh album here and suffered any high-frequency hearing loss along the way. It might sound like a test of your patience, but if you dig things like RICHARD PAPIERCUTS or MAYO THOMPSON or any other PINK NOISE record, *House of Cards* might just be your boat of gravy. (EW)
(Sounds Escaping)

PLASTIC WEATHER – "Miss Congeniality" EP

Plenty of bratty dance synth on this EP. The synth is almost like percussion, à la *Space Invaders,* that propels punk dance beats underneath a lighter melodic post-punk guitar in "Miss Congeniality" and in a more distorted tone of "Echo Chamber." "Doppelganger" is more light-hearted, synth with an almost circus farfisa effect, but still super dancy. "For Now" is a tad slower, has cool overlapping guitar melodies, with an ARCTIC FLOWERS-meets-JOY DIVISION mashup. Vocals have a heavy distorted echo and given with a bratty bite. I dig it. (CR)
(self-released)

PRIMITIVE HANDS – "Heartless Man" EP

This sounds good even if it has an ordinary style these days. PRIMITIVE HANDS' music is frantically played with an overblown distorted sound and an overdramatic vocalist. It is reminiscent of any of TIMMY VULGAR's bands. The songs are short and fast. The energy is high, and there is some humor, too. It's a good time. (CK)
(Alien Snatch)

PRIMITIVE HANDS – LP

Montréal punk band with ex-members of DEMON'S CLAWS and MIND CONTROLS. Total maniac KBD punk mixed with In The Red style garage punk. Totally runs the gamut from bizarre, teeth-clenching madness to dancey pop tunes. Like the REATARDS covering MENTALLY ILL. Super fun and makes you feel kinda crazy. (FS)
(Alien Snatch)

THE SCRAGS – "Anything" LP

A Swedish clan that purports to merge '70s space-rock sounds with good ol' garage punk. I think things are a tad bit more direct than that, but their stretched approach to the basics is the saving grace here. Songs like like "Cold Wind" and "Instead Of" establish a groove, offering some nowadays-style stabbing (post rather than space, more HAWKLORDS than HAWKWIND) that ultimately distinguishes them from the mob. Worth a gander. (MC)
(The Grizzlar)

SEKSIHULLUT – "Vänrikki Stoolin Seksihullut Tarinat" LP

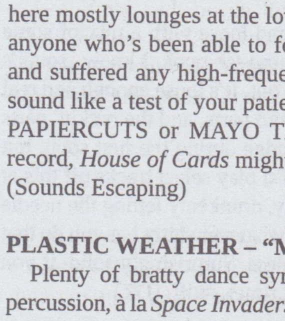
I don't know why anyone would put the misses before the hits, but this one really takes until the third track to really get going. The singer is equal parts Mia from the GITS, Mai from GORILLA ANGREB and Mary Jane from VEXX—i.e. a soulful singer with a deadly sharp edge. I could really do without some of the twangy elements here, which may sound closed minded but this band sounds so vicious on their more aggressive songs that I just feel let down when it's anything less. All songs are in Finnish which obviously is a great sounding punk language, though I'm really missing a piece of the puzzle without knowing lyrical topics. Lots of variety across these nineteen tracks, which I appreciate, but I'd take about six or seven on a tape to play at work. (MA)
(Joteskii Groteskii / Roku)

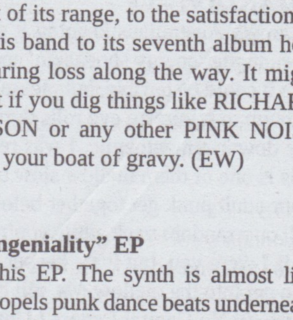
SHATTERBOX – "Strung Out On The Line" LP

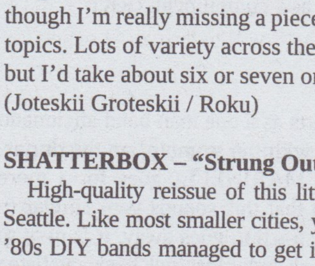
High-quality reissue of this little known 1981 garage punk LP outta Seattle. Like most smaller cities, you're pretty lucky that any '70s / early '80s DIY bands managed to get in the studio, let alone get a record out. Then there are the few bands who had enough momentum to get a full length out. SHATTERBOX draw from that same garage / punk / glam vein that inspired Virginia's CIGARETTES, L.A.'s DECADENTS, or NY's the PLAGUE. There are a few standout tracks, but nothing really beats you over the head, just a solid steady rock'n'roller from start to finish. Like my trusty BIZARROS LP, if this is your thing, you kinda take what you can get at this point, and SHATTERBOX deliver more than most! (GB)
(Dig! Records)

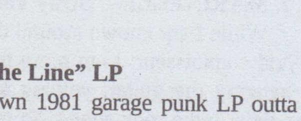
SHEPPARTON AIRPLANE – "Almurta" LP

Indie rock group from Melbourne that draws influences from a breadth of post-punk and alternative music from the '70s to the present. Washed









VÄNRIKKI
STOOLIN
TARINAT

SHATTERBOX

out guitars chiming over snaking bass lines, maybe like a peppier CLEAN. Other tracks employ the muted guitar / funk bassline-into-power chord downriffing of FUGAZI. The overall impression is of a band of talented musicians with a clear set of influences and a direct approach, but to be honest, none of the songs grabbed me as particularly memorable. If you know me, you know that Australia is my musical kryptonite—I tend to swoon for any old Antipodean agit-punk—but not even the mastering of Mikey Young saved this one for me. (AM)
(Wing Sing)

SHIPWRECKED – "We Are The Sword" LP

Norway's Shipwrecked have forged a cult-like following with their Viking-inspired hardcore / Oi!—think bands like DYS and SSD wielding swords and wearing Viking helmets. I don't think this release will disappoint the band's berserkers. The production value on this release is much greater than their previous releases; that along with the atmospheric intro gives *We Are The Sword* a pretty epic feel. The lyrics read like a *Game of Thrones* script with lines like *"I saw the treetops turn to black dragonheads,"* and *"Our ancestor's reapers return for the fall, and he'll take your daughters and sons."* (This is not a dis) I imagine their set at This Is Hardcore 2018 will be brutal—I expect to see actual dragons stagediving. (AJ)
(Foreign Legion)

THE SHORT DARK STRANGERS AND THE SHADY MOTHERFUCKERS – 2xLP

More than anything else, this record is a love letter to SHORT DARK STRANGERS' singer, Bobby Porter, who passed away from stomach cancer in 2010. It comes with a zine that is filled with writing by Bobby's many friends and bandmates from his numerous years playing music and hanging out in Pittsburgh, PA. The music on here is melodic, yet rough, with some hints of alternative rock, but Bobby's voice manages to take the songs into a different stratosphere altogether. Part soul singer, part raw talent, part HR from BAD BRAINS and all conviction manages to sell me on each and every song on here, especially the closer "Magnet of Bad Luck." This is the first I'm ever hearing of them, and I regret never seeing them. Can you imagine watching a wild-eyed, 50-something Vietnam vet do cartwheels off the stage while making you cry with raw, soulful vocals? I'm having a hard time myself, but this record has retained a bit of that magic for you and me. I'm glad this came into my life. (GH)
(Atila Tralala / Fraction / Frog Manchu)

SIR COYLER & HIS ASTHMATIC BAND / SECOND HAND SUITS – split 10"

SIR COYLER & HIS ASTHMATIC BAND are a caveman garage take on GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS on side A, and all four songs are winners on here. Side B features the two-piece SECOND HAND SUITS, who have plenty of '60s garage swagger, but I'm not a fan of the gristly vocals. The ridiculously blown out distorted guitar rules though. (CR)
(Valley King)

SWD
SHIPWRECKED

STRESS POSITION

SISTA BRYTET – "Hjartat I Handen" LP

Melodic punk out of Sweden. It's kinda what you would expect RANCID to sound like if they dropped the tough guy act. If you take out your pop punk barometer, you'll find these guys falling somewhere between the No Idea Records zone and the Dirtnap Records zone. No apparent goofiness or emo going on. It's more of a MIND SPIDERS approach to pop. It's the kind of pop that just barely rocks too hard for the pogo. Super fun stuff. (FS)
(Luftslott)

SLENDER – "Walled Garden" EP

I have enjoyed this group's sound entirely from their first tape, but this 45 hit me like waking up from real life into a dream... I prob would have put this in my year end top ten if the magazine had got it when it came out in August 2017. So many hits where to start. This makes me think of listening to that weird acoustic end-of-the-world-sounding SLITS demo "Number One Enemy" and also to some of the more desolate ELECTRIC EELS numbers. Psycho drugged out bedroom boys rather than exuberant freedom girl sound though! This is somehow making me nostalgic for skull music. Just got this sick head music sound, internal bedroom idea exploration into desolation, despair, it's a dream, it's a dare... Sort of drugged out fucked up beauty DIY—I truly love this 7". It is near perfect to my ears. The lyrics, the sort of untranquil doomed ethics... (LG)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

SNOB – LP

London's SNOB delivers ten tracks of blistering, dissonant, frustrated, and chaotic hardcore punk. Some of the musical moments bring Kansas City and Olympia's current wave of freaky punk to mind, while the vocal delivery and content seems to add a refreshing and vital element to this record. Singer Grotty Garbo puts forth some great, dark, cynical, and sometimes sarcastic lyrics that seem to take aim at the bleak landscape of societal and punk-related bullshit. The guitar works transitions jarringly from straightforward aggressive riffs to more dissonant single notes, overlaid with thundering tupa-tupa rhythms. A really wonderful blend of ferocious hardcore and bleak punk dissonance. Pissed, thoughtful, and catchy. Definitely recommended! (BP)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

STRESS POSITION – LP

This is dark, heavy hardcore. It can be a little goth at times and even almost grunge. But in a anarcho-punk / hardcore / metal way. It can go from sounding like the MISFITS to POISON IDEA to some crap hard-rock / over effected bullshit in a very short amount of time. The often over-present bass generally takes the lead with vocals that sound best screamed but are sung a little too often. On the whole, this sounds a bit too much like late night MTV in 1998. (PA)
(Nadine)

THE SWEETHEARTS – "Traces of Time" LP

Do you like NO DOUBT circa '95 *Tragic Kingdom*? Then you will *love* this album. Don't like NO DOUBT? Then you will not like this

album. I definitely lean towards the latter. (CR)
(Eccentric Pop)

SYRINGE – "Rotten Cycle" EP

This release is crusty as hell, and screams NAUSEA— maybe it's the dueling vocalists. SYRINGE also reminds me of late '90s / early '00s crust lords WORLD BURNS TO DEATH and DETESTATION—driving mid-to-fast-tempo riffs, plenty of floor-tom-heavy drum beats, and low-end, grimy guitar tone. The last few songs on the record, "Blind" and "Repudiation," sound more in the vein of Syringe's contemporaries PHYSIQUE in that they're a little trippier and chaotic. (AJ)
(Ryvolte)

TRASH MONKEYS – "Trash Monkey Universe" EP

Well, here's a nice find: HARRY PUSSY's Bill Orcutt flanked by a couple STUN GUNS, bashing hoppily away during the heady late 1980s. Everyone starts somewhere, these guys started out better than most others. The MONKEY attack is very punk and tuneful, heard best via the DIY odd-ditties like the title track and "Clairvoyant Housewife." "Hitchhiking For Housewives" is my kinda hardcore to boot! One for the Hyped2Death DIY lot, for sure! Proof that, at all times, in all locales, weirdos are plugging away in secret, ruling in worlds imagined and real, ready for you to happen upon 'em. (MC)
(Almost Ready)

TOTAL MASSACRE – 12"

This is fucking great! Totally pissed off political punk in the vein of the PIST, BRUTALLY FAMILIAR and the early, good TOTAL CHAOS material (but mostly the PIST). Witty, incisive lyrics that heap shit on Trump and the Republican party, their enablers in the NRA and Fox News, corporate culture and capitalism in general. Nothing subtle about this band or its message, just a 2"x4" of social justice upside the head set to straightforward hardcore punk with a few killer leads and a ton of catchy, sing-along choruses. Being married to a cable news junkie, I found "Hey, You Disingenuous Bastard" to be particularly gratifying as the song calls out slimy "both sides do it" punditry in general and David Brooks and Rich Lowry in particular. We here in the United States live under a poisonous, broken political system, and TOTAL MASSACRE articulate that better than any band I can think of that I've encountered in a very long time. Fucking hell, this record is just hit after hit: "Fascists Stole my Haircut," "Preexisting Shitheads," "#MAAFA" (Make America Anti Fascist Again, first lyric: *"I know how we're gonna make America great again and it starts with a whole lotta fists to a whole lotta Nazi chins"*). If you like blue-collar, pissed off (soy-)meat'n'potatoes hardcore punk, this is the best record you'll hear all year. To top it all off, this is DIY as fuck, self-released on great-sounding 180g vinyl in a well-designed sleeve. I've never said this in a review before, but I'll say it now: Tim woulda loved this record. (AU)
(self-released)

AARON TROYER – "Lone Offender" LP

True Columbus heads will know Aaron Troyer from his work in DAY CREEPER, OUTER SPACIST, etc. This solo LP is a bit of a departure from those bands; here, Troyer's tunes reside firmly in indie pop territory, leaning at times into the wimpier side of power pop. With this style, songwriting is the key, and Troyer acquits himself honorably. Sure, the vocals hit the limit on my wimp meter a few times, but that's almost to be expected with this kind of music. And the whole thing is just so damn charming: "Play this record at a volume that is appropriate to your living situation." Will do, Aaron. A very enjoyable overall experience. (MF)
(self-released)

TV SLIME – "Slime Demon" EP

This Chicago group's 7" features four different songs that only have *one riff,* a perfect way to make a first impression among an impatient and distressed audience. The bass line in each song does not ever change once, and that is really perfect. Different accents in the drumming and changes in how the squeal of the guitar swirls together with pissed (in the Queen's English kind of sense) vocals wailing in the distance manages to keep these numbers interesting. Everything is very fuzzy, and the vocals themselves are serviceable but lacking a bit of character, but which loud rock fans among you need that anyway? "Timber" gallops along at the pace of a MOTÖRHEAD bootleg, "No One" sounds like it could have been culled from *Insecticide,* "Marbeled" flips from a BREAKDOWN intro to a pit clearing stride in the style of AMERICAN HATE or SLICES as fast as you can drop a match in the toilet; I wasn't expecting to be happy about it, but I am at least a little bit. (EW)
(Byaaaaaah!)

TWIN GUNS – "Imaginary World" LP

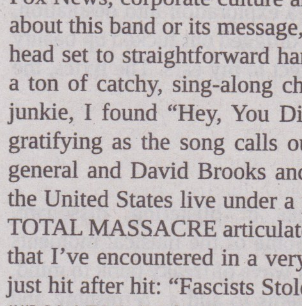
This isn't something I hear much these days, and not something I was expecting from Big Neck Records. TWIN GUNS plays over-dramatic goth rock that reminds me of '80s bands SOUTHERN DEATH CULT, FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM, the MISSION, etc. It conjures up images of pale rockers on horseback wearing dusty leather pants, as well as images of dark nightclubs with fog machines and minimal lighting. There is a spaghetti western soundtrack influence. The music stretches along the horizon while the singer emotes. I am digging this. (CK)
(Big Neck)

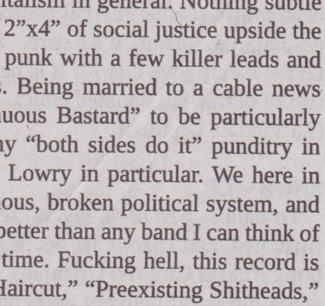
VENDETTA – "Modern Rockers" flexi

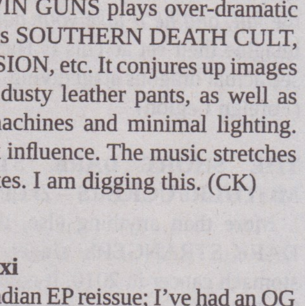
Fitting I should get to review this Canadian EP reissue; I've had an OG copy of this under the radar and elusive 1978 45 in my secret weapons stash for a decade. Supreme Echo did the full monty, complete with an eight-page band bio with photos. This is one of those hard to pin down late '70s bands who had all the punky swagger and attitude, but the band had more mustachioed glammy hard rock chops and plenty of scorching guitar leads. This is ripe for rediscovery, and rips more than many of the "classic" Canuck punk bands that haven't aged well. (GB)
(Supreme Echo)

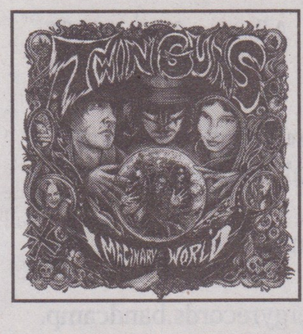
WHOOP-SZO – "The Dive / Untitled Travelogue"

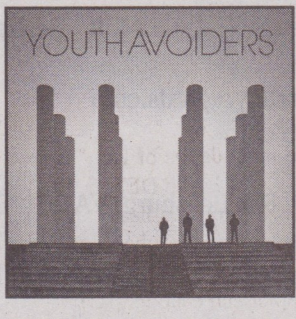
This transatlantic (Canada to London) project has thrown some

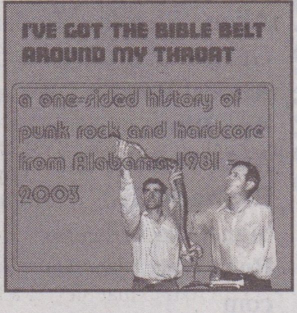











I'VE GOT THE BIBLE BELT AROUND MY THROAT
a one-sided history of punk rock and hardcore from Alabama 1981 - 2003

disorienting shit on the A-side of this record, and we're here to tell you about it. Rattling 16th note percussion over a vocals and crumbling bass lines and synth pads, covering a lot of different styles in one song—some dungeon synth, some stuff that sounds like it belongs in a NINE INCH NAILS song, some actual singing and harmonizing. The pacing is like a THIS HEAT song with a weird indie pop hook thrown into the middle of it; take that as you will. I think I dig the flip a little more, instrumental synth pop with a strummed acoustic guitar line thrown in for good measure, a bit like DEUX backing up a much more optimistic version of the B-side of *Low*. (EW)
(Grizz)

YOUTH AVOIDERS – "Relentless" LP

This record is so unbelievably and constantly intense, you should probably drink a couple of energy drinks before you put it on just to keep up. *Relentless,* YOUTH AVOIDERS' second full-length release, is an all out attack that bounces back and forth between screamin' guitar leads and actual screaming. The clean guitar tone and melodic undercurrent is a little too bright and posi to fit in with the all-angry-all-the-time vibe encompassing what we usually describe as hardcore, but it definitely has moments of pure MINOR THREAT-style fury. Only this time they're so into it they forgot to stop and have a breakdown. (HB)
(Build Me A Bomb / Destructure)

V/A – "I've Got the Bible Belt Around My Throat: A One-Sided History of Punk Rock and Hardcore From Alabama 1981–2003" LP

The reason that I think this compilation is important, needed and *essential* is that hardly anyone who grew up outside of the Southeastern US can name even one punk band from the state of Alabama. Even today, even in this magazine, there are people who think that punk doesn't even exist in Alabama and they're dead fucking wrong. While many of the '80s and '90s US punk bands of bigger cities had label interest, more money, more motivation or rich pedophiles clamoring to release their records, punks in Alabama were broke, didn't think anyone would ever be interested in their music, getting in fights with racist skins or getting guns shot at them by the KKK. That might sound like hyperbole, but it happened to me and most of the people I knew growing up in my home state.

Anyway, this compilation fucking rules. Many of the bands featured within never got it together to release a proper record and many of these songs have only kicked around on withering demo tapes since the early '80s. ETHER DOGS offer up two songs of early, raw fucking punk that could've been featured on any *Killed By Death* comps if anyone had cared. They're excellent. GNP, one of the most fucked up bands I've *ever* seen, has two songs on here from their 1985 tape. They started in about 1982 and, depending on who you ask, are still a band. There are two tracks from Alabama's first hardcore band, KNOCKABOUTS, including a demo track that was not included on their posthumous EP from 1995. I can't sit here and describe every fucking band to you, but I can tell you that this thing is filled to the brim with raw, caustic punk from all over the state, including the SLACKERS, RANDOM CONFLICT (going strong since 1988!!), GREEN BERET, CAUSTIC OUTLOOK, VOMIT SPOTS, and many more. Complaint? It's a real boys' club, but that's also a reality of the Alabama scene in general, as partially described in the accompanying, informative, glossy zine that outlines the history of punk in this overlooked state. Verdict: get this shit. I cannot recommend it highly enough. (GH)
(Foreign Legion)

V/A – "Mentes Abiertas: La Verdadera Invasion" LP

Mentes Abiertas: La Verdadera Invasion was originally released in 1992 and documented bands from the Argentinean (and I believe specifically Buenos Aires) punk and hardcore scene. This release is the 25th anniversary of the original and I believe the first time that the compilation has been pressed on vinyl. This compilation contains two songs from eight different bands and comes complete with a gatefold jacket, booklet, and poster / lyric sheet. The booklet is really cool and gives a background of the how the compilation came to be and, as well, gives a brief history of each band on the compilation. In the introduction, it is explained that the compilation was created partly as a reaction to a shared sentiment that many Argentinian punk and hardcore bands of the '80s had not been properly documented, given not having recorded at all or having only recorded a few songs. In the vein of the excellent Argentinean complication *Invasion 88*, this compilation was made as a means of documenting the sound and energy of the Buenos Aires scene in the early 1990's. Bands such as 2 MINUTOS and KRISIS NERVIOSA play punk that is more melodic and anthemic along the lines of the "punk Iberico" tradition such as RIP, while many of the other bands on the compilation, such as B.O.D., play more crossover / thrash and NYHC-influenced brand of hardcore like CRUMBSUCKERS, KILLING TIME, and *Cause for Alarm*-era AGNOSTIC FRONT. This LP is a great effort to document a specific era of Buenos Aires hardcore punk and definitely worth checking out if any of the aforementioned bands grab your attention! (BP)
(X El Cambio)

CONTACTS

Alien Snatch: Rodenbergstr. 3 1, 10439 Berlin, GERMANY, aliensnatch.com
Almost Ready: www.almostreadyrecords.com
Ape Rites: aperites.bandcamp.com
Atila Tralala: onk-onk.org
Big Neck: 39877 Thomas Mill Rd, Leesburg, VA 20175, bigneckrecords.com
Boo Hag: boohag.bandcamp.com boohagsc@gmail.com
Brain Bats: brain-bats.bandcamp.com
Build Me A Bomb: www.buildmeabomb.com/
Byaaaaaah!: tvslime.bandcamp.com
Canibales: canibales.bandcamp.com
Concrete Jungle : concretejunglerecords.com
Craniopagus Parasiticus: craniophagusparasiticusrecords.bandcamp.com
Cronander: cronanderpunx@gmail.com
Darker: darkerrecords.bigcartel.com
Dead Broke: deadbrokerecords.com
Destructure: destructure.org/store/
Dig! Records: 212-A Loudown St SE Leesburg, VA 20175
Dirt Cult: dirtcultrecords.wordpress.com
Don't Panic: dontpanic.storenvy.com
Drinkin' Beer In Bandana: dbibrec@gmail.com
Dusty Medical: dustymedical.com
Eccentric Pop: PO Box 7928, Wilmington, NC 28406
Erik Axl Sund: info@galleryerikaxlsund.com
Ever/never: evernever-records.bandcamp.com
Fat Wreck Chords: fatwreck.com
Feel It: PO Box 25045, Richmond, VA. 23260
Feral Kid: feralkidrecords.bigcartel.com
Financial Ruin: financial-ruin.com
Fire And Flames: fireandflames.com
Foreign Legion: foreignlegionrecords.bandcamp.com
Fraction: Lafraction.org
Frog Manchu: Discogs.com/seller/frogmanchurecords
FTWNU2: ftwnu2.com
Glass Traps: glasstraps.bandcamp.com
Goodbye Boozy: goodbyeboozy.tin.it
The Grizzlar: thegrizzlar.com
Hiljaiset Levyt: P.O. Box 211, FIN-33201 Tampere, FINLAND; hiljaisetlevyt.com
Hold Fast: PO Box 12311, Hamtramck, MI 48212, hfvinyl.com
Humanitertorist: humaniterrorist.com
Ken Rock: kensplastic@hotmail.com
Lockin' Out: lockinout.com
The Loki Label: 301 Tremaine Ave, Kenmore, NY 14217, thelokilabel.com
Loony Tunes; loonytunesrecords.co.uk
Loud Punk: PO Box 6115 Albany NY 12206, loudpunkrecords.limitedrun.com
Luftslott: luftslottrecords.com
Maybe it's Art: maybeitsartrecords.bandcamp.com
Mendeky Diskak: mendekudiskak.bandcamp.com
Mint: mintrecs.com
Monofonus: monofonuspress.com
Nadine: nadinerecords.com
Nervous Energy: nervousenergyrecords.bandcamp.com
No Front Teeth: PO Box 27070, London N2 9ZP, ENGLAND, nofrontteeth.co.uk
Painkiller: painkillerrecords.com
Pig Baby: pigbabyrecords.com
Plastic Weather: plasticweather.com
Red Menace: redmenacerecords.storenvy.com
Roku: rokurecords.com
Ryvolte: ryvvolterecords.storenvy.com
Sakanade: sakanaderecords.blogspot.com, sakanaderecords@gmail.com
Serial Bowl: serialbowlrecords.bandcamp.com
Silber: silbermedia.com
Slope: Sloperecords.com
Solidarity Rock: solidarityrock.bandcamp.com
Sounds Escaping: soundsescaping.com
SPHC: spch.bigcartel.com
Strictly No Capital Letters: sncl.collective-zine.co.uk
Supreme Echo: supremeecho.bigcartel.com, supremeecho.com
Tall Pat: tallpatrecords.bigcartel.com
To Live a Lie: tolivealie.com
Total Massacre: 7955 Haskell Ave., #6, Van Nuys CA 91406, tom@totalmassacre.com, totaleffingmassacre.bandcamp.com)
Toxic State: toxicstaterecords.com
Tru Freak: bandcamp.com/trufreak
Twin Cousins: twincousinsrecords.bandcamp.com
Unwound: unwoundrecords.com
Vleesklak: vleesklakrecords.blogspot.com
Wharf Cat: wharfcatrecords.com
Wing Sing: wingsingrecords.com
X El Cambio: pedidos.xelcambio@gmail.com
Yeah You!: yeahyourecords.bigcartel.com/

DEMOS

All cassettes and CD-Rs are reviewed in this section. Send yours to PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146 USA and include your contact information. Submissions without artwork will not be considered.

(GH) Greg Harvester
(HB) Heather Blotto
(JB) Julia Booz
(JR) Jason Ryan
(MA) Matt Badenhop
(MD) Michael De Toffoli
(MR) Matt Reynolds
(RS) Ramy Silyan
(WN) Robert Collins

ASTIO / IMPULSO – Starting with the IMPULSO side, right at the beginning there is a warbly-ness that made me check the tape and the tape player and move to a different tape player. Do not be fooled, it was an intentional sonic choice. The intro is a heady buildup with a great drum sequence and ringing guitars that would be a cool soundtrack to someone running to escape the cops. I love this singer; he uses long syllables interspersed with short punctuated barks, all under a heavy layer of reverb that echoes in layers like DESTINO FINAL. The music is charging and a mix of tempos, and the songs are over before you have a chance to digest them or get into the groove. That's what makes me fast forward and flip the tape! The ASTIO side just has one song, which is defined by the bass's heady melting chorus tone, overlaid with picked-out guitar notes that dreamily push the song forward while the vocalist talk-sings sparsely and coaxes the melody. It's kinda sleepy and background music to me, but it's a pretty song. (JB) (3-song cassette, lyrics not included, nessunimpulso.bandcamp.com)

BLOWDRYER – Philly's BLOWDRYER had a previous release in 2014. Four years later and BLOWDRYER'S DIY jangle-punk hasn't fermented much. OK, it's a little sweeter now, but these are sour times, right? And sour times make everything that's good seem sweeter, right? And this tape is way good! For point of reference, BLOWDRYER pulls from BIKINI KILL's *Reject All American*. But where that album caught BIKINI KILL in a relatively contemplative mood and vaguely recalled the JAM, this tape catches BLOWDRYER in some deceptively sing-songy choruses and vaguely recalls REM. If SUSAN were into unpolished Tascam recording, they might approximate BLOWDRYER. Punk. Not post-punk. Fave track here is the ominous "Suitable Replacement," which I would play on my radio show if I had a radio show (I do not have a radio show). Also, the drumming is super awesome on this tape. Not splashy or anything, but it sounds just perfect. Actually, that would be a good way to describe this whole tape. Just perfect. (MR) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, blowdryer.bandcamp.com)

BOY(MOUTH) – *Face Cake/Fart Meat* – I only wish you could see the cover...because fans and detractors and dismissers and haters would likely be separated almost immediately. And accurately. True freak sounds....noise, synths, some shitty space singing, one utterly inept drum machine anarcho punk song...it's all here. It's shit-fi brilliance along the lines of SOCKEYE and related geniuses. (WN) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included *[wow]*, $8ppd c/o Dan Bale, 1333 NE 71st, Portland, OR 97213)

CALL ME BRONCO – *Beating A Dead Bronco* – Don't let the Pushead ripoff art fool you, this is full on overall-wearing cowpunk. Or maybe it's folk punk? Or bluegrass influenced rockabilly? (WN) (11-song CD-R, lyrics not included, rustyknucklemusic.com)

CHRYSANTHEMUM – *Demo 2018* – Strong and confident noisy post-punk with consistent chorus, but with a danger that keeps an aggressive affluence to it. Most of the tunes are driven by melodic bass, riding out chords and keeping busy while staying on point, with plenty of discernible gain mixed with the appropriate amount of smokey chorus. Stable and creative drumming encourages the bass, so the rhythm section creates a sturdy base for the music to live on. The guitar is unhinged, supporting the melody when appropriate but still having the freedom to fly around the basement with a comfortable emotional noise. I was seriously hooked from the beginning before the vocals even came in. The vocals are so raw and clipping that it sounds like she's yelling into a phone receiver and you're hearing her voice exploding out of your answering machine because you didn't pick up. It's all nice and emotional but still centered enough by the rhythm section that it's almost danceable. Damn, I look forward to what's coming from this band. (MD) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, chrysanthemum666.bandcamp.com)

CONCUSSION – Four melodic tracks with screamin' guitar leads and straightforward pop hooks. Maybe they owe it to the orange Boss distortion pedal everyone always uses, or the basement-floor-quality of the recording here, but despite being poppy as hell it's still very tough, gritty, and punk. Kind of like what you might imagine it would sound like if BORN AGAINST were to cover the MARKED MEN. Really looking forward to more from this band, and hoping they don't ruin this great sound with clean production! (HB) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, concussion-nc.bandcamp.com)

COOL FLOWERS – ***The Demo Life of Cool Flowers*** – Free-flowing dub with live bass and drums. The songs play with standard dub echoes on the vocals, but the singer's style is slightly more aggressive than the standard, smooth dub groove. Erratic synth effects and a melodica in the mix add a little bit of a noisy feel. If you didn't know there's an alt-dub band in Portland, OR, now you know! (HB) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, coolflowers.bandcamp.com)

DEAD CELLS – *2018 Demo* – Very catchy, with plenty of hooks! I immediately thought BUZZCOCKS! This tape definitely reeled me in right from the jump with a big and melodic guitar sound. The songs are very linear in a way that is really enjoyable for me, and is really emphasized by the consistent and driving drums. Upbeat and catchy and maintains a very dark and warm sound. Nice. (RS) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, neon taste records)

ESCUELA / REEKING CROSS – *Split 2018* – ESCUELA play furiously fast pathologically pulverizing splatter-grind that I'm not entirely comfortable even writing about because in moments it is over and I'm utterly blown away from bit moments of grind, hardcore punk, and sludge. REEKING CROSS lower the levels a little further with guttural vocals, fuzz-toned bass and guitars—a bizarre trip through the grindfield of life. More blackened death on side two than side one. Every track on REEKING side has guest vocals; a pal from DEFEATIST vomits through the last one. Might need to give this a few more listens, the way one comes to really appreciate most things I think. See, it's already flipped and I enjoy it even more... (JR) (12-song cassette, lyrics not included, escuelaescuela.bandcamp.com)

EX-DIEL – Leipzig-based post-punk that is sometimes dissonant and experimental but then snaps into structured plodding and driving rhythms. Shouted / spoken vocals in German and English are sometimes repeated over and over to great effect. Something about it sounds authentically '80s and like something off of Rough Trade. Very, very cool wraparound art on this tape as well. Excellent! (GH) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, ex-diel.bandcamp.com)

THE FREAKEES – *Freakee Friday* – Abrasive-as-fuck, living up to their name, the FREAKEES are indeed freakee sounding. Instead of lo-fi garage, let's call these tense, torture-chamber jams. The first track is plodding, lurching and nervous sounding. Programmed drums dance through layers of overdriven bass and sometimes other distorted instruments. They even cover WEEN. Music to make you feel icky. Time for a shower! (MA) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, khiana.green@yahoo.com, (818) 359-2005)

GONG BATHS – Ultra basic 4-track bedroom punk like BIG SKIN HEARTS (look it up, punk) or VILENTLY ILL as a full band. Kinda interesting singing / snarling vox. (WN) (9-song CD-R, lyrics not included, thee.gong.bathz@gmail.com)

GOOD SIGN – I'm not gonna lie...I don't mind when dreamy pop punk demos fall into my lap. GOOD SIGN is so pure sounding, so genuine. Hits me kinda like the ALIMONY demo from a few months back, but this Portland act is more innocent sounding, with guitar leads bouncing awkwardly alongside vocal melodies and everything kinda making you want to sway a bit. Nothing wrong with swaying. (WN) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, goodsign.bandcamp.com)

THE HAT MADDER – *Rotting On The Vine* – This one was compelling right out of the gate: a "Mongoloid" ripoff bass lick gradually surrounded by swirls of noise and a weird build up of anticipation leading right into...commercial indie schlock that is at its most interesting when it reminds me of the QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE song with the dead deer in the video. A few quiet instrumental interludes that would have made a sweet bedtime record on their own, but otherwise this is for the modern alt radio set. (WN) (12-song CD-R, lyrics not included, thehatmadder.bandcamp.com)

IMPALERS – *Beat Session Vol. 5* – I don't expect that you people need an introduction to IMPALERS at this point, so I'll just say that if you already give a crap you should certainly pick this up. I don't generally indulge in the Scandi D-beat / hardcore thing much these days (aside from anything TOTALITÄR-related of course) but these Texans are undeniably masters of the craft, and this "live" recording is fucking nuts—like, I went and revisited album versions of some of these tracks and this just sounds nutso in comparison. Repeatedly bang your head against the wall. (MA) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, shoutimpalers.bandcamp.com)

INNOCENT – *Power Is Violence* – Punchy Scandi-influenced hardcore from Boston. Hyper-riffed D-beat like DISARM and ANTI CIMEX with a ramped-up early VICE SQUAD vocal delivery. Samantha's doubled up and high-timbre vocal style pushes the vibe into frantic territory, and Ryan's drumming is powerful—both are key to the intensity here. Not innocent in regard to breaking new ground, but guilty of ripping hard. (MA) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, innocentpunk.bandcamp.com)

JOUKKOHAUTA – *Täyttä Helvettiä* – Sizzling hive-like guitar noise for fans of DISCLOSE, POLLEN, URCHIN, ASPECTS OF WAR...you get the drill. Finnish raw punk attack that is a bit on the slower side but makes up for that with a ruthless wash of coursing petal chaos. Drums are tight but roughly produced on the high side—thinking ÄÄRITILA and RAJOITUS as well. Vocals are menacing, with writing changes I find at times unique for the style, somewhat metallic, with some weird and short solos, uh huh, I'm feeling pretty happy about this one, like it's lithium rhythm. (JR) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, joukkohautapunk.bandcamp.com)

KITTEN FOREVER – *Semi Permanent* – Bass and drums combo from Minneapolis, obnoxious in the best possible way, with maxed-out, distorted vocals and alternatingly minimalist and spazzy riffs. Femme group vocals varying between rhythmic spoken lines and frantic yelling. Perhaps a modern-day take on the sound HUGGY BEAR was exploring. Tender, yet tough as shit. Fun, but still angry and intense. This is a sound and style that used to happen all the time about ten years ago. KITTEN FOREVER is so exciting and refreshing because so few bands seem to be chasing this particular dream these days. I bet this band is ten times more amazing live, and I bet people walk away from the live performance inspired to start their own weird band. (HB) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, kittenforever.bandcamp.com)

LAUNCHER – Rough and raw-sounding punk from LA featuring a singer that has a weirdo, kinda high pitched voice that reminds me of Mike from the BANANAS and Mike from ANGRY SAMOANS. The band takes some influences from late '70s LA punk and maybe even Secret Center-era Sacramento stuff. Not bad at all. (GH) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, launcher.bandcamp.com)

LIFELESS DARK – *Who Will Be the Victims?* – Ha! Well, if you ever wished SACRILEGE released another record before going even more metal, this is about the best you're gonna get. We can even just pretend it *was* recorded and performed by SACRILEGE in, let's say 1986, since it's a bit more noodly than *Behind the Realms of Madness*. But I mean, everything from the voice and vocal cadence, to the crunchy guitar tone and riffs, *and* the actual drum sounds and mix...(insert applause emoji) The arrangements are notably more inventive than the straightforward-ness of the aforementioned classic SACRILEGE album. I wouldn't normally call a straight genre exercise an accomplishment, but goddamn, this is just above and beyond. (MA) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, lifelessdark.bandcamp.com)

MARKED FOR LIFE – *Demo 2018* – This is a mean mug to all the unaware white punks. MARKED FOR LIFE calls out the privilege of being able to talk the talk of anti-racism and anti-fascism, and not walking the walk, the privilege of taking up space, the privilege of not having to listen, and the ways that white punks continue to marginalize punx of color in our own communities. Musically taking influence from POISON IDEA and 86 MENTALITY, MARKED FOR LIFE is pissed, driving, and hits heavy as fuck. All-POC bands are what we have needed and what we continue to need in hardcore. I am personally sick of watching white men cry on the mic. *"Fuck what ya read, fuck what ya heard, if you're busy talking then you're not listening."* Features members of AMYGDALA and MEDUSSSA. (RS) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, markedforlife.bandcamp.com)

MEDUSSSA – *2017 Tour Demo* – This demo starts off with immense power: a sample from a DACA protest in San Antonio, TX, followed by the front person screaming along with drums that pound into furious hardcore. More than just pissed of people of color, this is POC rage. Coming straight out of San Antonio with members of AMYGDALA and MARKED FOR LIFE, so you can only expect the absolute best. This demo is relentless, taking only a few momentary breaks to allow the bass to walk, and jumps right back into it. Head-nodding, fist-pumping hardcore that is very dancible. All the songs on this demo will be re–recorded and featured on an EP due out sometime soon. (RS) (3-song cassette, lyrics not included, medusssa.bandcamp.com)

MEH – *Firsts* – While I'm not familiar with the label's comparisons (SEBADOH, GUIDED BY VOICES...) I'd just describe this as blown-out indie pop. A nice array of sparkly guitar leads and smooth, harmonized vocal lines laid over simple drum programming. Expertly crafted, and made by folks from Bay Area's NOPES. (MA) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, reflectivetapes.bandcamp.com)

METAYOUTH – Cool selfie of a dude with a burrito on the insert, cool pic of a kid doing a backflip in a bounce house on the cover. So far I'm stoked, but I haven't heard anything yet. Opening one root-chord soundscape-by-way-of-punk intro for 80 seconds to start... you're luring me in, kid, this better not suck! And it doesn't suck. Dreamy shoegazing pop by way of dirty catchy punk, this Alabama outfit is positively fantastic, even if slightly more mainstream-ready than most of the fodder found in these pages. Think about early SPIRITUALIZED and Shields-level guitar torture, but seemingly from a kid also well versed in the ways of '90s basement (and I'm talking about the stuff that we called emo before emo was really a bad word) and '00s indie. Catchy as shit and undeniably good, regardless of genre descriptors. This one is well worth seeking out. (WN) (10-song CD-R, lyrics not included, metayouth.bandcamp.com, c/o Dakota, 6907 Old Gallant Rd., Gallant, AL 35972,)

MORON – Snotty, noisy punk from Berlin, Germany. It's like this tape is laughing in my face the entire time, and I like it. Lots of attitude, from the way the singer yells and moans to how frantic the instruments are being played. There is a good dose of rock'n'roll feels that are quickly overshadowed by noise and more punk. This comes off as some art kids' punk band that was very meticulously yet quickly recorded in their basement. Great demo! (RS) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, moronberlin.bandcamp.com)

NEW VOGUE – *Cassette 1* – Hardcore DEVO fans rejoice, this swinging ENO-esque offering slides onto the dancefloor with vocals that remind me a lot of the first the FAINT, as well as NODZZZ. Most of it is presented as slacker hip dance music, but there is no denying its lo-fi analog catchiness. It's not straight up theft like a BLACK LIPS song, but has much more individualistic heart like REATARDS. I especially enjoy this spacing passage about social media. (JR) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, newvogue.bandcamp.com)

NOX NOVACULA – Highly spooky and serious darkwave from Seattle. NOX NOVACULA adds meandering, creatively subtle guitar leads, the occasional hook, and sparse, staccato post-punk drumming over a foundation of fairly straightforward mid-tempo gothy riffs. One chord progression is lifted from a RUDIMENTARY PENI track, but punks and true goths are unlikely to mind. The vocals are powerful and theatrical without being silly, not totally unlike Grace Slick's performance in "White Rabbit." If vampires are real, they probably listen to this. (HB) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, noxnovacula.bandcamp.com)

PARCH – It's like self-indulgent misanthropy-infected a bunch of kids trying to recreate anguished mid-'90s noise rock. Most of the time it works, but a clunker here and there is nothing to be ashamed of. When they trudge they are pretty sick and ironically it's the fasting and the blasting that seems to turn me off, but that might be just because the recording is pretty damn rough. There's something here though - will listen to the next release. (WN) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, parch.bandcamp.com)

RECONSTITUTE – Burly early-'00s sounding hardcore, this thing sounds fuckin' pissed from start to finish. Harsh vocals and brutally honest music assailing our current state (of state) in a manner not seen or heard nearly enough…as if saying that it's necessary to shout in defiance, and not simply avoidance. Recommended for all of the reasons. (WN) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, crasslipsrecords.bandcamp.com)

REGIONAL JUSTICE CENTER – Very impactful and personal solo tape of five hardcore songs in a little over four minutes that is meant to be received in one breath. It feels like the majority of the tape is breakdowns because they're so thick and bruising, but when they blitz forward it smashes through so quickly that it almost runs itself over, busting you open and then pummelling into the wound. It's not pristine, it's really rough and dark, and I think that comes from how personal this project is. Definitely worth taking in, and seeing what happens next. (MD) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, regionaljusticecenter.bandcamp.com)

THE RESOURCE NETWORK – *Blueprint* – Indie-fused post punk from Indianapolis. Fractured rhythms and grungy melodies converge to produce something conjuring a mashup of PAVEMENT and MISSION OF BURMA, and even WIRE on the faster "Albatross." A bit meandering, but cool. (MA) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, theresourcenetwork.bandcamp.com)

REVENUE – *Live at Paper Dress* – Rippin' punk / post-punk with flanger from London or thereabouts. Remember Jimmy from YouTube? Well, he posted REVENUE's self-titled (demo?) tape some time ago, calling it "phenomenal." Some of the same songs are included here, but live versions (the hits, I guess?). The recorded versions are way punker, but I'm not going to argue with Jimmy. This is phenomenal. Sometimes meditative, sometimes aping the FALL, sometimes compelling, always sounding like they don't give a fuck but they totally, totally do. Impressively, REVENUE evokes both currency and timelessness, a hard feat to pull off. But there's also this: on *Live at Paper Dress*, at least, REVENUE sounds like a band that could open for ARCTIC MONKEYS seven nights a week. So, there you go. Fidelity is mostly not bad for a live tape. Mythology is these guys are investment bankers. If that's true, *fuuuuuuuck* them. (MR) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, gobnation.bandcamp.com)

SKUMSTRIKE – This one is as good as the name implies. Buzzsaw face-ripping hollow hardcore with reverbed vocals (duh) and RIGOR MORTIS caliber speed picking delivered in a decidedly punk context. It all smokes, and still sounds slightly off in a way that I can't describe, but that totally helps to make it awesome(r). Sick. (WN) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, skumstrike@gmail.com, skumstrike.bandcamp.com)

SLAUGHTER RULE – *Demo 2018* – Mosh and circle-pit inciting hardcore from Chicago. Tight and explosive, effective thrashing and breakdowns, and a fitting angry distorted vocal. I like to imagine "Kill Him" is about the president, as I often think the same thing, but they don't explicitly say that. This shit is nuts. (MA) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, slaughterrule.bandcamp.com)

SPECIAL MOVES – *March* – Olympia band that sounds like it is from Olympia. Actually, with its softly fuzzed out guitars and wistful, buried vocals, *March* sounds like it could have been from Olympia 25 years ago, à la LYNC or something like that. No Olympia band from that era would have named themselves SPECIAL MOVES, though, as that band name sounds waaaay too much like an East Bay-style band name (SPECIAL FORCES, anyone?). Anywho, good stuff that will be enjoyed by fans of DINOSAUR JR and BOB MOULD's post-HÜSKER DÜ guitar playing. A dreamier, less fully-realized version of MILK MUSIC. Says it shares "members" with PARASOL, but as far as I can tell there is only one person in this band, so that should just be "member," dude. Adorable artwork, and I mean that 100% without snideness. (MR) (4-song cassette, some lyrics included, reflectivetapes.bandcamp.com)

THERAPY – Yup. Rules. Devastating low-end heavy hardcore with sinister vocals and the most fist clenching mid tempo bits I have heard in ages. Full-throttle even when they stubbornly refuse to open it up (take the first half of "Trial" as an example), this demo is as good as my friend suggested when he handed me a copy a few weeks ago. Highly recommended for readers sick of flavor-of-the-month self indulgent stomps and want to fuckin' rage. Extra points for the DEAD AND GONE guitars in "Menace." (WN) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, therapysd.bandcamp.com)

LES VANDALES – *Live In Nouma* – Aggressive French punk band that's had a few starts / stops since their first demo in 1984, recently reformed by the band's only actual member. Unfortunately, this sounds like a ripping '80s French punk band reformed with a bunch of competent musicians in the late '10s. This is to say that LES VANDALES are... fine, but this live recording lacks personality or teeth (though the recent live recording released online is a bit more ferocious). But man those '80s recordings fuckin' rip *hard*. (WN) (8-song CD-R, lyrics not included, lesvandales.bandcamp.com)

V2TU – A:\is not accessible. System cannot read from the specified device. (RS) (?–floppy, lyrics not included, DW– 001)

WAR//PLAGUE – *A Collection of Songs About Anger And Protest* – A compilation from their last decade of work, this is heavy and deadly with a nice range of recordings, tempos, and production. WAR//PLAGUE play scowling, epic, battletorn ripper crust. With SACRILEGE, AMEBIX, MISERY gruesomeness and profane retrospection. WAR//PLAGUE have quite a few releases, and this is a solid collection of their finest pieces with both crust punk and death metal offerings. (JR) (21-song cassette, lyrics included, blacxkonflik.blogspot.com)

WRIST RODEO – *Live at Barrefest* – Existing somewhere near the intersection of punk and baby boomer, WRIST RODEO plays American rock'n'roll just the way your dad likes it. No left turns for this Finnish band, just rock, heavy blues, and mild psych, punctuated by a DOORS cover just in case you momentarily got lost. Recorded live, but you wouldn't know it. The sound is crisp as an apple, these guys don't fuck up, and the only time the fourth wall is broken is when they talk a little between songs and the crowd claps politely. I really, really wish they sang in Finnish, but they don't. (MR) (9-song CD-R, lyrics not included, wristrodeo@gmail.com)

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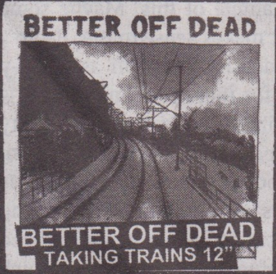

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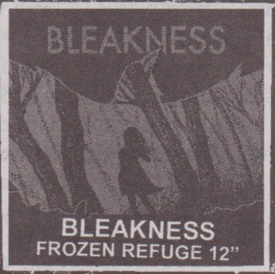

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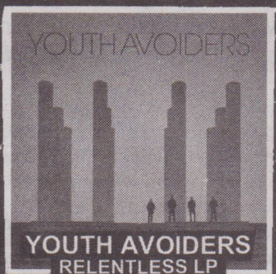

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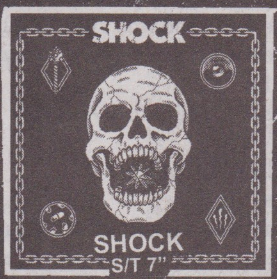

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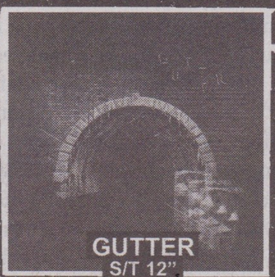

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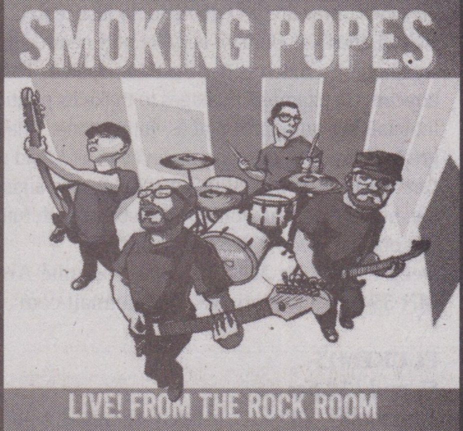

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DEEP FRIED ZINE MPLS #14

$1 / 24 pgs

Frankly, a mall-themed issue of a fast food / punk fanzine struck me as a bit much...how are you going to do justice to all of three of those themes?! Indeed, the mall element is fairly half-hearted here, but the zine as a whole was honestly much better than anticipated. The list of fast food chains to boycott, for example, manages to make its political points effectively while maintaining an approachable, funny tone. That precise tone is the zine's greatest strength, drawing me in even as I read about topics I frankly donít care about. The mall-themed content was significantly less interesting to me, but I guess that won't be a problem with future issues. Easy to see why this one has made it to issue #14. (MF)

Deep Fried Zine MPLS / 2901 Yosemite Avenue S / St. Louis Park / MN 55416 / videophobia222@hotmail.com

FLUKE #15

$5 ppd / 50 pgs

Structurally, *Fluke* is a fairly standard zine: a few interviews, a few essays, and some cool drawings / photos. It's top-tier in quality, though. The interviews with Ian Mackaye, Adam Smith, Gary Floyd, and Mike Watt are the heft of this zine, and they're certainly great interviews and worth your time. However, the spice here are the short, varied pieces by many different contributors ranging from personal essays to poetry to art. A two-page essay about raising chickens has reminded me why I love chickens and how I want some chicken friends. If this zine is what sends me into the woods to live with chickens, so be it, as it was bound to happen. You won't regret reading this straight through and then coming to join me and the chickens. (RH)

Fluke Fanzine / PO Box 1547 / Phoenix, AZ 85001

MACROPHAGE #1

$4 / 28 pgs

Perzine by Niamh Timmons, who is a queer, non-binary, disabled transgirl, about the different ways that they try to heal in the face of hemophilia, heartache, and other sources of trauma. (They have other works reviewed in this issue of *MRR.*) They decided to name this zine after the macrophage, a white blood cell which is indiscriminate in the way in what they eat—they were responsible in helping them heal from having swollen ankles filled with blood, but at the cost of their joint cartilage. This complicated view of healing, which covers the pain they experience as they deal with loneliness, the effects of their disability on others, suicide ideation, and queer relationships. The stories here are often barely related, strung together only through the shared sadness that Timmons experienced. It's an imperfect zine (which both Timmons and myself find invaluable) but still a worthwhile one for its presentation of a person's pain and their ways of coping. (JD)

cniamhtimmons@gmail.com

MANIC SPRING: A YEAR IN REVIEW

$3 / 16 pgs

Brief (just a few dozen words per page), intense zine covering the author's history of manic episodes in the springtime and pondering the future. At times I wasnít sure what to make of it—should I be admiring the jams on ìthe playlist [the author] listened to seemingly nonstop last spring, or should I see the whole thing as a troubling indicator of a manic episode? Still, the author's cautious optimism is moving. "*THINGS ARE ALLOWED TO BE GOOD FOR ME,*" the zine concludes. Amen. (MF)

neonclear@gmail.com

NEVER WAS TURNED HAS BEEN #7

$2 / 28 pgs

Half-sized cut and paste jammer that contains interviews with Blue Dolphin, Headsplitters, Surburan Psychos, and Terry; record reviews; show reviews; musings on the state of punk in general and zines specifically. I like the overall tone. Reading this zine it feels like they are just doing it to do it / arenít overly precious but haven't turned their brain off. The editor's explanation of their disagreement with what seemed like a throwaway joke about mass castration in the Terry interview was the most explicit example of this. Maybe some people would think it's overbearing, but it makes sense to me. Paolo's breakdown of why it's not cool to them doesn't come off as judge-y or holier-than-thou, just not having time for that noise and how it is connected to histories of oppression. The interview starts with a shitty drawing of two kangaroos having beers (or holding their dicks, I'm not sure) and ends with a thoughtful rant about how "overpopulation" is largely racist bullshit, and it all feels of the same piece. Most everything else is just a celebration of punk weirdo-ism and about being engaged with the better parts of our sub-cultural refuse. I also got #5.5 (which has the same vibe and price as #7 but with White Pigs, Bulsch, and Dame interviews) and won't offer a full review here but the writing and perspective have improved even considering that they were pretty good to begin with. (JA)

76 Congress St / Milford, MA 01757

PRESIDENT TOILET #3

$5 / 46 pgs

Can raccoons and possums mate? There is wrestling involved, daddy. A page that just has the Japanese word for television on it hangs out in the middle there. A talking toilet is running a political race (for president?) against Mayor Butt, a butt who is mayor. These are thoughts and observations that I had walking through this surreal comic zine. I'm not 100% sure I got all the references or that the ones I got were actually references. This is incoherent in the most positive way. If a punk rocker wanted to make noise music but only had access to pens and paper, this

is what would happen. I'm not certain that's not what happened here. It's both grating and upsettingly fun! (RH)
toiletprez@gmail.com / presidenttoilet.bigcartel.com

READY FOR WAR: THE BATTLE JACKET PHOTOGRAPHY OF ADEL SOUTO

$13 / 100 pgs

Nicely done zine documenting, as the title implies, photos of battle jackets at Maryland Death Fest and other locations from 2013 and onward. The jackets inside are what you should expect—custom jackets and vests with either handmade paintjobs or a plethora of patches. Some great designs are present such as a handpainted rendition of the cover of *To Mega Therion*, the person with bones sewn into their design, or the amazingly worn-down painting someone made for Vomitor's *Bleeding The Priest* LP. Band names, corporate logos, hell, even the material used all paint a dynamic and interesting picture of a person and their interest in underground culture. Because of that, I wish that the photographer included some sort of conversation with the punks and metalheads included here. For example, on the cover there is a person with both a Burzum patch and a Leviathan patch. Does this person care that Varg Vikernes from Burzum is a white nationalist, or that Jef Whitehead from Leviathan has intense allegations of sexual assault against him? Or what about the people with a Dissection patch—do they condone frontman Jon Nödtveidt's homophobic murder of Josef ben Medour? How would the people with more left-leaning patches, such as the person with a Black feminist patch, or the person with the "Fuck The Cis-tem" patch feel about potentially being surrounded by these metalheads? (JD)
adelsouto.com

RESTLESS LEGS: 2009-2018

$7 / 38 pgs

A well crafted photo zine of the author and their travelin' type pals. At first skim, I gave a groan, as it just seemed like another train hoppin'picture book, but this is a pretty sweet little homage to punk houses, shows, sweet roomies, friends alive and not still alive, and, yes, some train hoppin' stuff, too. The author's tiny tiny handwriting was kind of a bummer, but as an old as hell punk, I've got reading glasses on me at all times, so who cares? All in all, the author seems to know the right place and time to take out a camera and their buds seems like a gaggle of fairly solid folk. Not the Polaroid Kid ripoff I thought it was going to be, and I'd be stoked to see more. (DZ)
Bryan May / 2616 15th Ave S / Minneapolis, MN 55407 / brybry@riseup.net

RUN AWAY: FAMILY STORIES

$4 / 24 pgs

Perzine by Niamh Timmons, who is a queer, non-binary, disabled transgirl, focusing specifically on transphobia / transmisogyny and how it relates to them. Like many trans people, their relationship with their parents is fraught with tension and complications. They mention an interest in genealogy here, something carried down by their mother. They are curious as to the ways that genealogy flattens out the dynamism of people's lives. Do they share common experiences with other family members? They don't know—their parents are often closed off to them, and their family frequently doesnít understand their identity, frequently asking them to return to their deadname. They do share one common experience—both of Timmons' parents were runaways of sorts, and Timmons wishes they could escape the abuse and transphobia they experience. There's no good solution here for Timmons, but they end the zine wishing for something more radical than a chosen family. However, what that looks like is beyond me. (JD)
cniamhtimmons@gmail.com

SCREAMING FATAL TRUTHS

£7.00 / 52 pgs

Scrap Brain member Joe Briggs found a disposable camera on the floor of DIY Space For London and, already in the habit of taking pictures of bands, decided to use his new camera to capture the bands he saw. He best summarizes his work in his introduction: "all art is as much pose as exorcism, the anger birthed in a real place." Over the course of *Screaming Fatal Truths* Briggs captures scenes from the current DIY underground, featuring a wide range of the who's who in the scene: Anxiety, Nekra, Krimewatch, Shopping, Q, Firewalker, Exotica, and Limp Wrist are among the artists featured. While flipping through the photos, there are common trends among the screaming and writhing performances featured. Briggs' photos inevitably bring up the big question, as mentioned in his introduction. These bands are heavily drenched in the signifiers and symbolism of punk—the iconic band shirts, tattoos, and DIY clothing. It is hard to separate these signifiers, which imply conformity within a subculture, with the contrary nature of individual rage and protest found here. In these dynamic photos Briggs presents the fusion of the two, which is ultimately one of the biggest conflicts within punk—how to express shared ideas with others while also avoiding conformity. The question cannot be answered in a mere photo zine, but Briggs' aptitude with his disposable camera captures highlights of the current state of that contradiction in punk. (JD)
makinabooks.com

SCREAMING FATAL TRUTHS II

£7.00 / 52 pgs

This is a photo book / zine of gig photos from around London by Joe from Scrap Brain. Bands include Haram, Disjoy, Good Throb, Childís Pose, BIB, Hex, Lovescum, Anxiety, PMS, Arms Race, Nosferatu, Cuntroaches, and a more. The photos are snapshot style printed in full color on nice paper. I know nothing about photography, but the shots are all framed nicely, giving a sense of the space they happened in. Lots of energy with punks screaming and grimacing. (JA)
makinabooks.com

SLUT CITY JOURNAL

$2 / 88 pgs

These Salt Lake City punks collectively produced this zine to share info for the betterment of individuals, their scene, and the world at large. Positive how to be more self-reliant, start a band, put on shows, run a tape label, and eat grasshoppers. Good effort and should be good fodder for punks to work with. (JA)
Punks and Rogues / 369 East 900 South #326 / Salt Lake City, UT 84111

SOUVENIR #1-2

26 pgs

It seems like these were both written for the Toronto Zine Off! for 2017 and 2018, and though they share the same title and author, they seem like completely different zines. The first issue starts with a pretty tight short story about the author sorta (but not completely) reconnecting with their father, and closes with a pretty lengthy poem. Like my relationship with a lot of poetry, that part went right over my head. The second issue starts off with a pretty rad interview with Toronto street artist Rocky Dobey, who has been decorating the streets with flyers, paintings, copper plates and other various, weird vessels of creativity for over forty years. Granted, the photos of the art were shoddily photocopied, but the assumed legality of it due to the durability and downright craftiness seemed pretty fucking brilliant. This issue closes with an account of being a festival shitworker and how it's about damn near impossible to properly separate recyclables from landfill, even for Canadians. Issue two was a rad read. (DZ)
jmfrancheteau.wordpress.com

TOTAL NEEDS VOLUME 1

$7 / 48 pgs

Remember Cülo? Of course you do. They paid the perfect amount of attention to both all the great and horrible aspects of the platonic ideal of punk. They seemed like genuine degenerates and also seemed like they were probably nice, well-meaning kids. This zine is dedicated to remembering them. Band members, friends, tour mates, and fans reflect on the band, their records, their time and place in punk. It can be easy to ignore the backstories and just focus on the music, man—and just as easy to get caught up the minutiae of rumors and wacky tales. This zine does a good job of talking about why the music itself was special and confirming that Cülo were really just a bunch of nerds who did what they did because it was made sense to them. There are drug tales touched on, but everything is much more kept in the realm of relatable life and love of punk than glorifying or handwringing. I liked it and remembered I should step to those Tarantüla records. (JA)

Totalneeds.bigcartel.com

TRANS SEXUAL GEOGRAPHIES

$3 / 24.pgs

Perzine from Niamh Timmons, who is a queer, non-binary, disabled transgirl that talks about sex and bodies and their gender. They talk about their exes, how they've learned about good sex and experienced bad sex, their traumas and experiences with transphobia in their relationships. They explain the pleasures of all of the new changes that their body has taken on due to hormonal replacement therapy, and the unforeseen ways dysphoria can arise from those changes. Connecting with and relating to your body is hard when you're trans, and as this zine so thoroughly explains, it is hard to share those parts of you. (JD)

cniamhtimmons@gmail.com

YOU SHOULD HEAR THIS! #1

$3 / 24 pgs

I'm only mostly sure that I did not write this zine. I made my wife promise me that she isn't protecting an alter ego I have and am unaware of named Ricky. If she is not lying and I am indeed only mono-personalitied, then this is one of the closest things to "I wish someone wrote about these specific things"that I've ever been handed. This thing reeks of dorky sincerity and spends its pages on loving mini-retrospectives of AFI, Weezer, and Jeff Rosenstock, six songs about wrestling, and a Nintendo switch game about break dancing. The author's drawing style is made out of smiles, unironic and glowing smiles. There is not a single page here that is not perfectly designed to give the reader the happy times. (RH)

rickyvigil@gmail.com / rickyvigil.bigcartel.com

ZINE OF THE HILL #2: SPRING 2018

$8 / 28 pgs

Well, joke's on y'all: even though I spent the last seven and a half years living in Texas, I have never seen a single episode of *King of the Hill*. Surprisingly, though, that didn't really hamper my enjoyment of this zine. Sure, a few contributions were too referential for me to understand them, but for the most part, these thoughtful explorations of just why the show has meant so much to people were genuinely touching. The true passion that so many of these writers have for this show really shone through and made this one a truly enjoyable read. (MF)

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FREYA WILCOX & THE HOWL / RADIO DAZE / CRAZY BALDHEAD DUB APPARATUS
JUNE 30 @ THE SAFARI ROOM AT EL CORTEZ

D.O.A. (40TH ANNIVERSARY TOUR)
KEVIN SECONDS
JULY 22 @ BROOKLYN BAZAAR - ALL AGES

ENEMY SOIL
O.G. LINEUP FEAT MEMBERS OF PIG DESTROYER, AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED, REEKING CROSS, VASTUM, VIRGINIA CREEP, + OTHERS
SECRET SPECIAL GUESTS (REUNION SHOW)
THE COMMUNION / CHEPANG
AUGUST 18 @ BROOKLYN BAZAAR - ALL AGES

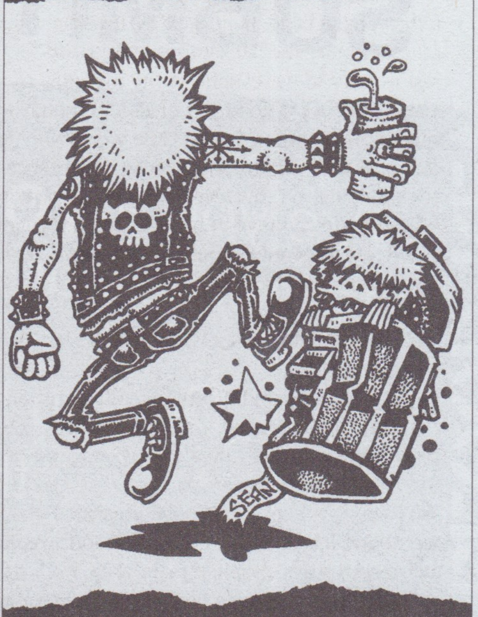
H.R. OF BAD BRAINS
SEP 7 @ THE SAFARI ROOM AT EL CORTEZ

AVENGERS
SEP 14 @ THE SAFARI ROOM AT EL CORTEZ

SCREAMING FEMALES
KITTEN FOREVER
OCTOBER 26 @ WARSAW BK, ALL AGES

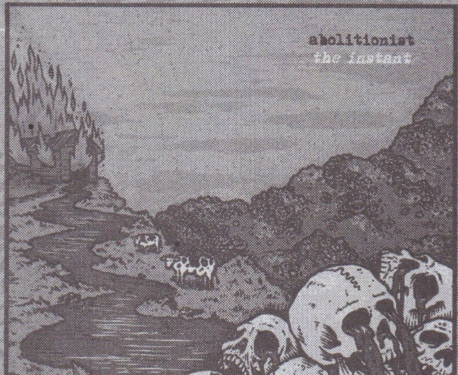
Studs & Spikes

KEEPING THE PUNKS DECKED SINCE 1995



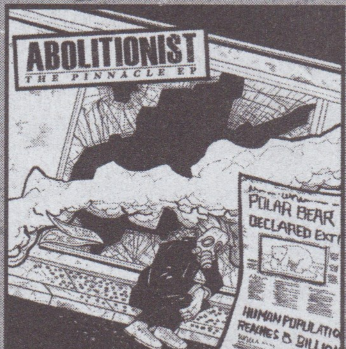
STUDSANDSPIKES.COM

ABOLITIONIST



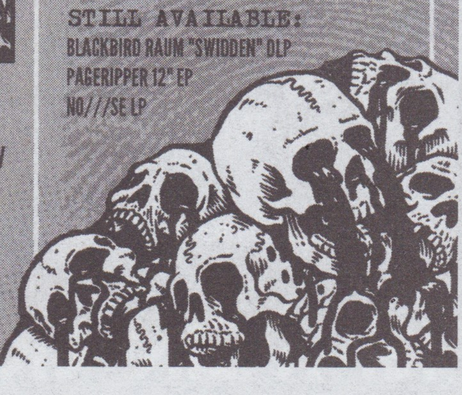
“THE INSTANT” LP/CD/CS

12 new songs of punchy, dystopian punk/hardcore from this Oregon quartet (art by Horsebites, mastered at The Blasting Room)



“THE PINNACLE” 7” EP

STILL AVAILABLE:
BLACKBIRD RAUM "SWIDDEN" DLP
PAGERIPPER 12" EP
NO///SE LP



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THE FRANTIC DEBUT 7” FROM APPLE VALLEY’S URSULA BLUR THE LINES OF EVERY CONVENTIONAL FACET OF UNDERGROUND NOISE. METAL, PUNK, HARDCORE, GRIND, CRUST, THRASH, THEY ALL APPLY YET NONE DEFINE THEM.

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NEW BLOOD NEW BLOOD NEW

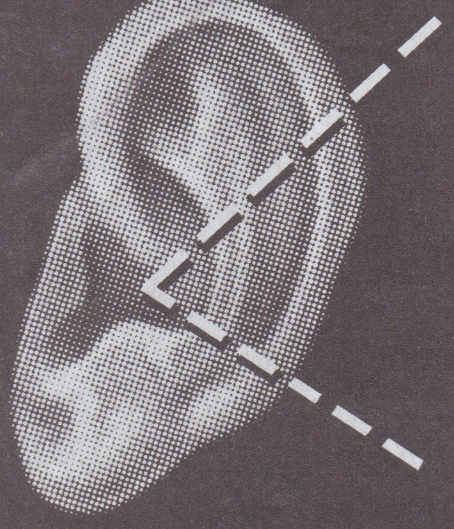
SUBMIT TO NEW BLOOD!

Are you a **YOUNG BAND** eager to have your work **EXPOSED** to the masses?

Do you have a **DEMO TAPE** you believe the **WORLD NEEDS TO HEAR!?**

Our NEW BLOOD feature is the easiest way outside of the review section to be included in Maximum Rocknroll! Every Friday, we post a new NEW BLOOD feature to our website, and yours can be up for consideration!

Send us the following info to be considered:



- Your band's name and contact info!
- A photo and credit!
- Give us some links!
- Tell us the date & location formed!
- How did your band come to be?
- Tell us what your lyrics are about!
- How do you describe your sound?
- List SOMETHING or SOMEONE you think folks need to listen to RIGHT NOW!
- What's in the FUTURE for this band?

Go to maximumrocknroll.com/new_blood to submit your band!